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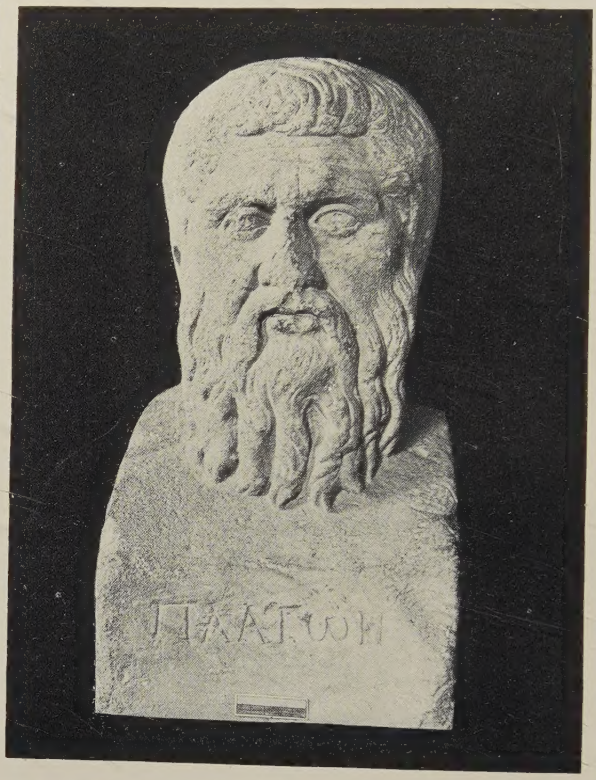

PLATO.

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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
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Teachers' Edition

THIRTY-ONE VOLUMES

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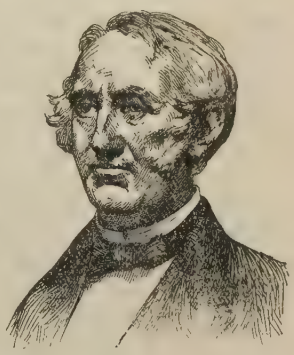
WENDELL PHILLIPS

(1811–1884)

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY

EMERSON said of Phillips that he was the best orator in America, because he had spoken every day for fourteen years. What Emerson meant was, that immense practice was the secret of Phillips's supremacy. It was one secret; but not, I think, *the* secret. He was one of those men in whom the orator is born, not made. It may be doubted whether he ever delivered a better speech than his first, at that memorable meeting in Faneuil Hall on the murder of Lovejoy. The germ of all his oratory lies there; the methods which he followed all his life he adopted, instinctively and unconsciously, in that critical instant of his life. He had not meant to speak. He went up to Faneuil Hall in the state which is called unprepared,—that is to say, his preparation consisted in years of thought and study, in a profound moral sense, in the possession of an imaginative and oratorical genius and of a diction which for his purpose was nearly perfect. It was the speech of Austin, Attorney-General of Massachusetts, in opposition to the object of the meeting, and his invective upon Lovejoy, which brought Phillips from the floor to the platform. I quote once more the famous sentence,—«Sir, when I heard the Attorney-General place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead.» I asked Phillips, with whom I often talked over his speeches and his life, whether the image was thought out beforehand. «Oh no,» he answered: «it was the portraits themselves which suggested it as I spoke.»



WENDELL PHILLIPS

The answer covers much. For this austere and irreconcilable enthusiast, with the blood of the martyr in his veins, was in oratory a pure opportunist. He was a general who went into battle with a

force of all arms, but used infantry or artillery or cavalry as each seemed most apt to the moment. He formed his plan, as Napoleon did, on the field and in presence of the enemy. For Phillips — and the fact is vital to all criticism of his oratory — spoke almost always, during twenty-five years of his oratorical life, to a hostile audience. His audiences were often mobs; they often sought to drive him from the platform, sometimes to kill him. He needed all his resources merely to hold his ground and to get a hearing. You cannot compare oratory in those circumstances with oratory in a dress debate, or even with the oratory of a great parliamentary contest. On this last has often hung, no doubt, the life of a ministry. On Phillips's mastery over his hearers depended sometimes his own life, sometimes that of the antislavery cause — with which, as we now all see and as then hardly anybody saw, was bound up the life of the nation. It was, in my judgment, the oratory of Phillips which insured the maintenance of that great antislavery struggle during the last ten years or more which preceded the War. His oratory must be judged with reference to that — to its object as well as to its rhetorical qualities. He had and kept the ear of the people. To have silenced that silver trumpet would have been to wreck the cause. I speak of the Abolitionist cause by itself — that which relied solely on moral forces and stood completely outside of politics.

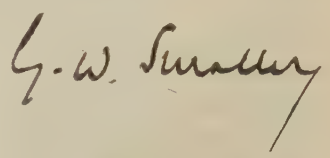
Yet Phillips never made a concession. There was no art of speech he would not employ to win the attention of his audience. But he never softened an invective or compromised the clear logic of his statement in order to divert the hostility which confronted him. He would coax, cajole, ridicule, transpierce, or overwhelm an opponent, but never yielded a jot in principle. I have known him try all means to conciliate and then all means to crush, all within a few minutes. He had the art of so exciting curiosity, that a raging mob which half caught the first half of a sentence would still its own tumult in order to hear what was coming next. He shrank from no danger: on his unfailing cool courage and self-possession rested half the orator's power. When in Faneuil Hall he called the Attorney-General recreant, there were cries «Take that back!» and a tumult. «Fellow-citizens,» answered the young Bostonian, «I cannot take back my words.» It was the motto of his whole career. Twenty-four years later, April 21st, 1861, he was to speak in the Music Hall of Boston for the War. Against his habit, he wrote out his speech; — it was a turning-point in his history as orator and as abolitionist. He read me the speech, which began: «Many times this winter, here and elsewhere, I have counseled peace, — urged as well as I know how the expediency of acknowledging a Southern Confederacy, and the peaceful separation of these thirty-four States. One of the journals announces

to you that I come here this morning to retract those opinions. No, not one of them.» Those were days of flame and fire, and I said to Phillips that they would never let him get farther. «Well,» he answered, «if I cannot say that I will say nothing.» And he read on. «I need them all,—every word I have spoken this winter, every act of twenty-five years of my life, to make the welcome I give this War hearty and hot.» The result justified his gallantry. The low murmurs which the opening sentence provoked were swept away in the storm of passionate cheers which followed.

All this dwelling upon the moral attributes of the orator may seem out of place in a brief criticism; but it is inevitable. Take away the moral impulse and there would have been no orator, no oratory, no thirty years of unmatched eloquence, no such rhetorical lesson as the speeches of Phillips now give. There is, unhappily, no adequate record of them; as there is none of the speeches of any orator of the first order, except where they were written out like those of the great Greek, or written and rewritten like his Roman rival's or like Burke's,—or unless, like those of the one great English orator of this generation, Bright, they were fully reported at the time. Phillips was never thought worth reporting till late in life. He was of the minority; and then as now, the tyranny of the majority in this country was oppressive and relentless. They meant to keep him in obscurity: it was the sun of his genius which burst through the mists and darkness which enveloped him. Traditions still fresh tell you of the beauty of Phillips's presence on the platform, of his incomparable charm of manner and voice, of his persuasiveness, and much else. But oratory, save under such conditions as I mentioned above, is evanescent. That of Phillips did its work: it is the eulogy he would value most. There was in him the poet. He had in abounding measure the sympathies without which no oratory, be its other qualities what they may, carries an audience captive. He put himself instantly on easy terms with those before him. He could be colloquial and familiar, he delighted in repartee,—in which he never found his equal,—the next moment he was among the clouds, and on the just and unjust alike descended a rain of eloquence, beneath which sprang forth those seeds of virtue and moral faith and religious hatred of wrong which presently covered the land.

There was much of the Greek in him: the sense of ordered beauty and of art. He had culture; the fire of true patriotism; serenity of mind. Not a speech in which those high qualities are not visible. They were still more evident as you heard him; and still more, perhaps, the symmetrical quality of mind and speech which is almost the rarest in modern oratory or modern life. He had indomitable good-nature on the platform. The hard things he said about men had no root in his heart; they were meant to fasten attention not on the

sin only, which is abstract, but on the sinner. Intellectually a Greek, his moral nature was Hebraic, and the language of the Old Testament is inwrought in his oratory. But there was a smile on his face while the lightnings flashed. The authority with which he spoke was due largely to this coolness; but it is idle to ascribe it to any one trait, and to seek for the sources of it in mere rhetoric or mere culture. The true source of it was the whole man.



Biographical Note.—Wendell Phillips was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 29th, 1811; a son of the city's first mayor, and allied to the State's best blood and brains. He graduated at Harvard College in 1831, and from its Law School in 1833. A year later he was admitted to the bar. His career as a leader of men and a public orator, however, began early, and almost uninterruptedly engaged him until the close of his life. His denunciatory speech on the murder of Lovejoy, in 1837, may be reckoned the opening of his platform career. His "great speeches" followed each other rapidly. He threw himself fervently into the Abolition movement, and succeeded William Lloyd Garrison as president of the Anti-Slavery Society, in 1865. His continuous tours as a lecturer occupied all his latter years. He died February 2d, 1884.

The following selection is from one of the most famous of his general lectures. Only one other was equally identified with his name in popular regard,—that on 'Lost Arts'; a brilliant mosaic of apocrypha from all ages, so plausibly stated that it was hard to resist conviction of their truth while listening to his easy, graceful, conversational periods, spoken as though he had just remembered some interesting facts and wished to share the pleasure with a group of friends.

THE HERO OF HAYTI

From 'Toussaint l'Ouverture,' a lecture delivered in 1861. Copyright 1863, by Wendell Phillips

This is what Edward Everett calls the Insurrection of St. Domingo. It bore for its motto on one side of its banner, "Long live the King"; and on the other, "We claim the Old Laws." Singular mottoes for a rebellion. In fact, it was the *posse comitatus;* it was the only French army on the island; it

was the only force that had a right to bear arms: and what it undertook it achieved. It put Blanchelande in his seat; it put the island beneath his rule. When it was done, the blacks said to the governor they had created, "Now grant us one day in seven; give us one day's labor; we will buy another, and with the two buy a third,"—the favorite method of emancipation at that time. Like the Blanchelande of five years before, he refused. He said, "Disarm! Disperse!" and the blacks answered, "The right hand that has saved you, the right hand that has saved the island for the Bourbons, may perchance clutch some of our own rights;" and they stood still. This is the first insurrection, if any such there were in St. Domingo,—the first determined purpose on the part of the negro, having saved the government, to save himself. . . .

At such a moment Toussaint l'Ouverture appeared.

He had been born a slave on a plantation in the north of the island,—an unmixed negro,—his father stolen from Africa. If anything, therefore, that I say of him to-night moves your admiration, remember, the black race claims it all,—we have no part nor lot in it. He was fifty years old at this time. An old negro had taught him to read. His favorite books were Epictetus, Raynal, military memoirs, Plutarch. In the woods he learned some of the qualities of herbs; and was village doctor. On the estate, the highest place he ever reached was that of coachman. At fifty he joined the army as physician. Before he went, he placed his master and mistress on shipboard, freighted the vessel with a cargo of sugar and coffee, and sent them to Baltimore; and never afterward did he forget to send them, year by year, ample means of support. And I might add, that of all the leading negro generals, each one saved the man under whose roof he was born, and protected the family.

Let me add another thing. If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards,—

men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

The second story told of him is this: About the time he reached the camp, the army had been subjected to two insults. First their commissioners, summoned to meet the French Committee, were ignominiously and insultingly dismissed; and when afterward François, their general, was summoned to a second conference, and went to it on horseback, accompanied by two officers, a young lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, angered at seeing him in the uniform of an officer, raised his riding-whip and struck him over the shoulders. If he had been the savage which the negro is painted to us, he had only to breathe the insult to his twenty-five thousand soldiers, and they would have trodden out the Frenchmen in blood. But the indignant chief rode back in silence to his tent, and it was twenty-four hours before his troops heard of this insult to their general. Then the word went forth, "Death to every white man!" They had fifteen hundred prisoners. Ranged in front of the camp, they were about to be shot. Toussaint, who had a vein of religious fanaticism, like most great leaders,—like Mohammed, like Napoleon, like Cromwell, like John Brown, he could preach as well as fight,—mounting a hillock, and getting the ear of the crowd, exclaimed:—"Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult to our chief; only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out. To shed that is courage; to shed this is cowardice and cruelty besides;"—and he saved fifteen hundred lives.

I cannot stop to give in detail every one of his efforts. This was in 1793. Leap with me over seven years; come to 1800: what has he achieved? He has driven the Spaniard back into his own cities, conquered him there, and put the French banner over every Spanish town; and for the first time, and almost the last, the island obeys one law. He has put the mulatto under his feet. He has attacked Maitland, defeated him in pitched battles, and permitted him to retreat to Jamaica; and when the French army rose upon Laveaux, their general, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, took Laveaux out of prison, and put him at the head of his own troops. The grateful French in return named him general-in-chief. "Cet homme fait

l'ouverture partout," said one (This man makes an opening everywhere); hence his soldiers named him "L'Ouverture," *the opening*.

This was the work of seven years. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty: this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what? Englishmen, the best blood in Europe; out of the middle class of Englishmen, the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered — what? Englishmen, their equals. This man manufactured his army — out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at — what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent: but it was as large as that Attica, which with Athens for a capital has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further, — Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute-book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The State he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand

on the helm of State than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the peace of Amiens, when, believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen;"—and twelve years of unclouded success showed how wisely he judged. That was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them;"—and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word, that was never broken, of a victorious slave.

Again, Carlyle has said, "The natural king is one who melts all wills into his own." At this moment he turned to his armies, —poor, ill-clad, and half-starved,—and said to them: Go back and work on these estates you have conquered; for an empire can be founded only on order and industry, and you can learn these virtues only there. And they went. The French admiral, who witnessed the scene, said that in a week his army melted back into peasants.

It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited till 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800 this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the committee who were drafting for him a constitution: "Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world." With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this committee of eight white proprietors and one mulatto,—not a soldier nor a negro on the list; although Haytian history proves

that with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

Again, it was 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute-book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every State in the Union except Rhode Island was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet — negro, Catholic, slave — he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his committee: "Make it the first line of my Constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs."

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years, — and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro: rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions and trust a State to the blood of its sons, — anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right; — and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and with a single stroke of his pen reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his

Council, "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us." Napoleon turned to the Abbé Grégoire: "What is your opinion?" "I think those men would change their opinions if they changed their skins." Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone: it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand. He saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and any revenue if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused, and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his Council, and is said to have remarked, "I have sixty thousand idle troops: I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the faces of sixty thousand republican soldiers: I must give them work at a distance to do." The gossip of Paris gives another reason for his expedition against St. Domingo. It is said that the satirists of Paris had christened Toussaint the Black Napoleon; and Bonaparte hated his black shadow. Toussaint had unfortunately once addressed him a letter, "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." He did not like the comparison. You would think it too slight a motive. But let me remind you of the present Napoleon, that when the epigrammatists of Paris christened his wasteful and tasteless expense at Versailles *Soulouquerie*, from the name of Soulouque, the Black Emperor, he deigned to issue a specific order forbidding the use of the word. The Napoleon blood is very sensitive. So Napoleon resolved to crush Toussaint, from one motive or another; from the prompting of ambition, or dislike of this resemblance,—which was very close. If either imitated the other, it must have been the white, since the negro preceded him several years. They were very much alike, and they were very French,—French even in vanity, common to both. You remember Bonaparte's vainglorious words to his soldiers at the Pyramids: "Forty centuries look down upon us." In the same mood, Toussaint said to the French captain who urged him to go to France in his frigate, "Sir, your ship is not large enough to carry me."

Napoleon, you know, could never bear the military uniform. He hated the restraint of his rank; he loved to put on the gray

coat of the Little Corporal, and wander in the camp. Toussaint also never could bear a uniform. He wore a plain coat, and often the yellow Madras handkerchief of the slaves. A French lieutenant once called him a maggot in a yellow handkerchief. Toussaint took him prisoner next day, and sent him home to his mother. Like Napoleon, he could fast many days; could dictate to three secretaries at once; could wear out four or five horses. Like Napoleon, no man ever divined his purpose or penetrated his plan. He was only a negro; and so in him they called it hypocrisy. In Bonaparte we style it diplomacy. For instance, three attempts made to assassinate him all failed, from not firing at the right spot. If they thought he was in the north in a carriage, he would be in the south on horseback; if they thought he was in the city in a house, he would be in the field in a tent. They once riddled his carriage with bullets; he was on horseback on the other side. The seven Frenchmen who did it were arrested. They expected to be shot. The next day was some saint's day; he ordered them to be placed before the high altar, and when the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, came down from his high seat, repeated it with him, and permitted them to go unpunished. He had that wit common to all great commanders, which makes its way in a camp. His soldiers getting disheartened, he filled a large vase with powder, and scattering six grains of rice in it, shook them up, and said: "See, there is the white, there is the black; what are you afraid of?" So when people came to him in great numbers for office, as it is reported they do sometimes even in Washington, he learned the first words of a Catholic prayer in Latin, and repeating it, would say, "Do you understand that?"—"No, sir."—"What! want an office, and not know Latin? Go home and learn it!"

Then again, like Napoleon,—like genius always,—he had confidence in his power to rule men. You remember when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and Louis XVIII. sent an army against him, Bonaparte descended from his carriage, opened his coat, offering his breast to their muskets, and saying, "Frenchmen, it is the Emperor!" and they ranged themselves behind him, *his* soldiers, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" That was in 1815. Twelve years before, Toussaint, finding that four of his regiments had deserted and gone to Leclerc, drew his sword, flung it on the grass, went across the field to them, folded his arms, and said, "Children,

can you point a bayonet at me?" The blacks fell on their knees praying his pardon. His bitterest enemies watched him, and none of them charged him with love of money, sensuality, or cruel use of power. The only instance in which his sternest critic has charged him with severity is this: During a tumult, a few white proprietors who had returned, trusting his proclamation, were killed. His nephew, General Moise, was accused of indecision in quelling the riot. He assembled a court-martial, and on its verdict ordered his own nephew to be shot, sternly Roman in thus keeping his promise of protection to the whites. Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power,—it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to General Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline, thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery. Among these soldiers came all of Toussaint's old mulatto rivals and foes.

Holland lent sixty ships. England promised by special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants. England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshaled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile. Only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price. Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal; whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe;—soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and turning to Christophe, exclaimed: "All France is come to Hayti: they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life,—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man

the hell he comes to make;"—and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to *reduce free men to slavery* with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said, "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town, and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took two thousand *white* men, women, and children, and carried them to the mountains in safety; then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. Wherever they went, they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseilles Hymn, and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the 'Marseillaise.' And it was not till their officers sabred them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights

you claim." They cheated every one of his officers, except Christophe and Dessalines and his own brother Pierre; and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years,—could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should be free. As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw opposite Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply. He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; and here is the only charge made against him,—the only charge,—they say he was fool enough to go. Grant it: what was the record? The white man lies shrewdly to cheat the negro. Knight-errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer a man since the Crusades is, "You lie." Of Toussaint, Hermona, the Spanish general, who knew him well, said, "He was the purest soul God ever put into a body." Of him history bears witness, "He never broke his word." Maitland was traveling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger and told that he was betrayed. He went on, and met Toussaint, who showed him two letters,—one from the French general offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his power, and the other his reply. It was, "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back." Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe. Which race has reason to be proud of such a record?

But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused: the government would have doubted him,—would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus: "If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly;"

and he went. The moment he entered the room, the officers drew their swords and told him he was prisoner; and one young lieutenant who was present says, "He was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad." They put him on shipboard and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight, he turned to the captain, and said, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up."

Arrived in Paris, he was flung into jail, and Napoleon sent his secretary Caffarelli to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened awhile, then replied, "Young man, it is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek." He was then sent to the Castle of Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window high up on the one side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In winter, ice covers the floor; in summer, it is damp and wet. In this living tomb the child of the sunny tropic was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of them ran thus:—

"Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice."

Napoleon never answered the letters. The commandant allowed five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it, and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English government was stingy because it allowed him only six thousand dollars a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. The story is told that in Josephine's time, a young French marquis was placed there, and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the Empress and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her, "Have a model of it made, and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said, "Take it away,—it is horrible!" She put it on his footstool, and he kicked it from him. She held it to him the third time, and said, "Sire, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was buried, but he did not die fast enough. Finally the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and

to stay four days; when he returned, Toussaint was found starved to death. That imperial assassin was taken, twelve years after, to his prison at St. Helena, planned for a tomb as he had planned that of Toussaint; and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and titles, of dishes and rides. God grant that when some future Plutarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he do not put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale, and into the other the negro, meeting death like a Roman, without a murmur, in the solitude of his icy dungeon!

ANTIQUITY OF INVENTIONS AND STORIES

From Lecture on 'The Lost Arts'

I HAVE been somewhat criticized, year after year, for this endeavor to open up the claims of old times. I have been charged with repeating useless fables with no foundation. To-day I take the mere subject of glass. This material, Pliny says, was discovered by accident. Some sailors, landing on the eastern coast of Spain, took their cooking utensils, and supported them on the sand by the stones that they found in the neighborhood; they kindled their fire, cooked the fish, finished the meal, and removed the apparatus; and glass was found to have resulted from the nitre and sea-sand, vitrified by the heat. Well, I have been a dozen times criticized by a number of wise men, in newspapers, who have said that this was a very idle tale; that there never was sufficient heat in a few bundles of sticks to produce vitrification, — glass-making. I happened, two years ago, to meet on the prairies of Missouri, Professor Shepherd, who started from Yale College, and like a genuine Yankee brings up anywhere where there is anything to do. I happened to mention this criticism to him. "Well," says he, "a little practical life would have freed men from that doubt." Said he, "We stopped last year in Mexico, to cook some venison. We got down from our saddles, and put the cooking apparatus on stones we found there; made our fire with the wood we got there, resembling ebony; and when we removed the apparatus there was pure silver gotten out of the embers by the intense heat of that almost iron wood. Now," said he, "that heat was greater than any necessary to vitrify the materials of glass." . . .

Take the whole range of imaginative literature, and we are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates to invention, to use, or beauty, or form, we are borrowers.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use; and when you have fixed the shape and forms in your mind, I will take you into the museum of Naples, which gathers all the remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line or sweep of beauty to the antique. . . .

All the boys' plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came somewhere from the banks of the Ganges or the suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before. Indeed, Dunlop, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe into one essay, says that in the nations of modern Europe there have been two hundred and fifty or three hundred distinct stories. He says at least two hundred of these may be traced, before Christianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. If this were my topic, which it is not, I might tell you that even our newspaper jokes are enjoying a very respectable old age. Take Maria Edgeworth's essay on Irish bulls and the laughable mistakes of the Irish. Even the tale which either Maria Edgeworth or her father thought the best is that famous story of a man writing a letter as follows: "My dear friend, I would write you in detail more minutely, if there was not an impudent fellow looking over my shoulder, reading every word."—"No, you lie: I've not read a word you have written!" This is an Irish bull; still it is a very old one. It is only two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament. Horace Walpole dissented from Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and thought the other Irish bull was the best,—of the man who said, "I would have been a very handsome man, but they changed me in the cradle." That comes from Don Quixote, and is Spanish; but Cervantes borrowed it from the Greek in the fourth century, and the Greek stole it from the Egyptian hundreds of years back.

There is one story which it is said Washington has related, of a man who went into an inn and asked for a glass of drink from the landlord, who pushed forward a wine-glass about half the

usual size; the teacups also in that day were not more than half the present size. The landlord said, "That glass out of which you are drinking is forty years old" "Well," said the thirsty traveler, contemplating its diminutive proportions, "I think it is the smallest thing of its age I ever saw." That story as told is given as a story of Athens three hundred and seventy-five years before Christ was born. Why! all these Irish bulls are Greek,—every one of them. Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman who shut his eyes and looked into the glass to see how he would look when he was dead; take the Irishman that bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live two hundred years, and he meant to set out and try it; take the Irishman who met a friend who said to him, "Why, sir, I heard you were dead." "Well," says the man, "I suppose you see I'm not." "Oh, no," says he, "I would believe the man who told me a good deal quicker than I would you." Well, those are all Greek. A score or more of them, of a parallel character, come from Athens. . . .

Cicero said that he had seen the entire Iliad, which is a poem as large as the New Testament, written on a skin so that it could be rolled up in the compass of a nut-shell. Now this is imperceptible to the ordinary eye. You have seen the Declaration of Independence in the compass of a quarter of a dollar, written with glasses. I have to-day a paper at home, as long as half my hand, on which was photographed the whole contents of a London newspaper. It was put under a dove's wing and sent into Paris, where they enlarged it and read the news. This copy of the Iliad must have been made by some such process.

In the Roman theatre,—the Coliseum, which could seat a hundred thousand people,—the emperor's box, raised to the highest tier, bore about the same proportion to the space as this stand does to this hall; and to look down to the centre of a six-acre lot was to look a considerable distance. ("Considerable," by the way, is not a Yankee word. Lord Chesterfield uses it in his letters to his son, so it has a good English origin.) Pliny says that Nero the tyrant had a ring with a gem in it, which he looked through and watched the sword-play of the gladiators,—men who killed each other to amuse the people,—more clearly than with the naked eye. So Nero had an opera-glass.

So Mauritius the Sicilian stood on the promontory of his island, and could sweep over the entire sea to the coast of Africa

with his *nauscopite*, which is a word derived from two Greek words, meaning "to see a ship." Evidently Mauritius, who was a pirate, had a marine telescope.

You may visit Dr. Abbot's museum, where you will see the ring of Cheops. Bunsen puts him five hundred years before Christ. The signet of the ring is about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and the engraving is invisible without the aid of glasses. No man was ever shown into the cabinets of gems in Italy without being furnished with a microscope to look at them. It would be idle for him to look at them without one. He couldn't appreciate the delicate lines and the expression of the faces. If you go to Parma, they will show you a gem once worn on the finger of Michael Angelo, of which the engraving is two thousand years old, on which there are the figures of seven women. You must have the aid of a glass in order to distinguish the forms at all. I have a friend who has a ring, perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and on it is the naked figure of the god Hercules. By the aid of glasses you can distinguish the interlacing muscles, and count every separate hair on the eyebrows. Layard says he would be unable to read the engravings on Nineveh without strong spectacles, they are so extremely small. Rawlinson brought home a stone about twenty inches long and ten wide, containing an entire treatise on mathematics. It would be perfectly illegible without glasses. Now if we are unable to read it without the aid of glasses, you may suppose the man who engraved it had pretty strong spectacles. So the microscope, instead of dating from our time, finds its brothers in the books of Moses,—and these are infant brothers.

PIERRE OF PROVENCE AND THE BEAUTIFUL MAGUELONNE

BY OLGA FLINCH

THE story of Pierre of Provence and the beautiful Maguelonne comes to us in a quaint little edition printed in Avignon in the year 1770; but goes back much farther than this date, and is one of the floating stories of the Middle Ages, which, passing from mouth to mouth and province to province, finally found their way into print in sometimes two or three different languages. There is said to be a German edition of Pierre of Provence, and there are also whispers of an Italian one. The present French edition comes without name of author or editor: and whoever the one that kindly saved it for us, he has the good grace of allowing the little story to speak for itself; naïvely relating it with a simplicity that suggests the fairy tale told of a winter evening to a group of children eagerly crowding around the log fire.

The scene is laid in Provence, which "seems always to have been the home of Poetry: be it because the sunlight, stronger and purer there than elsewhere, creates a more vivid and life-giving imagination; or because in this fresh country, hardly ever darkened by the colds of winter, it requires no effort to call forth the most smiling picture."

This little earthly paradise had been for some time the seat of intestine wars, when Count Jean de Provence, in spite of his title to the throne, preferred "quiet obscurity to a glory built upon murder; kept his title of count, and settled at Cavaillon, where he enjoyed the fruits of his virtue in peace, and where the happiness of loving and being loved by a most beautiful and most virtuous wife meant more to him than the empire of the world." Together this happy couple spent their time and efforts on the education of their son Pierre, who from early childhood was trained in all the arts, sciences, and accomplishments of the period, so that when "age and experience had ripened his principles, Pierre was one of the most redoubtable of knights; . . . no one could conquer him, neither in hand-to-hand fight, nor in races, nor with sword or lance. The most celebrated troubadours, the most practiced jongleurs, had to acknowledge him their master. In his twentieth year Pierre was the delight of his parents, and in the whole of Provence the talk was but of him."

But so much valor would naturally only await an opportunity to distinguish itself further; and after a tournament in which Pierre covered himself with fresh glory, a new direction was given to his ambition. At the repast after the tournament the talk fell on Maguelonne, daughter of the King of Naples, "for whose sake all the knights seeking her father's court attempted the most astonishing feats. Much was said of her charms and her beauty. She was described minutely, and Pierre had the description repeated twenty times. One of the knights asked him if he did not intend to see the world and seek adventures. Pierre did not answer, but remained lost in thought and absent-minded." At this time our hero was at the happy age when "the need of loving gives new life to the soul; and makes of a well-disposed character an excellent one, and of an evil-disposed character a vicious one." The beauty of Maguelonne made a deep impression on him; and all his thoughts were now of her, of the court of Naples, and of the glories to be won there. His only sorrow was the thought of the sorrow he would cause his devoted parents by leaving them: but kneeling before his father and opening his heart to him, he "reminded him modestly of the advantages he had taken of the education granted him, of the reputation he had won; 'but to what use,' added he, 'are the principles you have inculcated, the little talent I have won, if I am to spend my life in inactivity? It is not for his own sake, it is in order to be an example to the world, the defender of the oppressed, the protector of the unhappy, that a knight must live his life.'" And asking his parents to weigh carefully the life awaiting him in his home against the life of the world outside, he leaves the decision with them. They see the justice of his wishes, and all preparations are made for his departure; his father recalling to him the teachings of his childhood, and his mother giving him as a parting gift three costly rings.

Pierre finally arrives in Naples, where reigns the father of the beautiful Maguelonne; but although he has a brilliant suite, he prefers to remain unknown,—that he may win the love of Maguelonne on his own merits, and also that he may not attract the attention of his father's brother, Count Jacques of Provence, who might fear that with the help of the King of Naples, Pierre would attempt to regain for his father the throne which Count Jacques had usurped. Pierre chose as his emblem two keys, and had them embroidered on his clothes and on the harness of his horses; and dressed in his richest apparel, he went the following Sunday to the tournament called in honor of Maguelonne, who was to grace it with her presence. Pierre finds the princess far exceeding all that had been said of her: inspired by her beauty, he enters the lists and conquers all his combatants, as much by his skill and agility as by his strength; and to

the King's messenger, who asks the name of so valiant a stranger, he answers that he is merely a poor French knight in search of glory, who has vowed not to disclose his name.

Maguelonne is so charmed with his prowess, that the King, at her wish, orders several other tournaments, out of which Pierre comes equally victorious, each time gaining in her esteem. «She had seen many knights, but none had made the same impression on her. . . . Maguelonne was both gentle and vivacious; she had all the virtues of a tender heart, and all the qualities of an active and gifted mind: but at this time her strongest feeling was the fear that her father might lack in courtesy to the unknown knight.» Her joy was therefore great when the King invited Pierre to dine at the palace, and gave him the seat of honor at her side. «Pierre, without forgetting that he was seated next to the King, saw nothing but the beauty of the daughter. He suppressed his sighs, and his heart was the prey of the most passionate love. Maguelonne experienced the same feeling, but would not believe it: she took her emotion for natural admiration, and her tenderness for the esteem due so many virtues.»

In this way their mutual love grows, causing them to pass through all the various phases of emotion, from joy to sadness, from hope to fear, scarcely understanding what can be this new imperious feeling. After Maguelonne has passed several sleepless nights, she goes to her old nurse Nicé one morning at dawn, and confesses her love for the unknown knight; and being reproved for loving an adventurer, she says: «Nicé, you speak to me of thrones, grandeur, riches,—what is all that compared to love? You would make me despise my rank, were it to prevent me from loving the virtues of an honest man because he is neither rich nor powerful. Power should be the reward of valor and not of birth; but, cruel Nicé, who has told you that this stranger is of low birth? It is only because you fear him that you oppose my wishes. Go then to him, use all your tact to discover which is his country and who are his parents: not that I doubt him, but I would be justified in your sight. I would that you might help me with your counsel without blushing.» Maguelonne conquers all Nicé's scruples; and having assured her that whatever happens, she will marry none other than the knight of the keys, she adds: «It is late: go, my dear friend, hasten, and if necessary make your way to the unknown; question him, ask him most urgently, and if you must tell him all I feel for him, it will not cause me a blush;—love ceases to be a weakness when it is wedded to virtue. Farewell; you know my heart,—my life is in your hands.»

Pierre, who does not dare to hope that the princess will ever accept his love, is thinking over the difficulties of his position when Nicé comes to him. Assuring him of the friendship of the King

and Queen, and telling him that he has inspired the princess with "the feelings which he deserves," she begs him to disclose his name and rank, that envious courtiers may not make his silence a pretext to hurt him. Pierre declares that no fear of intrigues would make him disclose his identity; but that the sole wish to please the princess forces him to acknowledge that he belongs to an illustrious family of France. Thereupon he presents Nicé with one of the rings given him by his mother, not daring to give it to the princess herself; and Nicé, to reward him for his confidence, pledges herself to make Maguelonne accept it. She returns to find the princess more impatient than ever, in her delight over his ring able to talk of nothing but her love, spending her days and nights thinking of him and dreaming of him.

Pierre meanwhile, fearing the result of his message, seeks Nicé, who promises to help him if she is sure of the purity of his love for Maguelonne. "May I die before your eyes," he exclaims, "if carried away by base passion I should ever cast a bold look on the one I love so tenderly. I adore Maguelonne; I would give my life for her; and if I could win her hand thereby, there is no danger that I would not brave." Conquered by these protestations, Nicé confesses the love of the princess; Pierre promises to tell Maguelonne who he is, and sends her another ring. Their first meeting is set for the next day. Nicé meets Pierre and brings him to the princess, leaving them together overwhelmed by a happiness that finds no words to express itself. Maguelonne finally, reminding him of her great trust in him, begs him to have equal confidence in her; and kneeling before her, he confesses his vow not to disclose his name and title until he had succeeded in winning her love. Then, with Maguelonne's permission, and being assured of her love, he tells her all, and dwells upon the danger it would mean to his father, to herself, and him, if his uncle the reigning Count of Provence should hear of his intention to marry the heiress of a kingdom; by such an alliance making himself a much more redoubtable claimant to the throne of Provence.

Maguelonne trembles at the thought of the danger her lover is exposed to; but, assured that her father would approve of their union if he knew who Pierre was, "she feels that she does not lack in her duty toward her father in giving her heart and promise to so brave a knight, who is moreover of the blood of kings." Consequently they exchange the most solemn vows; Pierre gives Maguelonne the third of his mother's rings, and she takes from her neck a golden chain which she passes around his.

But the secrecy to which they are forced naturally weighs heavy on them; and when Maguelonne is alone with Nicé she cannot help contrasting her fate with that of her poorest subject, who can freely marry the man of her choice. "'If Pierre were a reigning monarch,

might he even be the most detested but powerful tyrant, he had only to will it and he could be my husband. And if he were the son of a shepherd, although he had the courage of the greatest heroes and the wisdom of the best of kings, he would be punished for daring to aspire to the hand of a princess. Yes, Nicé, this is the fate of my lover. As prince he is lost if he becomes known, as simple citizen his love would be a crime if it were discovered.' 'What reasons for discontent?' said the nurse: 'you must expect everything from time and your own prudence.'"

Pierre meanwhile gains the heart of everybody at court by his repeated triumphs, beauty, and modesty; and this awakens the jealousy of Ferrier, Duke of Normandie, who aspires to Maguelonne's hand. Confident of his strength, Ferrier begs the King to call another tournament, at which he unseats all his adversaries until in turn he is thrown off his horse by Pierre. As victor, Pierre is to continue the fight with the next adversary; and great is his surprise when he recognizes his uncle, Count Jacques of Provence. Pierre, without making himself known, tries to dissuade the count from fighting; but his uncle insists upon his rights. Pierre contents himself with merely evading the count's thrusts, until "Count Jacques, rendered furious, takes his sword in both hands; Pierre, without attempting to evade him again, only turns his head a little, and the stroke merely grazes Pierre's armor; the count by the violence of his own motion is thrown over the head of his horse and falls at the feet of Pierre's. He rises with a low murmur. Everybody is surprised at the skill and strength of the knight of the keys: nobody understands why, being so superior to the count, he should have first refused to fight him; only Maguelonne understands all. As for the count, he dared not begin again, and was obliged to acknowledge that the unknown knight was the most redoubtable and at the same time the most courteous of all those he had fought until that day." Humiliated by his defeat, the count leaves at once, thus losing the chance of recognizing Pierre.

Before the tournament, Maguelonne had seized the opportunity of a conversation with Count Jacques to inquire after Pierre's parents; and when Pierre comes to her the next day, he hears from her that his mother is suffering great anxiety at not having heard from him, and he immediately asks Maguelonne's permission to go home and reassure his parents. But the prospect of his absence, and the fear of being forced to marry Ferrier, who will make the most of his opportunity, is more than Maguelonne can bear; and she implores Pierre not to leave, or at least not to leave without her. "'What!' exclaimed Pierre, 'you would have so great a confidence in me that you would go with me? O most adorable princess, the sacrifice which

you propose deserves that I should forget the entire world to belong only to you. Well then, I will not go. But my mother! my mother to whom I am giving this great sorrow may die, and I shall be the cause of her death!' Maguelonne's heart softened, and she begged Pierre to leave and take her with him."

Thus the lovers make up their mind to flee, and to be married as soon as they are out of reach, that Maguelonne may accompany her husband. The next night they leave, Pierre taking three horses carrying provisions, and Maguelonne taking with her all her jewels and valuables. "Maguelonne rode beside her lover; one of Pierre's servants rode ahead, and the two others behind. With the dawn of day they reached a thick wood bordering on the sea. . . . They dismounted and sat down on the grass. Maguelonne, who had been strengthened on the way by love and fear, felt tired out; she laid her head on Pierre's knees; with one of his hands he held her beautiful face, and with the other he held a veil to protect her from the dew falling from the leaves. To cleave helmets, break lances, and throw knights, demand great courage: but to be young, in love, hold in your arms in the solitude of the woods the woman who loves you, and still to treat her as a sister, is an effort of which not many knights would be capable; but Pierre was, and Maguelonne fell calmly asleep."

At the court of Naples all is consternation and despair. Nicé had known nothing of the lovers' flight; and after a fruitless search, the recent sight of Moorish ships on the coast gives rise to the suspicion that the unknown knight was a Moorish prince. The King sends out troops, who do not find the Moors, but do all the harm of which growing anxiety has accused the Moors.

Meanwhile our lovers were in the forest. "Maguelonne was asleep in Pierre's lap; her morning dreams with their happy fancies made her more beautiful than ever. Her face, half reclining on her lover's arm, was flushed with color; a light wind which raised her veil and fanned her cheek showed Pierre a throat whose whiteness made the color of her face all the more beautiful. Pierre looked at her, his heart full of love: from time to time he touched one of Maguelonne's hands with his lips, and tempted by her half-opened lips, he bent down a thousand times to pluck the kisses she seemed to offer him; and a thousand times fear and respect for his promises to her held him back. Ah, Pierre! Pierre! how dearly you will pay for your fatal prudence! He noticed at Maguelonne's side a little box of precious wood; he wanted to know what it contained. Ah, Pierre, is that the kind of curiosity you ought to have? He opens it, and finds therein the three rings left him by his mother which he had given her; Maguelonne kept them like a precious token of Pierre's love.

He closes the box, puts it beside him, and is lost in thought. But while he gives himself up to his reveries, a bird of prey seizes upon the box and flies away with it; Pierre follows it with his eyes; he foresees Maguelonne's disappointment at this loss: he takes off his coat, as quietly as possible spreads it over his beloved, takes a sling, tries to hit the bird with a stone; his efforts are useless: the bird perches on a rock in the water; Pierre hits it without wounding it; the bird flies away, letting the box fall into the water.»

Pierre takes a boat and goes out for the ring, is drifted out to sea by a sudden strong current, appeals for help to a ship coming his way, is taken on board by the sailors, who are Moorish pirates, and is carried away to spend five years in captivity on the coast of Africa. He renders the Sultan great services, succeeds in putting down a State conspiracy, and finally obtains as a reward his freedom and innumerable riches, which are packed in barrels and covered with salt to avoid suspicion and robbery. He embarks for Provence, but on the way the ship puts in at a small island port, and he is left behind by mistake. On reaching shore, the sailors send his barrels to a convent hospital, the superior of which has a great reputation for kindness to strangers. Pierre after many trials reaches French soil, ill and suffering; and upon the advice of some sailors he seeks help at the convent hospital, where he is tenderly cared for. Among the patients are two knights that he knew at the court of Naples. From them he hears that Maguelonne is supposed to be dead; that the King of Naples has died of grief, the Queen reigning in his place; that the Count and Countess of Provence are still mourning the loss of their son. At the news of Maguelonne's death he is thrown into a violent fever; the mother superior, Emilie, is sent for, and seeing that his illness has a mental cause, she begs him to confide in her. He tells her his story; and when he names Maguelonne and acknowledges that he is Pierre of Provence, she exclaims, «'O eternal justice, O Providence! What! you are the valiant Pierre, Maguelonne's lover? O Heaven! have mercy on me, support me and strengthen me.' . . . She was trembling and could hardly breathe, but she controlled herself: she feared that the news she had to tell the unfortunate Pierre might cause him so violent an emotion that he would not be able to bear it.»

She tells him that she is a friend of Maguelonne's, and has reason to think that Maguelonne is still alive. The next day she comes again and brings him the news that Maguelonne is in a convent, but not bound by any vow, and that she still lives but for him; and adding that she must take a journey of a few days, she hands him a letter from Maguelonne. The letter, written to Emilie, is full of love, hope, and impatience; «of sentences not finished, of lines half

De scriptis antiquorum Austriae limitibus. Germ. Nº 161 Hist. Lat. MS.
N. 161

Et Hertzog Hannch mit den
Grein dinget dem Marchgrauen
Otthern von Steyr sein aygen
siwaz des waz von Loingenawe mit vliez
zunden wazzern vnd mit regen wazzern
ze peden seitten vntz an di Auer vnd
fur sich vntz hintz sand Stephan datz
Mzukke von daune pet der Auertz her
ab auch als den rinnunden wazzer vnd
den vliezunden wazzer vliezent. Dar nä
ch uon dem Semeruch vntz an di Auertz
vnd pei d' muertz nid vntz in di Auer
von danne vntz daz di muer vnde di
muertz ze sam rinnent von dann zetäl
hintz Gestnich daz ist allez des selben ay
gens Peidev mit den Purgen vnd mit
den Drenstinaun vnd hint den Leuten di
dar zv gehorent. Dar nach von Pentrich
stamme daz gegen Vuclach leit h' nder
vntz in di Auer daz ist allez dz selben ayg
Dar uber dinget er nn enhalbz Chanoles
Pozhiawe vnd Hawen vnd Luuin vnd
Spengenbch vnd and' aygen daz dar zv ge
hort. Dar zv dinget er nn di Voigtay ze

effaced by tears, expressions that had no sense, tender ravings, a thousand ideas that clashed with each other; the purest religious sentiments and the most devoted love, the severest moral rectitude and the most passionate forgetfulness, all are united therein, and any one but a lover would have thought Maguelonne bereft of reason. She promised her friend to come and see her, and then to unite her fate with Pierre's forever; but she did not set the time.»

Pierre awaits Emilie's return most impatiently; and is finally told that she has come back, and asks him to sup with her that evening. Tortured by a thousand fears, Pierre imagines that she chooses this means of preparing him for the sad news that Maguelonne is bound by a convent vow, and goes to her in the evening with many misgivings. But she calms his fears, and tells him that she has brought Nicé, who is awaiting them in the adjoining room. «In a separate apartment Emilie had prepared a room with as much taste as magnificence; a table, carefully set, awaited five guests; Pierre and Emilie arrive, the door is opened, and Pierre finds himself in the arms of his father and mother. 'Great God,' cries Pierre, embracing them, 'cruel Emilie, you did not prepare me for this extreme happiness. O my father! O my mother! my joy is killing me.' They were all weeping tears of delight; the knight was in the arms now of the count, now of the countess; broken words, sighs, caresses, express the feeling that possessed him; it would have been hard for him to stand this touching scene if the presence of Nicé, who came to his aid, had not reminded him of Maguelonne's absence. He embraced Nicé, he assured her of his deep gratitude for the interest she had formerly taken in his love. 'Ah, Nicé! will you forgive me all the sorrow that our flight must have caused you? How many times have I not blushed at the thought of the opinion my imprudence must have given you of me! And Maguelonne, the virtuous Maguelonne, the victim of my rashness, has undoubtedly suffered part of the shame of this elopement in the minds of her parents and of the people of Naples. Ah, my dear Nicé, paint to her, if you can, my remorse!' . . . 'Will you then always be unjust to me?' exclaims Emilie, lifting her veil and embracing the knight, who finally recognizes Maguelonne. 'How can you speak of «victim»? you are only the accomplice of my crime, if our flight was a crime; forget your remorse, and speak to me only of your love. Ah, Pierre!'»

The next day Maguelonne relates her adventures: her distress at finding herself alone on awakening, her first decision to return to Naples, and her determination then to brave the world alone rather than to return and be forced to marry another than Pierre; how she landed on the island on which the convent is now situated, and bought three houses there, with the aim of establishing a shelter for

people who were ill and suffering; how she was joined in her undertaking by several young girls, who "thought it more meritorious in the sight of God to spend their days comforting suffering humanity than to waste their lives in a retreat useless to the world." The Count and Countess of Provence, hearing of her good work, had sought the convent to obtain if possible some comfort in their great distress; and she, telling them her true name and relation to their son, had upheld their courage by her never-failing hope.

Maguelonne and Pierre are then married; the barrels of treasures are brought to light; the Queen of Naples only too gladly gives up her throne to her daughter and son-in-law; Count Jacques of Provence chooses Pierre his heir after his own death. "Pierre and Maguelonne had a long, happy, and peaceful reign; they had no sorrows except those caused by the deaths of their parents. Pierre recovered Provence; he had a son who was heir to Naples, Provence, and all the riches of Robert [the son of Count Jacques]. This couple remained lovers to their grave, into which they did not descend until ripe old age."

And this ends our fairy tale; leaving us to imagine, perhaps not what was the actual life of those ages, but at least what was then the ideal of human glory and happiness.

Olga Finch

PILPAY

BY CHARLES R. LANMAN

WHEN we consider the wonderful history of 'Pilpay's Fables,' their fame, and their charm, we naturally invest their supposititious author with a personality and a name; in fact, however, "Pilpay" is probably a changed form of an Indian word for "court-scholar," misunderstood as a proper name, and implying therefore neither personality nor specific date. In India, from early times the parable or "example" has been the recognized method of conveying moral instruction. In the didactic literature, some general truth or some rule of life is stated in the form of a maxim, and a beast fable or other story is then added as a concrete instance or "example." This is well illustrated by 'The Lion-Makers' below. The folk-lore of which these tales are a reflex is not the exclusive property of any of the great religions of ancient India, but is common to Buddhism, Jainism, and Brahmanism alike. The sculptured representations of the stories upon the great Buddhist monuments of 250 B. C. make it certain that the stories themselves were familiar to the common people at that early date; and it is hardly less certain that they were so known long before that time.

The oldest and most important collection of Indian folk-lore is the Buddhist one called 'Jataka,'—that is, 'Birth-stories,' or stories of Gotama Buddha in his previous births: it consists of five hundred and fifty tales, each containing a moral; each is placed in the mouth of the Buddha, and in each the Buddha plays the best and most important part. It is this device of a framework or setting for the folk-tales that constitutes the principal essentially literary element of the collection. Next in importance to the Buddhist 'Jataka' stands the Brahmanical 'Panchatantra.' Here the material is not essentially different in kind from that of the 'Jataka'; but again it is the setting of the material which gives the work its distinctive literary character. It is a kind of 'Mirror for Magistrates.' Both the 'Jataka,' written in Pali, and the 'Panchatantra,' in Sanskrit, are still extant, and contain many of the stories which in translations of translations attained great currency and celebrity in mediæval literature.

The precise Indian original of these translations is lost; but we know that it was translated into the literary language of Persia (the Pehlevi), by command of the Sassanian king Khosru the Just, about

550 A. D. From the Pehlevi came two notable versions: one is the Old Syriac, called 'Kalilag and Damnag,' after the two jackals, Karataka and Damanaka, who figured prominently in the framework of the Sanskrit original; and the other is the Arabic version, called 'Kalilah and Dimnah,' or 'Fables of Pilpay,' made about 750 A. D. by Abd-allah ibn al-Moqaffa, a Persian convert to Islam under the Caliph al-Mansor.

According to the Arabic introduction, Dabshelim was the first king of the Indian Restoration, after the fall of the governor appointed by Alexander at the close of his campaign in the Panjab, B. C. 326. When firmly established, Dabshelim gave himself over to every wickedness. To reclaim the King, a Brahman philosopher takes up his parable, as did Nathan before David, and at last wins him back to virtue. The wise man is called in Arabic *bid-bah*, and in Syriac *bid-vag*. These words are traced through the Pehlevi to the Sanskrit *vidya-pati*, «master of sciences.» Accordingly *bidbah*, which has become Bidpai or Pilpay in our modern books, is not really a proper name, but an appellative, applied to a «chief pandit» or «court-scholar» of an Indian prince.

From the Arabic are descended, in the fourth generation from the original, a dozen or more versions, of which three may be mentioned as noteworthy links in the chain of tradition: the Greek one, made about 1080 by Symeon Seth, a Jewish physician; the Persian, made some fifty years later, by Nasr Allah of Ghazni; and the Hebrew, ascribed to Rabbi Joel, and probably made before 1250.

Of the descendants in the fifth degree from the original, the 'Directorium Humanæ Vitæ,' made about 1270 by John of Capua from the Hebrew, is distinctly the most celebrated, because it gave rise in turn to Danish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and French, and above all to the famous German and English versions mentioned below. But besides the 'Directorium,' we must notice the 'Specimen of the Wisdom of the Ancient Hindus,' a version into Latin from the Greek of Symeon, made by the Jesuit father Petrus Possinus (1666); and the 'Anvár-i Suhailí' or 'Lights of Canopus,' a simplified recast of Nasr Allah's. In the second edition of his fables, La Fontaine tells us that he owes the largest part of his new material to «Pilpay, the Indian sage.» Pierre Poussin's 'Specimen' was the one embodiment of his shadowy Oriental fabulist, and a French version of the 'Lights' was the other.

Two offshoots of the 'Directorium' are of unrivaled interest to the student of the beast fable. The one is the 'Book of Examples of the Ancient Sages'; and the other is Doni's 'La Moral Filosophia.' The 'Book of Examples' was made at the instance of Duke Eberhard im Bart, whose name and motto, «*Eberhart Graf z(u) Wirtenberg*

Attempto,» appear as an acrostic in the initials of the first sections. It was first printed about 1481, and has since been admirably edited by W. L. Holland (Stuttgart, 1860). Holland used, besides three manuscripts, two printed editions without place and year, and enumerates seventeen dated editions that appeared between 1483 and 1592. Four dated editions appeared at Ulm between 1483 and 1485! The great number of editions of the work, and their rapid succession, are the best proof of its importance as a means of instruction and amusement at the beginning of the age of printing. The examples themselves had doubtless pointed the moral of many an ancient homily long before the days of Gutenberg: but the language of the old German version of them is so remarkable for its simplicity, dignity, strength, and beauty, that we cannot wonder at its immense popularity; and to this version, more than to any other, is Europe indebted for the wide-spread knowledge of this cycle of literature from the last part of the fifteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century.

The other offshoot of the 'Directorium'—namely, 'The morall philosophie of Doni: drawne out of the auncient writers. A worke first compiled in the Indian tongue, and afterwardes reduced into divers other languages: and now lastly Englished out of Italian by Thomas North' (London, 1570)—is most interesting to us as English-speaking people because it is «the first literary link between India and England, written in racy Elizabethan,» a piece of «Tudor prose at its best,» a veritable English classic.

A translation of the 'Jataka' is now issuing from the University Press of Cambridge, England, under the editorship of Professor Cowell, three volumes of which have thus far appeared: one by Robert Chalmers of Oriel College, Oxford; a second by W. H. D. Rouse of Rugby School; and a third by H. T. Francis and R. A. Neil of Cambridge. A charming reprint of North's Doni was edited by Joseph Jacobs (London, 1888). An account of the literary history of the fables of Pilpay may be found in Jacobs's book, or in Keith-Falconer's 'Kalilah and Dimnah' (Cambridge, 1885), or in the present writer's 'Sanskrit Reader' (Boston, 1888).

C. R. Lanman.

[The edition of the 'Jataka' from which the selections are taken is that of Professor Cowell, referred to in the essay.]

THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

[The story of 'The Talkative Tortoise' we give in two of its many extant versions. The first is Rouse's translation from the Pali of the 'Jataka' (No. 215). The second is from Sir Thomas North's translation (London, 1570) of 'The Morall Philosophie of Doni,' the first English version of the Fables of Pilpay.]

First Version

From the 'Jataka'

"The Tortoise needs must speak," etc.—This is a story told by the Master while staying in Jetavana, about Kokalika. The circumstances which gave rise to it will be set forth under the Mahatakkari Birth. Here again the Master said: "This is not the only time, brethren, that Kokalika has been ruined by talking; it was the same before." And then he told the story as follows.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was King of Benares; and the Future Buddha, being born to one of the King's court, grew up, and became the King's adviser in all things human and divine. But this King was very talkative; and when he talked there was no chance for any other to get in a word. And the Future Buddha, wishing to put a stop to his much talking, kept watching for an opportunity.

Now there dwelt a tortoise in a certain pond in the region of Himalaya. Two young wild geese, searching for food, struck up an acquaintance with him, and by-and-by they grew close friends together. One day these two said to him: "Friend tortoise, we have a lovely home in Himalaya, on a plateau of Mount Chitta-kuta, in a cave of gold! Will you come with us?"

"Why," said he, "how can I get there?"

"Oh, we will take you, if only you can keep your mouth shut, and say not a word to anybody."

"Yes, I can do that," says he: "take me along!"

So they made the tortoise hold a stick between his teeth; and themselves taking hold so of the two ends, they sprang up into the air.

The village children saw this, and exclaimed, "There are two geese carrying a tortoise by a stick!"

BENARES

(*India*)

[By this time the geese, flying swiftly, had arrived at the space above the palace of the King, at Benares.]

The tortoise wanted to cry out, "Well, and if my friends do carry me, what is that to you, you caitiffs?"—and he let go the stick from between his teeth, and falling into the open court-yard he split in two. What an uproar there was! "A tortoise has fallen in the court-yard, and broken in two!" they cried. The King, with the Future Buddha and all his court, came up to the place, and seeing the tortoise asked the Future Buddha a question: "Wise sir, what made this creature fall?"

"Now's my time!" thought he. "For a long while I have been wishing to admonish the King, and I have gone about seeking my opportunity. No doubt the truth is this: the tortoise and the geese became friendly; the geese must have meant to carry him to Himalaya, and so made him hold a stick between his teeth, and then lifted him into the air; then he must have heard some remark, and wanted to reply; and not being able to keep his mouth shut, he must have let himself go; and so he must have fallen from the sky and thus come by his death." So thought he; and addressed the King: "O King, they that have too much tongue, that set no limit to their speaking, ever come to such misfortune as this;" and he uttered the following verses:

"The tortoise needs must speak aloud,
Although between his teeth
A stick he bit; yet, spite of it,
He spoke—and fell beneath.

And now, O mighty master, mark it well.
See thou speak wisely, see thou speak in season.
To death the tortoise fell:
He talked too much, that was the reason."

"He is speaking of me!" the King thought to himself; and asked the Future Buddha if it was so.

"Be it you, O great King, or be it another," replied he, "whosoever talks beyond measure comes by some misery of this kind;" and so he made the thing manifest. And thenceforward the King abstained from talking, and became a man of few words.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"Kokalika was the tortoise then, the two famous elders were the two wild geese, Ananda was the King, and I was his wise adviser."

Second Version

[From the earliest English version of the Fables of Bidpai: reprint London, 1888. Published by David Nutt, in the Strand.]

In the fishings of the Sophie there was a world of fowls that kept about it to feed of those fishes; and amongst them was a tortoise of the water that had close friendship with two great and fat fowls, who diving under water drove the fish all about, and they no sooner appeared almost above water, but at a chop they had them in their mouths. The lake was full of clefts; I cannot tell how but by certain earthquakes. And by little and little it began to wax dry, so that they were fain to void out the water to take out the great number of fish that were in it, that they should not die in that drought, but rather eat them up. The fowls therefore of that lake, meaning to depart out of that country, came one morning to break their fast together, and to take their leave of the tortoise their friend. The which when she saw them forsake her, she wept bitterly, and pitifully lamenting she said, "Alas! what shall I do here alone? But what thing can come worse to me than to lose the water and my friends at one instant! O poor tortoise that I am, wretched creature I! whither should I go to seek out water, that am so slow to go? I like not to tarry longer in this country. O good brethren, help me, I pray you! forsake me not in my distress! Ah, unhappy was I born in this world, that I must carry my house with me, and can put no victuals into it. In others' houses, alack! there is place enough for their necessaries; but in mine I can scant hide myself. Ah woe, woe is me, how shall I do? If ye have any pity on me, my brethren, and if ye have taken me for your friend, help me, for God's sake. Leave me not here to burst for thirst. I would gladly go with you if that you would gladly put me in some lake, and I would follow mine old trade as I have done; therefore, dear fowls, help me!"

These words did penetrate the hearts of these great water fowls; and taking no less pity on her than looking to their own profit, they said unto her, "Dear mother tortoise, we could not do better than satisfy thy desire, but alas, what means have we to carry thee hence into any lake? Yet there is an easy way to bring it to pass, if that thy heart will serve thee to take upon thee to hold a piece of wood fast in thy teeth a good while. And then we (the one on the one side of thee, and the other on the other side) will with our bills take the end of the stick in our

mouths also, and so carry thee trimly into some lake, and there we would lead our lives and fare delicately. But in any case thou must beware thou open not thy mouth at any time, because the other birds that fly up and down will gladly play with thee and laugh to see thee fly in the air, thou that art used to tarry on the earth and under the water. Therefore they will tell thee marvelous wonders, and will be very busy with thee, and peradventure they will ask thee: O pretty she beast, whence comest thou, I pray thee, that thou art flying thus, and whither wilt thou? But take thou no heed to them, see them not, nor once hearken to them, I would advise thee. And if they prattle to thee, saying,—Oh, what an enterprise of birds! good Lord! what a piece of work they have taken in hand!—Whist! not a word thou, for thy life. Nor look not that we should answer them; for we having the stick in our mouths cannot speak but thou must needs fall, if the stick (by talk) fall out of our mouths at any time. Well, now thou hast heard all, how sayest thou? will thy mind serve thee? hast thou any fancy for the matter?"

"Who? I? Yes, that I have. I am ready to do anything. I will venture rather than I will tarry behind."

The fowls found out a stick, and made the tortoise hold it fast with her teeth as she could for her life, and then they each of them took an end in their mouth, and putting themselves up, straight flew into the air: that it was one of the foolishest sights to see a tortoise fly in the air that ever was seen. And behold a whole flight of birds met them, seeing them fly thus strangely, and hovered round about them, with great laughters and noises, and speaking the vilest words to them they could: Oh, here is a brave sight! look, here is a goodly jest! whoo! what bug have we here? said some. See, see! she hangeth by the throat, and therefore she speaketh not, said others; and the beast flyeth not, like a beast.

These taunts and spiteful words went to the heart of the tortoise, that she was as mad as she could be: so she could no longer hold, but answer she would (at least as she thought), and when she opened her mouth to speak, down she fell to the ground, and smashed her all to pieces; and all because she would have said,—I am an honest woman, and no thief; I would ye should know it, knaves, rascals, and ravening birds that ye are.—So that, contemning the good counsel was given her,—or to say better, because she would not believe them,—she paid her folly with death.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

From the 'Jataka,' No. 136

[This is interesting because traceable by literary documents, from the 'Jataka' down to La Fontaine (Book v., No. 13, 'La Poule aux Œufs d'Or').]

"CONTENTED be."—This story was told by the Master about a sister named Fat Nanda. A lay brother at Savatthi had offered the sisterhood a supply of garlic; and sending for his bailiff, had given orders that if they should come, each sister was to receive two or three handfuls. After that they made a practice of coming to his house or field for their garlic. Now one holiday the supply of garlic in the house ran out; and the sister Fat Nanda, coming with others to the house, was told, when she said she wanted some garlic, that there was none left in the house,—it had all been used up out of hand,—and that she must go to the field for it. So away to the field she went, and carried off an excessive amount of garlic. The bailiff grew angry, and remarked what a greedy lot these sisters were! This piqued the more moderate sisters; and the brethren too were piqued at the taunt when the sisters repeated it to them, and they told the Blessed One. Rebuking the greed of Fat Nanda, the Master said, "Brethren, a greedy person is harsh and unkind even to the mother who bore him: a greedy person cannot convert the unconverted, or make the converted grow in grace, or cause alms to come in, or save them when come in; whereas the moderate person can do all these things." In such wise did the Master point the moral; ending by saying, "Brethren, as Fat Nanda is greedy now, so she was greedy in times gone by." And thereupon he told the following story of the past.

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was born a brahman, and growing up was married to a bride of his own rank, who bore him three daughters named Nanda, Nanda-vati, and Sundari-nanda. The Future Buddha dying, they were taken in by neighbors and friends, whilst he was born again into the world as a golden mallard endowed with consciousness of its former existences. Growing up, the bird viewed its own magnificent size and golden plumage, and remembered that previously it had been a human being. Discovering that his wife and daughters were living on the charity of others, the mallard bethought him of his plumage like hammered and beaten gold, and how by giving them a golden feather at a time he could enable his wife and daughters to live in comfort. So away he flew to where they dwelt, and alighted

on the top of the ridge-pole. Seeing the Future Buddha, the wife and girls asked where he had come from; and he told them that he was their father, who had died and been born a golden mallard, and that he had come to visit them and put an end to their miserable necessity of working for hire. "You shall have my feathers," said he, "one by one, and they will sell for enough to keep you all in ease and comfort." So saying, he gave them one of his feathers and departed. And from time to time he returned to give them another feather, and with the proceeds of their sale these brahman women grew prosperous and quite well-to-do. But one day the mother said to her daughters, "There's no trusting animals, my children. Who's to say your father might not go away one of these days and never come back again? Let us use our time and pluck him clean next time he comes, so as to make sure of all his feathers." Thinking this would pain him, the daughters refused. The mother in her greed called the golden mallard to her one day when he came, and then took him with both hands and plucked him. Now the Future Buddha's feathers had this property, that if they were plucked out against his wish, they ceased to be golden and became like a crane's feathers. And now the poor bird, though he stretched his wings, could not fly, and the woman flung him into a barrel and gave him food there. As time went on his feathers grew again (though they were plain white ones now), and he flew away to his own abode and never came back again.

At the close of this story the Master said, "Thus you see, brethren, how Fat Nanda was as greedy in times past as she is now. And her greed then lost her the gold, in the same way as her greed will now lose her the garlic. Observe, moreover, how her greed has deprived the whole sisterhood of their supply of garlic; and learn therefrom to be moderate in your desires, and to be content with what is given you, however small that may be." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

> Contented be, nor itch for further store:
> They seized the swan — but had its gold no more.

So saying, the Master soundly rebuked the erring sister, and laid down the precept that any sister who should eat garlic would have to do penance. Then, making the connection, he said:—"Fat Nanda was the brahman's wife of the story, her three sisters were the brahman's three daughters, and I myself the golden mallard."

THE GRATITUDE OF ANIMALS

From the 'Jataka,' No. 124

"Toil on, my brother."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a good brahman belonging to a noble Savatthi family who gave his heart to the Truth, and, joining the Brotherhood, became constant in all duties. Blameless in his attendance on teachers; scrupulous in the matter of foods and drinks; zealous in the performance of the duties of the chapter-house, bath-house, and so forth; perfectly punctual in the observance of the fourteen major and of the eighty minor disciplines; he used to sweep the monastery, the cells, the cloisters, and the path leading to their monastery, and gave water to thirsty folk. And because of his great goodness, folk gave regularly five hundred meals a day to the brethren; and great gain and honor accrued to the monastery, the many prospering for the virtues of one. And one day in the Hall of Truth the brethren fell to talking of how that brother's goodness had brought them gain and honor, and filled many lives with joy. Entering the Hall, the Master asked, and was told, what their talk was about. "This is not the first time, brethren," said he, "that this brother has been regular in the fulfillment of duties. In days gone by, five hundred hermits going out to gather fruits were supported on the fruits that his goodness provided." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was born a brahman in the North, and growing up, renounced the world and dwelt with a following of five hundred hermits at the foot of the mountains. In those days there came a great drought upon the Himalaya country, and everywhere the water was dried up, and sore distress fell upon all beasts. Seeing the poor creatures suffering from thirst, one of the hermits cut down a tree, which he hollowed into a trough; and this trough he filled with all the water he could find. In this way he gave the animals to drink. And they came in herds and drank and drank, till the hermit had no time left to go and gather fruits for himself. Heedless of his own hunger, he worked away to quench the animals' thirst. Thought they to themselves, "So wrapt up is this hermit in ministering to our wants that he leaves himself no time to go in quest of fruits. He must be very hungry. Let us agree that every one of us who comes here to drink must bring such fruits as he can to the

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was born into a rich brahman's family; and when he grew up, after acquiring all the liberal arts at Takkasila, he became a world-renowned professor at Benares, with five hundred young brahmans to instruct. At the time of our story there was among the young brahmans one who always had foolish notions in his head and always said the wrong thing; he was engaged with the rest in learning the Scriptures as a pupil, but because of his folly could not master them. He was the devoted attendant of the Future Buddha, and ministered to him like a slave.

Now one day after supper the Future Buddha laid himself on his bed, and there was washed and perfumed by the young brahman on hands, feet, and back. And as the youth turned to go away, the Future Buddha said to him, "Prop up the feet of my bed before you go." And the young brahman propped up the feet of the bed on one side all right, but could not find anything to prop it up with on the other side. Accordingly he used his leg as a prop, and passed the night so. When the Future Buddha got up in the morning and saw the young brahman, he asked why he was sitting there. "Master," said the young man, "I could not find one of the bed supports; so I've got my leg under to prop it up instead."

Moved at these words, the Future Buddha thought, "What devotion! And to think it should come from the veriest dullard of all my pupils. Yet how can I impart learning to him?" And the thought came to him that the best way was to question the young brahman on his return from gathering firewood and leaves, as to something he had seen or done that day; and then to ask what it was like. "For," thought the Master, "this will lead him on to making comparisons and giving reasons, and the continuous practice of comparing and reasoning on his part will enable me to impart learning to him."

Accordingly he sent for the young man, and told him always on his return from picking up firewood and leaves, to say what he had seen or eaten or drunk. And the young man promised he would. So one day, having seen a snake when out with the other pupils picking up wood in the forest, he said, "Master, I saw a snake."—"What did it look like?"—"Oh, like the shaft of a plow."—"That is a very good comparison. Snakes are like the shafts of plows," said the Future Buddha, who began to have hopes that he might at last succeed with his pupil.

Another day the young brahman saw an elephant in the forest, and told his master.—"And what is an elephant like?"—"Oh, like the shaft of a plow." His master said nothing; for he thought that as the elephant's trunk and tusks bore a certain resemblance to the shaft of a plow, perhaps his pupil's stupidity made him speak thus generally (though he was thinking of the trunk in particular) because of his inability to go into accurate detail.

A third day he was invited to eat sugar-cane, and duly told his master.—"And what is a sugar-cane like?"—"Oh, like the shaft of a plow."—"That is scarcely a good comparison," thought his master, but said nothing.

Another day, again, the pupils were invited to eat molasses with curds and milk, and this too was duly reported.—"And what are curds and milk like?"—"Oh, like the shaft of a plow." Then the master thought to himself, "This young man was perfectly right in saying a snake was like the shaft of a plow; and was more or less right, though not accurate, in saying an elephant and a sugar-cane had the same similitude. But milk and curds (which are always white in color) take the shape of whatever vessel they are placed in; and here he missed the comparison entirely. This dullard will never learn." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

> "For universal application he
> Employs a term of limited import.
> Plow-shaft and curds to him alike unknown,
> The fool asserts the two things are the same."

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying:—"Laludayi was the dullard of those days, and I the world-renowned professor."

THE WIDOW'S MITE

From the 'Jataka,' No. 109

As fares his worshiper."—This story was told by the Master when at Savatthi, about a very poor man.

Now at Savatthi the Brotherhood, with the Buddha at their head, used to be entertained now by a single family, now by three or four families together. Or a body of people or a whole street would club together, or sometimes the whole city entertained them. But on the occasion now in question it was a street that was showing the hospitality. And the inhabitants had arranged to provide rice gruel, followed by cakes.

Now in that street there lived a very poor man, a hired laborer, who could not see how he could give the gruel, but resolved to give cakes. And he scraped out the red powder from empty husks, and kneaded it with water into a round cake. This cake he wrapped in a leaf of swallow-wort and baked it in the embers. When it was done, he made up his mind that none but the Buddha should have it, and accordingly took his stand immediately by the Master. No sooner had the word been given to offer cakes, than he stepped forward quicker than any one else and put his cake in the Master's alms-bowl. And the Master declined all other cakes offered him, and ate the poor man's cake. Forthwith the whole city talked of nothing but how the All-Enlightened One had not disdained to eat the poor man's bran-cake. And from porters to nobles and King, all classes flocked to the spot, saluted the Master, and crowded round the poor man, offering him food, or two to five hundred pieces of money, if he would make over to them the merit of his act.

Thinking he had better ask the Master first, he went to him and stated his case. "Take what they offer," said the Master, "and impute your righteousness to all living creatures." So the man set to work to collect the offerings. Some gave twice as much as others, some four times as much, others eight times as much, and so on, till nine crores of gold were contributed.

Returning thanks for the hospitality, the Master went back to the monastery, and after instructing the brethren and imparting his blessed teaching to them, retired to his perfumed chamber.

In the evening the King sent for the poor man, and created him Lord Treasurer.

Assembling in the Hall of Truth, the brethren spoke together of how the Master, not disdaining the poor man's bran-cake, had eaten it as though it were ambrosia; and how the poor man had been enriched and made Lord Treasurer, to his great good fortune. And when the Master entered the Hall and heard what they were talking of, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have not disdained to eat that poor man's cake of bran. I did the same when I was a Tree-sprite, and then too was the means of his being made Lord Treasurer." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was a Tree-sprite dwelling in a castor-oil plant. And the villagers of those days were superstitious about gods. A festival came round, and the villagers offered sacrifices to their respective Tree-sprites. Seeing this, a poor man showed worship to the castor-oil tree. All the others had come with garlands, odors, perfumes, and cakes; but the poor man had only a cake of husk-powder and water in a cocoanut shell for his tree.

Standing before it, he thought within himself, "Tree-sprites are used to heavenly food, and my Tree-sprite will not eat this cake of husk-powder. Why then should I lose it outright? I will eat it myself." And he turned to go away, when the Future Buddha from the fork of his tree exclaimed, "My good man, if you were a great lord you would bring me dainty manchets; but as you are a poor man, what shall I have to eat if not that cake? Rob me not of my portion." And he uttered this stanza:—

"As fares his worshiper, a Sprite must fare:
Bring me the cake, nor rob me of my share."

Then the man turned again, and seeing the Future Buddha, offered up his sacrifice. The Future Buddha fed on the savor and said, "Why do you worship me?"—"I am a poor man, my lord, and I worship you to be eased of my poverty."—"Have no more care for that. You have sacrificed to one who is grateful and mindful of kindly deeds. Round this tree, neck to neck, are buried pots of treasure. Go tell the King, and take the treasure away in wagons to the King's court-yard. There pile it in a heap, and the King shall be so well pleased that he will make you Lord Treasurer." So saying, the Future Buddha vanished from sight. The man did as he was bidden, and the King made him Lord Treasurer. Thus did the poor man by aid of the Future Buddha come to great fortune; and when he died, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying:—"The poor man of to-day was also the poor man of those times, and I the Tree-sprite who dwelt in the castor-oil tree."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

From the 'Jataka,' No. 97

"SEEING Quick dead."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brother who thought luck went by names. For we hear that a young man of good family, named "Base," had given his heart to the Faith, and joined the Brotherhood. And the brethren used to call him, "Here, brother Base!" and "Stay, brother Base"; till he resolved that as "Base" gave the idea of incarnate wickedness and ill luck, he would change his name to one of better omen. Accordingly he asked his teachers and preceptors to

give him a new name. But they said that a name only served to denote, and did not impute qualities; and they bade him rest content with the name he had. Time after time he renewed his request, till the whole Brotherhood knew what importance he attached to a mere name. And as they sat discussing the matter in the Hall of Truth, the Master entered and asked what it was they were speaking about. Being told, he said: «This is not the first time this brother has believed luck went by names: he was equally dissatisfied with the name he bore in a former age.» So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time the Future Buddha was a world-renowned professor at Takkasila, and five hundred young brahmans learnt the Vedas from his lips. One of these young men was named Base. And from continually hearing his fellows say, «Go, Base,» and «Come, Base,» he longed to get rid of his name, and to take one that had a less ill-omened ring about it. So he went to his master, and asked that a new name of a respectable character might be given him. Said his master, «Go, my son, and travel through the land till you have found a name you fancy. Then come back and I will change your name for you.»

The young man did as he was bidden; and taking provisions for the journey, wandered from village to village till he came to a certain town. Here a man named Quick had died, and the young brahman, seeing him borne to the cemetery, asked what his name was.

«Quick,» was the reply.—«What, can Quick be dead?»—«Yes, Quick is dead: both Quick and Dead die just the same. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool.»

Hearing this he went on into the city, feeling neither satisfied nor dissatisfied with his own name.

Now a slave-girl had been thrown down at the door of a house, while her master and mistress beat her with rope-ends because she had not brought home her wages. And the girl's name was Rich. Seeing the girl being beaten, as he walked along the street, he asked the reason, and was told in reply that it was because she had no wages to show.

«And what is the girl's name?»

«Rich,» said they.—«And cannot Rich make good a paltry day's pay?»—«Be she called Rich or Poor, the money's not forthcoming any the more. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool.»

More reconciled to his own name, the young brahman left the city, and on the road found a man who had lost his way. Having learnt that he had lost his way, the young man asked what his name was. "Guide," was the reply.—"And has Guide lost his way?"—"Guide or Misguide, you can lose your way just the same. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool."

Quite reconciled now to his name, the young brahman came back to his master.

"Well, what name have you chosen?" asked the Future Buddha.—"Master," said he, "I find that death comes to 'Quick' and 'Dead' alike, that 'Rich' and 'Poor' may be poor together, and that 'Guide' and 'Misguide' alike miss their way. I know now that a name serves only to tell who is who, and does not govern its owner's destiny. So I am satisfied with my own name, and do not want to change it for any other."

Then the Future Buddha uttered this stanza, combining what the young brahman had done with the sights he had seen:—

"Seeing Quick dead, Guide lost, Rich poor,
Base learned content, nor traveled more."

His story told, the Master said, "So you see, brethren, that in former days as now this brother imagined there was a great deal in a name." And he identified the Birth by saying:—"This brother who is discontented with his name was the discontented young brahman of those days; the Buddha's disciples were the pupils; and I myself their master."

THE BUDDHIST DUTY OF COURTESY TO ANIMALS

From the 'Jataka,' No. 28

"SPEAK only words of kindness."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the bitter words spoken by the Six. For in those days the Six, when they disagreed with respectable brethren, used to taunt, revile, and jeer them, and load them with the ten kinds of abuse. This the brethren reported to the Blessed One, who sent for the Six and asked whether this charge was true. On their admitting its truth, he rebuked them, saying, "Brethren, hard words gall even animals: in bygone days an animal made a man who had used harsh language to him lose a thousand pieces." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time, at Takkasila in the land of Gandhara, there was a king reigning there, and the Future Buddha came to life as a bull. When he was quite a tiny calf, he was presented by his owners to a brahman who came in, they being known to give away presents of oxen to such-like holy men. The brahman called it Nandi-Visala (Great-Joy), and treated it like his own child, feeding the young creature on rice gruel and rice. When the Future Buddha grew up, he thought thus to himself: "I have been brought up by this brahman with great pains, and all India cannot show the bull which can draw what I can. How if I were to repay the brahman the cost of my nurture by making proof of my strength?" Accordingly, one day he said to the brahman, "Go, brahman, to some merchant rich in herds, and wager him a thousand pieces that your bull can draw a hundred loaded carts."

The brahman went his way to a merchant, and got into a discussion with him as to whose oxen in the town were strong. "Oh, so-and-so's, or so-and-so's," said the merchant. "But," added he, "there are no oxen in the town which can compare with mine for real strength." Said the brahman, "I have a bull who can pull a hundred loaded carts." "Where's such a bull to be found?" laughed the merchant. "I've got him at home," said the brahman.—"Make it a wager."—"Certainly," said the brahman, and staked a thousand pieces. Then he loaded a hundred carts with sand, gravel, and stones, and leashed the lot together, one behind the other, by cords from the axle-tree of the one in front to the trace-bar of its successor. This done, he bathed Nandi-Visala, gave him a measure of perfumed rice to eat, hung a garland round his neck, and harnessed him all alone to the leading cart. The brahman in person took his seat upon the pole, and flourished his goad in the air, shouting, "Now then, you rascal! pull them along, you rascal!"

"I'm not the rascal he calls me," thought the Future Buddha to himself; and so he planted his four feet like so many posts, and budged not an inch.

Straightway the merchant made the brahman pay over the thousand pieces. His money gone, the brahman took his bull out of the cart and went home, where he lay down on his bed in an agony of grief. When Nandi-Visala strolled in and found the brahman a prey to such grief, he went up to him and inquired if the brahman were taking a nap. "How should I be taking a nap, when I have had a thousand pieces won of me?"

« Brahman, all the time I have lived in your house, have I ever broken a pot, or squeezed up against anybody, or made messes about? » — « Never, my child. » — « Then why did you call me a rascal? It's you who are to blame, not I. Go and bet him two thousand this time. Only remember not to miscall me rascal again. »

When he heard this, the brahman went off to the merchant and laid a wager of two thousand. Just as before, he leashed the hundred carts to one another, and harnessed Nandi Visala, very spruce and fine, to the leading cart. If you ask how he harnessed him, well, he did it in this way: first he fastened the cross-yoke on to the pole; then he put the bull in on one side, and made the other fast by fastening a smooth piece of wood from the cross-yoke on to the axle-tree, so that the yoke was taut and could not skew around either way. Thus a single bull could draw a cart made to be drawn by two. So now seated on the pole, the brahman stroked Nandi-Visala on the back, and called on him in this style: « Now then, my fine fellow! pull them along, my fine fellow! » With a single pull the Future Buddha tugged along the whole string of the hundred carts, till the hindermost stood where the foremost had started. The merchant rich in herds paid up the two thousand pieces he had lost to the brahman. Other folks, too, gave large sums to the Future Buddha, and the whole passed into the hands of the brahman. Thus did he gain greatly by reason of the Future Buddha.

Thus laying down, by way of rebuke to the Six, the rule that hard words please no one, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza: —

> « Speak only words of kindness, never words
> Unkind. For him who spoke him fair, he moved
> A heavy load, and brought him wealth, for love. »

When he had thus ended his lesson as to speaking only words of kindness, the Master identified the Birth by saying: — « Ananda was the brahman of those days, and I myself Nandi-Visala. »

MONKEYS IN THE GARDEN

From the 'Jataka,' No. 268

«BEST of all,» etc.—This story the Master told whilst dwelling in the country near South Mountain, about a gardener's son.

After the rains, the Master left Jetavana, and went on alms-pilgrimage in the district about South Mountain. A layman invited the Buddha and his company, and made them sit down in his grounds till he gave them of rice and cakes. Then he said, «If any of the holy Fathers care to see over the grounds, they might go along with the gardener;» and he ordered the gardener to supply them with any fruit they might fancy.

By-and by they came upon a bare spot. «What is the reason,» they asked, «that this spot is bare and treeless?» «The reason is,» answered the gardener, «that a certain gardener's son, who had to water the saplings, thought he had better give them water in proportion to the length of the roots; so he pulled them all up to see, and watered them accordingly. The result was that the place became bare.»

The brethren returned, and told this to their Master. Said he, «Not now only has the lad destroyed a plantation: he did just the same before;» and then he told them an old-world tale.

ONCE upon a time, when a king named Vissasena was reigning over Benares, proclamation was made of a holiday. The park keeper thought he would go and keep holiday; so calling the monkeys that lived in the park, he said:—

«This park is a great blessing to you. I want to take a week's holiday. Will you water the saplings on the seventh day?» «Oh, yes,» said they. So he gave them the watering-skins, and went his way.

The monkeys drew water, and began to water the roots.

The eldest monkey cried out: «Wait, now! It's hard to get water always. We must husband it. Let us pull up the plants, and notice the length of their roots: if they have long roots, they need plenty of water; but short ones need only a little.» «True, true,» they agreed; and then some of them pulled up the plants, while others put them in again and watered them.

The Future Buddha at the time was a young gentleman living in Benares. Something or other took him to this park, and he saw what the monkeys were doing.

«Who bids you do that?» asked he.

"Our chief," they replied.

"If that is the wisdom of the chief, what must the rest of you be like!" said he; and to explain the matter, he uttered the first stanza:—

"Best of all the troop is this:
What intelligence is his!
If he was chosen as the best,
What sort of creatures are the rest!"

Hearing this remark, the monkeys rejoined with the second stanza:—

"Brahman, you know not what you say,
Blaming us in such a way!
If the root we do not know,
How can we tell the trees that grow?"

To which the Future Buddha replied by the third, as follows:—

"Monkeys, I have no blame for you,
Nor those who range the woodland through.
The monarch is a fool, to say
'Please tend my trees while I'm away.'"

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"The lad who destroyed the park was the monkey chief, and I was the wise man."

THE ANTELOPE, THE WOODPECKER, AND THE TORTOISE

From the 'Jataka,' No. 206

[This story is found sculptured upon an ancient Hindu monument of the greatest archæological interest, the Stupa of Bharhut. The history of the tale may accordingly be traced by actual records—in stone and in books—from 250 B. C. through Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jewish, and Christian literature, down to La Fontaine ('Fables,' xii. 15) and later.]

"COME, tortoise," etc.—This story the Master told at Veluvana, about Devadatta. News came to the Master that Devadatta was plotting his death. "Ah, Brethren," said he, "it was just the same long ago: Devadatta tried then to kill me, as he is trying now." And he told them this story.

ONCE upon a time, when Brahmadatta was King of Benares, the Future Buddha became an antelope, and lived within a forest,

in a thicket near a certain lake. Not far from the same lake sat a woodpecker perched at the top of a tree; and in the lake dwelt a tortoise. And the three became friends, and lived together in amity.

A hunter, wandering about in the wood, observed the Future Buddha's footprint at the going down into the water; and he set a trap of leather, strong, like an iron chain, and went his way. In the first watch of the night the Future Buddha went down to drink, and got caught in the noose; whereat he cried loud and long. Thereupon the woodpecker flew down from her tree-top, and the tortoise came out of the water, and consulted what was to be done.

Said the woodpecker to the tortoise, "Friend, you have teeth, —bite this snare through: I will go and see to it that the hunter keeps away; and if we both do our best, our friend will not lose his life." To make this clear he uttered the first stanza:—

"Come, tortoise, tear the leathern snare,
And bite it through and through,
And of the hunter I'll take care,
And keep him off from you."

The tortoise began to gnaw the leather thong; the woodpecker made his way to the hunter's dwelling. At dawn of day the hunter went out, knife in hand. As soon as the bird saw him start, he uttered a cry, flapped his wings, and struck him in the face as he left the front door. "Some bird of ill omen has struck me!" thought the hunter; he turned back, and lay down for a little while. Then he rose up again, and took his knife. The bird reasoned within himself, "The first time he went out by the front door, so now he will leave by the back:" and he sat him down behind the house. The hunter too reasoned in the same way: "When I went out by the front door, I saw a bad omen: now will I go out by the back!" and so he did. But the bird cried out again, and struck him in the face. Finding that he was again struck by a bird of ill omen, the hunter exclaimed, "This creature will not let me go!" and turning back he lay down until sunrise, and when the sun was risen he took his knife and started.

The woodpecker made all haste back to his friends. "Here comes the hunter!" he cried. By this time the tortoise had gnawed through all the thongs but one tough thong; his teeth

seemed as though they would fall out, and his mouth was all smeared with blood. The Future Buddha saw the young hunter coming on like lightning, knife in hand: he burst the thong, and fled into the woods. The woodpecker perched upon his tree-top. But the tortoise was so weak that he lay where he was. The hunter threw him into a bag, and tied it to a tree.

The Future Buddha observed that the tortoise was taken, and determined to save his friend's life. So he let the hunter see him, and made as though he were weak. The hunter saw him, and thinking him to be weak, seized his knife and set out in pursuit. The Future Buddha, keeping just out of his reach, led him into the forest; and when he saw that they had come far away, gave him the slip and returned swift as the wind by another way. He lifted the bag with his horns, threw it upon the ground, ripped it open, and let the tortoise out. And the woodpecker came down from the tree.

Then the Future Buddha thus addressed them both: "My life has been saved by you, and you have done a friend's part to me. Now the hunter will come and take you; so do you, friend woodpecker, migrate elsewhere with your brood, and you, friend tortoise, dive into the water." They did so.

The Master, becoming perfectly enlightened, uttered the second stanza:—

> The tortoise went into the pond, the deer into the wood,
> And from the tree the woodpecker carried away his brood.

The hunter returned, and saw none of them. He found his bag torn; picked it up, and went home sorrowful. And the three friends lived all their life long in unbroken amity, and then passed away to fare according to their deeds.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"Devadatta was the huntsman, Sariputta the woodpecker, Moggallana the tortoise, and I was the antelope."

PRINCE FIVE-WEAPONS

From the 'Jataka,' No. 55

[The essential feature of this story bears a striking, but probably fortuitous, resemblance to that of the Tar-baby of Uncle Remus. The narrator's naïvely religious interpretation of the Sword of Adamant is highly characteristic. Rahu is the demon that swallows the moon, and so causes eclipses.]

"WHEN no attachment."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brother who had given up all earnest effort.

Said the Master to him, "Is the report true, brother, that you are a backslider?"

"Yes, Blessed One."

"In bygone days, brother," said the Master, "the wise and good won a throne by their dauntless perseverance in the hour of need."

And so saying he told this story of the past.

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, it was as his queen's child that the Future Buddha came to life once more. On the day when he was to be named, the parents inquired as to their child's destiny from one hundred and eight brahmans, to whom they gave their hearts' desire in all pleasures of sense. Marking the promise which he showed of a glorious destiny, these clever soothsaying brahmans foretold that, coming to the throne at the king's death, the child should be a mighty king, endowed with every virtue; famed and renowned for his exploits with five weapons, he should stand peerless throughout all the Land of the Rose-apple (India). And because of this prophecy of the brahmans, the parents named their son Prince Five-Weapons.

Now, when the prince was come to years of discretion, and was sixteen years old, the king bade him go away and study.

"With whom, sire, am I to study?" asked the prince.

"With the world-renowned professor in the town of Takkasila in the Gandhara country. Here is his fee," said the king, handing his son a thousand pieces.

So the prince went to Takkasila and was taught there. When he was leaving, his master gave him a set of five weapons; armed with which, after bidding adieu to his old master, the prince set out from Takkasila for Benares.

On his way he came to a forest haunted by an ogre named Sticky-hair; and at the entrance to the forest, men who met him tried to stop him, saying, "Young brahman, do not go through that forest: it is the haunt of the ogre Sticky-hair, and he kills every one he meets." But bold as a lion, the self-reliant Future Buddha pressed on, till in the heart of the forest he came on the ogre.

The monster made himself appear in stature as tall as a palm-tree, with a head as big as an arbor, and huge eyes like bowls, with two tusks like turnips, and the beak of a hawk; his belly was blotched with purple; and the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet were blue-black! "Whither away?" cried the monster: "halt! you are my prey." "Ogre," answered the Future Buddha, "I knew what I was doing when I entered this forest. You will be ill advised to come near me. For with a poisoned arrow I will slay you where you stand." And with this defiance, he fitted to his bow an arrow dipped in deadliest poison and shot it at the ogre. But it only stuck on to the monster's shaggy coat. Then he shot another and another, till fifty were spent, all of which merely stuck on the ogre's shaggy coat. Hereon the ogre, shaking the arrows off so that they fell at his feet, came at the Future Buddha; and the latter, again shouting defiance, drew his sword and struck at the ogre. But like the arrows, his sword, which was thirty-three inches long, merely stuck fast in the shaggy hair. Next the Future Buddha hurled his spear, and that stuck fast also. Seeing this, he smote the ogre with his club; but like his other weapons, that too stuck fast. And thereupon the Future Buddha shouted, "Ogre, you never heard yet of me, Prince Five-Weapons. When I ventured into this forest, I put my trust not in my bow and other weapons, but in myself! Now will I strike you a blow which shall crush you into dust." So saying, the Future Buddha smote the ogre with his right hand, but the hand stuck fast upon the hair. Then, in turn, with his left hand and with his right and left feet, he struck at the monster, but hand and feet alike clave to the hide. Again shouting, "I will crush you into dust!" he butted the ogre with his head, and that too stuck fast.

Yet even when thus caught and snared in fivefold wise, the Future Buddha, as he hung upon the ogre, was still fearless, still undaunted. And the monster thought to himself, "This is a very lion among men, a hero without a peer, and no mere man.

Though he is caught in the clutches of an ogre like me, yet not so much as a tremor will he show. Never, since I first took to slaying travelers upon this road, have I seen a man to equal him. How comes it that he is not frightened?" Not daring to devour the Future Buddha offhand, he said, "How is it, young brahman, that you have no fear of death?"

"Why should I?" answered the Future Buddha. "Each life must surely have its destined death. Moreover, within my body is a sword of adamant, which you will never digest, if you eat me. It will chop your inwards into mincemeat, and my death will involve yours too. Therefore it is that I have no fear." (By this, it is said, the Future Buddha meant the Sword of Knowledge, which was within him.)

Hereon the ogre fell a-thinking. "This young brahman is speaking the truth and nothing but the truth," thought he. "Not a morsel so big as a pea could I digest of such a hero. I'll let him go." And so, in fear of his life, he let the Future Buddha go free, saying, "Young brahman, you are a lion among men: I will not eat you. Go forth from my hand, even as the moon from the jaws of Rahu, and return to gladden the hearts of your kinsfolk, your friends, and your country."

"As for myself, ogre," answered the Future Buddha, "I will go. As for you, it was your sins in bygone days that caused you to be reborn a ravening, murderous, flesh-eating ogre; and if you continue in sin in this existence, you will go on from darkness to darkness. But having seen me, you will be unable thenceforth to sin any more. Know that to destroy life is to insure rebirth either in hell or as a brute or as a ghost or among the fallen spirits. Or if the rebirth be into the world of men, then such sin cuts short the days of a man's life."

In this and other ways the Future Buddha showed the evil consequences of the five bad courses, and the blessing that comes of the five good courses; and so wrought in divers ways upon that ogre's fears that by his teaching he converted the monster, imbuing him with self-denial and establishing him in the Five Commandments. Then making the ogre the fairy of that forest, with a right to levy dues, and charging him to remain steadfast, the Future Buddha went his way, making known the change in the ogre's mood as he issued from the forest. And in the end he came, armed with the five weapons, to the city of Benares, and presented himself before his parents. In later days, when

king, he was a righteous ruler; and after a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

This lesson ended, the Master, as Buddha, recited this stanza:—

When no attachment hampers heart or mind,
When righteousness is practiced peace to win,
He who so walks shall gain the victory,
And all the Fetters utterly destroy.

When he had thus led his teaching up to Arahatship as its crowning point, the Master went on to preach the Four Truths, at the close whereof that brother won Arahatship. Also the Master showed the connection and identified the Birth by saying, "Angulimala was the ogre of those days, and I myself Prince Five-Weapons."

AN «EXAMPLE» OF THE EVILS OF RASHNESS

[This «example,» which points a warning against rash action, we give in three versions; partly for their intrinsic interest, and partly to show the surprising diversity in style and in details of treatment of what is essentially one *motif*. The first is from the Sanskrit of the 'Hitopadeça,' an offshoot of the Panchatantra. The second is from E. B. Eastwick's translation of the Persian 'Lights of Canopus.' If this is a «*simplified* recast of Nasr Allah's version,» what must that have been! The third is from G. L. Gomme's reprint (London, 1885) of the British Museum chap-book entitled 'The Seven Wise Masters of Rome,' printed in 1520 by Wynkyn de Worde. The sources and imitations of this tale are given by Edouard Lancereau in his French translation of the 'Panchatantra' (Paris, 1871), page 384. The story is the same as that told of Llewellyn the Great and his faithful hound Gellert, and familiar to English readers through the well-known ballad of William R. Spencer. The hound, which is the European representative of the plucky little Indian ichneumon, has become a martyr and a patron saint of little children in the popular belief of the South of France, and is invoked by mothers under the name of St. Guinefort.]

First Version

THE BRAHMAN AND HIS FAITHFUL ICHNEUMON

From the 'Hitopadeça'

In Ujjain lived a brahman named Madhava, whose wife once left him in charge of their little child and went to bathe.

Now an invitation came from the King for the brahman to perform a funeral oblation and partake of the funeral meal. At which news the poor fellow bethought himself: «If I go not

quickly, then some one else will receive the funeral meal. For 'tis said:—

'Hast aught to give, or aught to take or do,
Give, take it, do it, quickly, ere the morrow rise;
Or else thy sloth full bitter shalt thou rue,
And ruthless Time shall suck the juice from thy emprise.'

But there is no one here to take care of the child. What then shall I do? Hold! I have here an ichneumon, which I have kept this long time and cared for as if he were my son: I will leave him to take care of the babe, and go." And so doing, he went.

Meantime there came near the child a black cobra; which when the ichneumon saw, he killed it and tore it in pieces. Then, with blood-smeared snout and paws, he ran to meet the brahman as he was returning home, and fawned at his feet. But the brahman, seeing the ichneumon in that plight, came rashly to the conclusion that the beast had eaten his child; and forthwith killed the ichneumon. Then when he came nigh and looked, behold, his child was asleep and the cobra slain. Then he saw that the ichneumon had done him a service, and sorrowfully recognizing the rashness of his deed, he was filled with despair.

Translation of Charles R. Lanman.

Second Version

THE RESULTS OF PRECIPITATION

From the 'Anvár-i Suhailí' or 'Lights of Canopus,' a Persian rendering of Pilpay

COUPLET

Who dares to act without due thought and care,
Will sink at last in sorrow and despair.

And there are many anecdotes and innumerable stories apropos of this subject which are written and commemorated in the pages of nocturnal conversations and elegant annals, and among these is the story of the Holy Man who rashly stepped into the plain of precipitate action, and staining his hands with innocent blood, destroyed the unfortunate ichneumon; which displays the ill effects of this precipitation.

The King asked, "How was that?"

He said.

They have related that a Devotee after long celibacy desired to put in practice the injunction, "Matrimony is my commandment; therefore he who turns away from my commandment is none of mine." After extensive inquiry and infinite pains, the Devotee, through the aid of his lofty fortune and the help of his noble spirit, obtained a wife of a great family and an illustrious stock. The reflection of her countenance gave radiance to the morn, and the hue of her curling ringlets aided the perfumer of evening in intensifying his gloom. The azure sky had never beheld her equal, save in the mirror of the sun; and the swift-sighted limner of the imagination had ne'er looked on the like of her lovely semblance, save in the world of dreams.

VERSE

The glories of thy sunny cheek the world of beauty warmly kiss;
Like the full moon, thou hast arisen amid the sky of loveliness;
Thy countenance the brightest rose, thy form the fairest cypress is,
That ever grew in beauty's bower, or 'mid the flowers of comeliness.

And together with this beauty of form, she was adorned with excellence of disposition, and the graces of her body were set off by those of her mind. The Devotee, in his daily prayers, returned thanks for such a blessing; and having thus commenced his intercourse with that partner whose face resembled the beauties of Eden, he desired to beget a son. And no wise person bases his desire for children on mere sensual appetite, nor yields his body to the task save in quest of a virtuous son, who, in procuring the blessings asked for by prayer, is equivalent to the perpetual offering of alms.

And a son of fair visage and lovely form was born, such that the tokens of beauty and accomplishments bespoke his perfection, and the signs of admirable gifts shone and gleamed on the forehead of his condition. The Devotee beheld the morn of hope begin to smile from the dawning-place of desire, and the nightingale of his pleasure commenced singing on the rose-shrub of joy.

COUPLET

A fair gem from the boundless sea of Grace, was brought to light;
Upon the sky of Law divine a new star glittered bright.

The Devotee indulged in raptures at the beauty of his son, and fulfilled a variety of vows which he had made; and girding up his loins in attendance on his son's cradle night and day, drew through other matters the pen of oblivion, and expended all his energies in [promoting] his growth and strength, and grace and freshness and vigor.

COUPLET

How long shall I on thee bestow my breath like morn's young breeze,
That thou mayst blossom like a rose, to gladden and to please?

One day the mother of the child desiring to take a warm bath, committed him, with many injunctions, to the care of his father, who besides had nothing else then to do. Some time passed, and a confidential person, sent by the king of the country, came to request his attendance, and there was no possibility of delay. He was of necessity compelled to go out of the house. Now they had an ichneumon, in whose charge they left the house, and through him their minds were altogether set at ease; and he used to display the utmost exertion in ridding them of noxious reptiles, and beasts that bite or sting. The Devotee came out and left the ichneumon with his son. To be short, no sooner had he left the house than a large snake showed itself near the cradle. When the ichneumon saw that dart-like, armor-wearing snake,—that malignant creature swift to wrath, which when quiescent assumes the shape of a circle,—that arrowy-paced reptile, which at times, like a curved bow, joins its extremities,—

STANZA

Straight as a dart, anon, like buckler, round;
Anon in noose-like circles flows its form;
No cloud *within*, two lightnings forked are found,
No sea, but waves roll there—a mimic storm,—

making for the cradle, and intending to kill the child, it leapt up, and seizing his throat, imprisoned him in the ring of the noose of death; and by the blessed influence of its defense, the boy escaped from that whirlpool of destruction. Shortly after, the Devotee returned; and the ichneumon, smeared with blood, ran to meet him, in exultation at having done a good deed.

The Devotee imagined that it had killed his son, and that these stains were from his blood. The fire of wrath was kindled in the stove of his heart, and the smoke of precipitation entered the aperture of his brain; and his reason, through the murkiness of the fumes of rashness,—which, like the cloud of tyranny, is the cause of darkening the world,—covered its face with the veil of concealment. Before inquiring into the matter, or examining into the real state of the case, he smote down his staff on the ichneumon, and broke the vertebræ of its back, and knocked its head into the casket of its chest. But when he entered the house he beheld the child sleeping in safety in the cradle, and a huge serpent lying there torn in pieces. Then the smoke of remorse ascended from his heart, and he began to smite his breast with the stone of regret, and complaining and lamenting said:—

COUPLET

"Hereafter, I and grief are one; and every man this well must see,—
For me to have a cheerful heart, impossible and strange would be.

Alas! that the fire of this distressing accident cannot be extinguished by the water of excuses, and that the dart of the shame of this troublous transaction will not be repelled by the shield of extenuation. What unjust action is this that I have committed! and what unsuitable act is this that my hands have done!

COUPLET

'Tis right that I my blood should drink, in shame for this distress;
'Tis fit that I my life resign for this unhappiness.

Would to God that this son had never come into existence from nonentity, and that I had not set my love and affections upon him! so that this innocent blood would not have been shed on this account, and I should not have happened to embark in this unholy business. And what answer shall I give to my Creator for this, that I have causelessly destroyed one that dwelt in the same house with me; and have slain the guardian of my home, and the protector of my beloved son, without reason? And what excuse can I offer to my fellow-creatures for this? And hereafter the chain of censure will not be removed from my neck, and the writing of infamy will never be obliterated from the page of my affairs."

Third Version

THE EXAMPLE OF THE FIRST MASTER

From 'The Seven Wise Masters of Rome': Printed from the edition of Wynkyn de Worde, 1520, and edited, with an introduction, by George Laurence Gomme, F. S. A. London: printed for the Villon Society, 1885.

THERE was a valiant knight which had only one son as ye have. The which he loved so much that he ordained for his keeping three nurses: the first should give him suck and feed him, the second should wash him and keep him clean, the third should bring him to sleep and to rest. This knight had also a greyhound and a falcon that he also loved right well. The greyhound was so good that he never ran to no game but he took it and held it till his master came. And if his master disposed him to go to battle, if he should not speed in the battle, anon as he should mount upon his horse the greyhound would take the horse's tail in his mouth and draw backward, and would also cry and howl marvelously loud. By these signs the knight understood if that he should speed in his journey or not. The falcon was so gentle and so hardy that he was never cast off to his prey but he took it. This same knight had great pleasure in jousting and tourneying, so that upon a time under his castle he let proclaim a tournament to the which came many good lords and knights. The knight entered into the tourney, and his lady went with her maidens to see it. And as they went out, after went the nurses, and left the child lying alone in the cradle in the hall, where the greyhound lay nigh the wall, and the hawk or falcon standing upon a perch. In this hall there was a serpent lurking or hid in a hole, to all them of the castle unknown. The which when he felt that they were all absent, he put out his head of his hole. And as he no man saw, but the child lying in the cradle, he went out of his cavern towards the cradle for the child to have slain. The noble falcon seeing that, beheld the greyhound that was sleeping; she made such a noise and rustling with her wings or feathers that the greyhound awoke and rose up. And when he saw the serpent nigh the child, anon against him he leapt, and they both fought so long together till that the serpent had grievously hurted and wounded the greyhound that he bled sore, so that the earth about the cradle was all bebled with the blood of the greyhound. The greyhound, when that he

felt himself so grievously hurted and wounded, started fiercely upon the serpent, and fought sore together and so eagerly, so that between them the cradle was overturned with the child. And because that the cradle had four pommels or feet, they saved the child's visage and his life from any hurtful falling towards the earth. And what shall I say more? Incontinent thereafter with great pain the greyhound overcame and slew the serpent, and went and laid him down again in his place and licked his wounds. And anon after, as the jousts and tourney was done, the nurses were the first that came into the castle. And as they saw the cradle reversed, with blood upon the earth environed, and that the greyhound was also bloody, they thought and said amongst themselves that the greyhound had slain the child, and they were not so wise as to turn up again the cradle with the child for to have seen what was thereof befallen. But they said, Let us flee or run away, lest that our master put or lay the blame upon us and slay us. And as they were thus away running, they met with the knight's wife, and she said to them, Wherefore make ye this sorrow, and whither will ye run? And they said, O lady, woe and sorrow be to us and to you. Why, what is there happened? show me. The greyhound, they said, that our lord and master loveth so much, hath devoured and slain your son, and lieth by the wall all full of the blood. As the lady this heard, she fell to the earth and began to weep and cry piteously; and said, Alas, O my dear son, be ye thus slain and dead? what shall I now make, that I have my only son thus lost?

Herewithal came in the knight from the tourney, and beholding his lady thus crying and making sorrow, he demanded her wherefore that she made so great sorrow and lamentation. She answered him, O my lord, your greyhound that ye love so much hath slain your only son, and lieth by the wall satiate with blood of the child. The knight hugely angered went in to the hall, and the greyhound went to him to meet and to fawn as he was wont to do. And the knight drew out his sword and with one stroke smote off the hound's head, and went to the cradle and found his son all whole, and by the cradle the serpent slain. And by divers signs perceived that the hound had fought against the serpent for the salvation of the child. Then with great sorrow and weeping he tare his hair and said, Woe be to me that for the words of my wife I have slain my good greyhound, the which hath saved my child's life and hath slain the serpent. Herefore I will put myself to penance. And brake his sword in

three pieces, and went towards the Holy Land, and abode there all the days of his life.

Then said the Master to the Emperor, Lord, understand ye what I have said? And he answered and said, Right well. The Master said: If that ye do your son to death for the words of your wife, it shall come to you worse than it did to the knight for his greyhound. The Emperor said, Ye have showed me a fair example, and without doubt this day shall not my son die. Then said the Master, If ye do so, ye do wisely; but I thank you that ye have him spared this day for my sake.

THE LION-MAKERS

From the 'Panchatantra,' Book v., No. 4

EVEN men of learning and noble birth are sometimes devoid of common-sense. For, true is the saying:—

Book-learning people rightly cherish;
But gumption 's best of all to me.
Bereft of gumption you shall perish,
Like to the Lion-makers three.

"How was that?" said the Man-with-the-wheel. And the Gold-magician narrated:—

IN A certain place there dwelt four brahman youths in the greatest friendship. Three of them had got to the further shore of the ocean of science, but were devoid of common-sense; while the fourth had common-sense only, and no mind for science. Now once upon a time these friends took counsel together, and said, "Of what profit is science, if we cannot go with it to some foreign country and win the favor of princes and make our fortune? Therefore to the Eastern Country let us go." And so it came to pass.

Now after they had gone a little way, the eldest spoke: "There is one among us, the fourth, who has no learning, but only common-sense; and a man can't get presents from kings by common-sense without learning. Not a whit will I give him of all that I gain; so let him go home." And the second said, "Ho there, Gumption! get you homeward, for you have no learning!" But the third made answer, "Alas, it is not fitting so to do; for we have played together since we were boys. So

let him come along too. He's a noble fellow, and shall have a share in the riches that we win."

On then they went together, till in a jungle they saw the bones of a dead lion. Then spoke the first: "Ha! now we can put our book-learning to the test. Here lies some sort of a dead creature: by the power of our learning we'll bring it to life. I'll put the bones together." And that then he did with zeal. The second added flesh, blood, and hide. But just as the third was breathing the breath of life into it, Gumption stopped him and said, "Hold: this is a lion that you are turning out. If you make him alive, he will kill every one of us." Thereupon made answer the other, "Fie, stupid! is learning to be fruitless in my hands?" "Well then," said Gumption, "just wait a bit till I climb a tree."

Thereupon the lion was brought to life. But the instant this was done, he sprang up and killed the three. Afterwards Gumption climbed down and went home.

Therefore, concluded the Gold-magician, therefore I say:—

Book-learning people rightly cherish;
But gumption 's best of all to me.
Bereft of gumption you shall perish,
Like to the Lion-makers three.

Translation of Charles R. Lanman.

THE KING AND THE HAWK

From the Persian version of Pilpay, 'Anvár-i Suhailí,' or 'Lights of Canopus'

They have related that in ancient times there was a king fond of hunting. He was ever giving reins to the courser of his desire in the pursuit of game, and was always casting the lasso of gladness over the neck of sport. Now this king had a hawk, who at a single flight could bring down the Símurgh from the peak of Káf, and in terror of whose claws the constellation Aquila kept himself close in the green nest of the sky.

VERSE

When that bold falcon stretched his pinions wide,
Heaven's bosom then was pierced through with dread;
When to the sky with upward flight he hied,
The eagle of the spheres his feathers shed.

And the king had a prodigious fondness for this hawk, and always cared for it with his own hands. It happened that one day the monarch, holding the hawk on his hand, had gone to the chase. A stag leapt up before him, and he galloped after it with the utmost eagerness. But he did not succeed in coming up with it, and became separated from his retinue and servants; and though some of them followed him, the king rode so hotly that the morning breeze — which in the twinkling of the eye encircles the world — could not have reached the dust he raised, nor could the north wind, in spite of its velocity, attain to the dust of his horse's hoofs.

COUPLET

Unmeasured has thy swiftness been:
So swift, no trace of thee is seen!

Meantime the fire of his thirst was kindled, and the intense desire to drink overcame the king. He galloped his steed in every direction, and traversed the desert and the waste in search of water, until he reached the skirt of a mountain, and beheld that from its summit limpid water was trickling. The king drew forth a cup which he had in his quiver, and riding under the mountain filled the cup with that water, which fell drop by drop; and was about to take a draught, when the hawk made a blow with his wing and spilled all the water in the goblet. The king was vexed at that action, but held the cup a second time under the rock until it was brimful. He then raised it to his lips again, and again the hawk made a movement and overthrew the cup.

HEMISTICH

Brought to the lip, they then forbid the draught.

The king, rendered impatient by thirst, dashed the hawk on the ground and killed it. Shortly after, a stirrup-holder of the king came up, and saw the hawk dead and the king athirst. He then undid a water-vessel from his saddle-cord, and washed the cup clean, and was about to give the king to drink. The latter bade him ascend the mountain, as he had the strongest inclination for the pure water which trickled from the rock, and could not wait to collect it in the cup, drop by drop; and therefore he desired the attendant to fill a cup with it and come

down. The stirrup-holder ascended the mountain and beheld a spring like the eye of hard-hearted misers, giving out a drop at a time with a hundred stintings; and a huge serpent lay dead on the margin of the fountain; and as the heat of the sun had taken effect upon it, the poisonous saliva mixed with the water of that mountain, and it trickled drop by drop down the rock. The stirrup-holder was overcome with horror, and came down from the mountain bewildered, and represented the state of the case, and gave the king a cup of cold water from his ewer. The latter raised the cup to his lips, and his eyes overflowed with tears.

COUPLET

A little water then he drank: the burnings of his heart were stopped;
The fluid that his lips imbibed, back from his flooding eyelids dropped.

The attendant asked the reason of his weeping. The king drew a cold sigh from his anguished heart, and said:—

COUPLET

"So deep my grief that I to none can tell the secret of my woes;
And yet my tale is such that I must still my lips perforce unclose."

He then related in full the story of the hawk and the spilling of the water in the cup; and said, "I grieve for the death of the hawk, and bemoan my own deed in that without inquiry I have deprived a creature so dear to me of life." The attendant replied, "This hawk protected thee from a great peril, and has established a claim to the gratitude of all the people of this country. It would have been better if the king had not been precipitate in slaying it, and had quenched the fire of wrath with the water of mildness, and had turned back the reins of the courser of his passions with the vigor of endurance, and had not transgressed the monition of the wise, who have said:—

COUPLET

Do not the courser of thyself so strain,
That thou canst not at will draw in the rein."

The king replied, "I repent of this unseemly action, but my repentance is now unavailing, and the wound of this sorrow cannot be healed by any salve; and as long as I live I shall retain

on my bosom the scar of this regret, and lacerate the visage of my feelings with the nail of remorse.

HEMISTICH

What can I do? The deed was mine: for self-made ills there is no cure.»

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

From the 'Jataka': translated by Henry Clarke Warren, in his 'Buddhism in Translations,' Vol. iii. of the Harvard Oriental Series

«Nay, this is not a lion's roar.»—This also was related by the Teacher concerning Kokalika; and it was while dwelling in Jetavana monastery. Kokalika, at the time, was desirous of intoning a doctrinal recitation before the congregation of the priests. When the Teacher heard this, he related the following tale:—

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning at Benares, the Future Buddha, having been born in a farmer's family and now come of age, was making his living by husbandry. Now at that time a certain peddler went about selling his wares, which he carried on the back of an ass. And at every place he came to he would unload the ass, and dressing him up in the skin of a lion, let him loose in some field of rice or barley. And the field-watchers did not dare approach, as they thought it was a lion. Now one day the peddler took up his abode at the gate of a village, and while his breakfast was cooking, he dressed up the ass in the lion's skin and let him loose in a field of barley. The field-watchers did not dare approach, as they thought it was a lion, but went home and announced the news. Then all the inhabitants of the village took up arms, and, blowing conch-shells and beating drums, went to the field and shouted, so that the ass became afraid for his life and brayed. Then the Future Buddha knew it was an ass, and pronounced the first stanza:—

«Nay, this is not a lion's roar,
Nor tiger, panther, gives it vent;
But, dressed up in a lion's skin,
It is a wretched ass that brays.»

And also the inhabitants of the village knew it was an ass, and beat him until his bones broke, and took the lion's skin away

with them. Then came the peddler, and seeing that his ass had come to grief, he pronounced the second stanza:—

> «Long might the ass have lived to eat
> The green and tender barley grain,
> Accoutred in the lion's skin,
> But that he brayed, and ruined all.»

And while he was thus speaking, the ass died; whereupon the peddler left him and went his way.

The Teacher, having given this doctrinal instruction, identified the characters in the Birth-story:—«At that time the ass was Kokalika, but the wise farmer was I myself.»

THE HARE-MARK IN THE MOON

From the 'Jataka': translated by Henry Clarke Warren, in his 'Buddhism in Translations,' Vol. iii. of the Harvard Oriental Series

"SOME red-fish have I, seven in all."—This was related by the Teacher while dwelling in Jetavana monastery; and it was concerning a donation of all the requisites to the congregation of the priests.

It seems that a householder of Savatthi prepared a donation of all the requisites for the Buddha and for the Order. At the door of his house he had a pavilion built and gotten ready; and having invited the Buddha and the congregation of the priests, he made them sit down on costly seats which had been spread for them in the pavilion, and gave them an excellent repast of savory dishes. Then he invited them again for the next day, and again for the next, until he had invited them seven times. And on the seventh day he made the donation of all the requisites to the Buddha and to five hundred priests.

At the end of the breakfast the Teacher returned thanks and said:—

«Layman, it is fitting that you thus manifest a hearty zeal; for this almsgiving was also the custom of the wise of old time. For the wise of old time surrendered their own lives to chance suppliants, and gave their own flesh to be eaten.»

Then, at the request of the householder, he related the bygone occurrence:—

ONCE upon a time, when Brahmadatta was ruling at Benares, the Future Buddha was born as a hare, and dwelt in a wood.

Now on one side of this wood was a mountain, on another a river, and on another a border village. And there were three other animals that were his comrades,—a monkey, a jackal, and an otter. These four wise creatures dwelt together, catching their prey each in his own hunting-ground, and at night resorting together. And the wise hare would exhort the other three and teach them the Doctrine, saying, "Give alms, keep the precepts, and observe fast-days." Then the three would approve of his admonition, and go each to his own lair in the thicket, and spend the night.

Time was going by in this manner, when one day the Future Buddha looked up into the sky and saw the moon, and perceived that the next day would be fast-day. Then said he to the others:

"To-morrow is fast-day. Do you three keep the precepts and observe the day; and as alms given while keeping the precepts bring great reward, if any suppliants present themselves give them to eat of your own food."

"Very well," said they, and passed the night in their lairs.

On the next day the otter started out early, and went to the banks of the Ganges to hunt for prey. Now a fisherman had caught seven red-fish and strung them on a vine, and buried them in the sand on the banks of the Ganges, and had then gone on down-stream catching fish as he went. The otter smelt the fishy odor, and scraping away the sand, perceived the fish and drew them out. Then he called out three times, "Does any one own these?" and when he saw no owner, he bit hold of the vine with his teeth, and drew them to his lair in the thicket. There he lay down, remembering that he was keeping the precepts, and thinking, "I will eat these at the proper time."

And the jackal also went out to hunt for prey, and found in the hut of a field-watcher two spits of meat, and one iguana, and a jar of sour cream. Then he called out three times, "Does any one own these?" and when he saw no owner, he placed the cord that served as a handle for the jar of sour cream about his neck, took hold of the spits of meat and of the iguana with his teeth, and brought them home, and placed them in his lair in the thicket. Then he lay down, remembering that he was keeping the precepts, and thinking, "I will eat these at the proper time."

And the monkey also, entering the forest, fetched home a bunch of mangoes, and placed them in his lair in the thicket.

Then he lay down, remembering that he was keeping the precepts, and thinking, "I will eat these at the proper time."

The Future Buddha, however, remained in his thicket, thinking, "At the proper time I will go out and eat dabba-grass." Then he thought, "If any suppliants come, they will not want to eat grass, and I have no sesamum, rice, or other such food. If any suppliant comes, I will give him of my own flesh."

Such fieriness of zeal in keeping the precepts caused the marble throne of Sakka to grow hot. Then, looking carefully, Sakka discovered the cause, and proposed to himself to try the hare. And disguised as a brahman, he went first to the lair of the otter.

"Brahman, why stand you there?" said the otter.

Said he, "Pandit, if I could but get something to eat, I would keep fast-day vows, and perform the duties of a monk."

"Very well," said the otter: "I will give you some food." And he addressed him with the first stanza:—

"Some red-fish have I, seven in all,
Found stranded on the river bank.
All these, O brahman, are my own:
Come eat, and dwell within this wood."

"I will return a little later," said the brahman; "let the matter rest until to-morrow."

Then he went to the jackal. And the latter also asking, "Why stand you there?" the brahman answered the same as before.

"Very well," said the jackal: "I will give you some food." And he addressed him with the second stanza:—

"A watchman guards the field close by,—
His supper have I ta'en away:
Two spits of meat, iguana one,
One dish of butter clarified.
All these, O brahman, are my own:
Come eat, and dwell within this wood."

"I will return a little later," said the brahman; "let the matter rest until to-morrow."

Then he went to the monkey. And the latter also asking, "Why stand you there?" the brahman answered the same as before.

"Very well," said the monkey: "I will give you some food." And he addressed him with the third stanza:—

"Ripe mangoes, water clear and cold,
And cool and pleasant woodland shade,—
All these, O brahman, are my own:
Come eat, and dwell within this wood."

"I will return a little later," said the brahman: "let the matter rest until to-morrow."

Then he went to the wise hare. And he also asking, "Why stand you there?" the brahman answered the same as before.

The Future Buddha was delighted. "Brahman," said he, "you have done well in coming to me for food. To-day I will give alms such as I never gave before; and you will not have broken the precepts by destroying life. Go, my friend, and gather wood, and when you have made a bed of coals, come and tell me. I will sacrifice my life by jumping into the bed of live coals. And as soon as my body is cooked, do you eat of my flesh, and perform the duties of a monk." And he addressed him with the fourth stanza:—

"The hare no seed of sesamum
Doth own, nor beans, nor winnowed rice.
But soon my flesh this fire shall roast:
Then eat, and dwell within this wood."

When Sakka heard this speech, he made a heap of live coals by his superhuman power, and came and told the Future Buddha. The latter rose from his couch of dabba-grass, and went to the spot. And saying, "If there are any insects in my fur, I must not let them die," he shook himself three times. Then throwing his whole body into the jaws of his liberality, he jumped into the bed of coals, as delighted in mind as a royal flamingo when he alights in a cluster of lotuses. The fire, however, was unable to make hot so much as a hair-pore of the Future Buddha's body. He felt as if he had entered the abode of cold above the clouds.

Then, addressing Sakka, he said:—

"Brahman, the fire you have made is exceeding cold, and is not able to make hot so much as a hair-pore of my body. What does it mean?"

"Pandit, I am no brahman: I am Sakka, come to try you."

"Sakka, your efforts are useless; for if all beings who dwell in the world were to try me in respect of my liberality, they would not discover in me any unwillingness to give." Thus the Future Buddha thundered.

"Wise hare," said then Sakka, "let your virtue be proclaimed to the end of this world-cycle." And taking a mountain, he squeezed it, and with the juice drew the outline of a hare in the disk of the moon. Then in that wood, and in that thicket, he placed the Future Buddha on some tender dabba-grass, and taking leave of him, departed to his own celestial abode.

And these four wise creatures lived happily and harmoniously, and kept the precepts, and observed fast-days, and passed away according to their deeds.

When the Teacher had given this instruction, he expounded the truths, and identified the characters of the Birth-story (at the close of the exposition of the truths, the householder who had given all the requisites became established in the fruit of conversion):—

"In that existence the otter was Ananda, the jackal was Moggallana, the monkey was Sariputta, while the wise hare was I myself."

COUNT NOT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY BE HATCHED

From the 'Panchatantra,' Book v., Fable 9

[This is the well-known tale of the 'Milkmaid who poised a full pail on her head,' La Fontaine's 'Perrette' (vii. 10). It recurs in the 'Arabian Nights' (Night 716), and often elsewhere.*]

Once upon a time there lived in a certain town a brahman named Luckless. He begged a lot of barley grits; and with what he had left over from his dinner, he filled a jar. This he hung on a low peg in the wall, put his cot beneath it, and looking at it with unaverted gaze, he bethought him:— "This pot is full of barley grits, and if there comes a famine, will fetch me a hundred pieces of silver. With them I shall buy me a couple of she-goats; and as they will drop kids every six months, I shall soon have a herd from them. For the goats I

* See the mutations of this tale in the selection from Max Müller, in the present work.

shall get many cows; for the cows, buffalo-cows; and for them, mares; and when they have foaled, I shall have many horses; and from the sale of them, much gold. With the gold I'll get a house with four rooms, about a court. And then some brahman will come to my house, and give me his lovely daughter, with a rich dowry in marriage.

"She will bear me a son, and I'll name him Soma-çarman. When he's old enough for me to trot him on my knee, I'll take a book, and sitting out behind the stable, I'll study it. Then Soma-çarman, seeing me, and eager to be trotted on my knee, will leave his mother's lap, and in coming to me will get right near the horses' hoofs. And I, full of anger, shall say to my wife, 'Take the child, quick!' She, busy with housework, won't hear me, and I shall get up and give her a kick."

Deep sunk in thought, he gave such a kick that he broke the jar, and the grits ran down over him till he was well whitened.

Translation of Charles R. Lanman.

THE TRANSFORMED MOUSE

From the 'Panchatantra,' Book iii., Fable 12

On the bank of the Ganges, whose billows are flecked with white foam made by the fish that dart in terror at the roar of the waters breaking on its craggy shores, there is a hermitage filled with ascetics. They are given over to prayer, restraint of the senses, asceticism, study of holy writ, fasting, and meditation. They take very pure and very little water. They mortify the flesh by a diet of bulbs, roots, fruits, and water-plants. They wear only an apron of bast.

There was one among them named Yajnavalkya. He had performed his sacred ablutions in the Ganges, and was about to rinse his mouth, when into his hand there fell from the beak of a hawk a little mouse. On seeing it, he put it on a banyan-leaf, bathed again and rinsed his mouth, performed rites of expiation and so forth; and then by the power of his asceticism he changed the mouse into a girl, took her with him to his hermitage, and said to his wife, who was childless, "My dear, take this girl as your daughter, and bring her up carefully."

So the wife reared her, and loved her, and cared for her, till she was twelve years old; and then, seeing the girl was fit to be married, she said to her husband, "Seest thou not, O husband, that the time for our daughter's marriage is slipping by?" "Quite right," said he: "so if she is agreed, I will summon the exalted sun-god, and give her to him to wife." "What's the harm?" said his wife: "do so."

So the sage called the sun. And such was the power of his summons, which was made up of words of the Scripture, that the sun came instantly, saying, "Reverend sir, didst thou call me?" He answered, "Here is my daughter. If she will but choose thee, then take her to wife." And to his daughter he spake, "My child, does the exalted sun, the illumer of the three worlds, please thee?" The girl said, "Father, he is too scorching. I like him not. Call me some one more eminent than he." Then said the hermit to the sun, "Exalted one, is there any one mightier than thou?" And the sun said, "There is one mightier than I,—the cloud; for he covers me, and then none can see me."

So the sage called the cloud, and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee." "He is too dark and cold," answered she; "so give me to some other mightier being." Then the sage asked the cloud, "O cloud, is there any mightier even than thou?" "The wind is mightier than I," said the cloud: "when the wind strikes me I am torn to a thousand shreds."

So the sage called the wind and said, "Daughter, does the wind please thee best for a husband?"—"Father, he is too fickle. Bring hither some one mightier even than he." And the sage said, "O wind, is any mightier than thou?" And the wind made answer, "The mountain is mightier than I; for strong as I am, it braces itself and withstands me."

So the sage called the mountain and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee." She answered and spake, "Father, he is too hard and unyielding. Give me to some other than him." So the sage asked the mountain, "O king of mountains, is there any mightier even than thou?" And the mountain said, "The mice are mightier than I; for they tear and rend my body asunder."

So the sage called a mouse, and showed him to her, and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee. Does the king of the mice please thee?"

And she, showing her joy at the thought that this one at last was of her own kind, said, "Father, make me a mouse again, and give me to him, in order that I may fulfill my household duties after the manner ordained for my kind." So by the power of his asceticism he made her a mouse again, and gave her to him.

Translation of Charles R. Lanman.

THE GREEDY JACKAL

From the 'Panchatantra,' Book ii., Fable 3

THE brahman said: —

Excessive greed should ne'er be cherished.
Have greed — but keep it moderate.
The all too greedy jackal perished,
A wooden top-knot on his pate.

"How was that?" asked the brahman woman. And the brahman narrated.

IN a certain forest lived a savage tribesman, who, on a day, set out a-hunting. And as he went he met a mighty boar, as big as the peak of Mount Anjana. Straightway, drawing his bow till the string touched his ear, he let fly a keen arrow and hit the boar. Full of rage, the boar, with his sharp tusk that gleamed like the young moon's crescent, ripped up the belly of the hunter, that he fell lifeless to earth. But the boar too yielded his life, from the smarting wound of the arrow.

Meantime a jackal, for whom Fate had ordained a speedy death, roaming for hunger hither and yon, came to the spot. Delighted at the sight of the boar and the hunter, he bethought him: "Ah! Fate is kind to me in giving me this unexpected food. How true is the saying: —

No finger need'st thou raise! may'st work or sleep!
But of thy deeds wrought in a former birth,
The fruit — or good or ill — thou needs must reap!
Inexorable Karma rules the earth.

And again —

In whatso time of life, or when, or where,
In former birth thou didst or good or ill,
In just that time of life, and then, and there,
In future birth, of fruit shalt have thy fill!

Now I'll manage it so with these carcasses that I shall get a living off of them for many days. And to begin withal, I'll eat the sinew which forms the bowstring. For they say—

A wise man doth sip the elixir of life,
Circumspectly and slowly, and heedful.
Thus enjoy thou the riches thou'st won by thy strife:
Never take at one time more than needful."

Making up his mind in this way, he took the end of the bow in his mouth, and began to gnaw the sinew. But as soon as his teeth cut through the string, the bow tore through his palate, and came out of his head like a top-knot, and he gave up the ghost. Therefore, continued the brahman, therefore I say:—

Excessive greed should ne'er be cherished.
Have greed — but keep it moderate.
The all too greedy jackal perished,
A wooden top-knot on his pate.

Translation of Charles R. Lanman.

«HOW PLAUSIBLE»

From the 'Jataka,' No. 89

THIS story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a knave. The details of his knavery will be related in the Uddala-jataka.

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there lived hard by a certain little village a shifty rascal of an ascetic, of the class which wears long matted hair. The squire of the place had a hermitage built in the forest for him to dwell in, and used to provide excellent fare for him in his own house. Taking the matted-haired rascal to be a model of goodness, and living as he did in fear of robbers, the squire brought a hundred pieces of gold to the hermitage, and there buried them, bidding the ascetic keep watch over them.—"No need to say that, sir, to a man who has renounced the world; we hermits never covet other folks' goods."—"It is well, sir," said the squire, who went off with full confidence in the other's protestations. Then the rascally ascetic thought to himself, "There's enough here to keep a man all his life long." Allowing a few days to elapse first,

he removed the gold and buried it by the wayside, returning to dwell as before in his hermitage. Next day, after a meal of rice at the squire's house, the ascetic said, "It is now a long time, sir, since I began to be supported by you; and to live long in one place is like living in the world,—which is forbidden to professed ascetics. Wherefore I must needs depart." And though the squire pressed him to stay, nothing could overcome this determination.

"Well then, if it must be so, go your way, sir," said the squire; and he escorted the ascetic to the outskirts before he left him. After going a little way, the ascetic thought that it would be a good thing to cajole the squire; so putting a straw in his matted hair, back he turned again. "What brings you back?" asked the squire. "A straw from your roof, sir, had stuck in my hair; and as we hermits may not take anything which is not bestowed upon us, I have brought it back to you." "Throw it down, sir, and go your way," said the squire, who thought to himself, "Why, he won't take so much as a straw which does not belong to him! What a sensitive nature!" Highly delighted with the ascetic, the squire bade him farewell.

Now at that time it chanced that the Future Buddha, who was on his way to the border district for trading purposes, had halted for the night at that village. Hearing what the ascetic said, the suspicion was aroused in his mind that the rascally ascetic must have robbed the squire of something; and he asked the latter whether he had deposited anything in the ascetic's care.

"Yes: a hundred pieces of gold."

"Well, just go and see if it's all safe."

Away went the squire to the hermitage, and looked, and found his money gone. Running back to the Future Buddha, he cried, "It's not there." "The thief is none other than that long-haired rascal of an ascetic," said the Future Buddha: "let us pursue and catch him." So away they hastened in hot pursuit. When they caught the rascal, they kicked and cuffed him till he discovered to them where he had hidden the money. When he procured the gold, the Future Buddha, looking at it, scornfully remarked to the ascetic, "So a hundred pieces of gold didn't trouble your conscience so much as that straw!" And he rebuked him in this stanza:—

"How plausible the story that the rascal told!
How heedful of the straw! How heedless of the gold!"

When the Future Buddha had rebuked the fellow in this wise, he added: "And now take care, you hypocrite, that you don't play such a trick again."

When his life ended, the Future Buddha passed away, to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "Thus you see, brethren, that this brother was as knavish in the past as he is to-day." And he identified the Birth by saying:—"This knavish brother was the knavish ascetic of those days, and I the wise and good man."

THE MAN IN THE PIT

From the 'Maha-Bharata'

[This is one of the most famous parables of antiquity and the Middle Ages, and has served alike for the edification of Brahmans, Jains, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians. The text of this passage of the 'Maha-Bharata' (Book xi., Sections 5, 6) is corrupt, and the version therefore free. The history of the parable forms the subject of a charming essay by Ernst Kuhn, in 'Festgruss an Otto von Böhtlingk' (Stuttgart, 1888).]

The Parable

A certain brahman, it is said, once came into a vast and impassable jungle filled with beasts of prey, and so beset on every hand with horribly roaring lions, tigers, and elephants that even the God of Death would quake at the sight. The brahman's heart was sore affrighted, and his hair stood on end. He ran hither and yonder, searching in every quarter for some place of refuge, but in vain. And as he ran, he saw that the horrible jungle was encompassed with a net which was held by a woman of most horrible aspect.

Now in the midst of the jungle was an overgrown pit, whose mouth was covered with creepers and tough grasses. The brahman fell into this hidden well, but caught himself in the tangled creepers and hung there, feet upwards, head downwards.

Meantime new troubles came upon him: for within the pit he beheld a huge and mighty serpent; and hard by the mouth of it, an enormous black elephant with six faces and twelve feet, gradually approaching. Many terrible bees swarmed about the branches of the tree that stood over the pit, eager for the honey which continually dripped down from the twigs.

The man, in spite of his dreadful strait as he hung in the pit, sipped the honey as it dripped: but as he sipped, his thirst did not abate; and ever insatiate, he longed for more and more. Mice, some white and some black, gnawed the roots of the plants on which he held fast. There was danger from the beasts, from the horrible woman, from the serpent at the bottom, and from the elephant at the mouth of the pit; danger from the mice and from the giving way of the plants; and danger from the bees.

Yet even so, he let not go his hope and wish for life.

The Interpretation of the Parable

The impassable jungle is life. The beasts are diseases. The monstrous woman is old age, that robs us of youth and beauty. The pit is our mortal body. The mighty serpent within it is time (or death), the ender of all creatures. The creeper on whose tendrils the man hangs in the pit is the hope of life. The elephant is the year: his six faces are the six seasons, and his twelve feet are the twelve months. And the white and black mice that are gnawing away the roots of the plant are the days and nights. The bees are the desires; and the honey, the pleasures of sense.

PINDAR

(522–450? B. C.)

BY BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE

PINDAR, greatest of Greek lyric poets, was born at Thebes of Bœotia, in 522 B. C. He came of a noble family, and the aristocratic note sounds clear and shrill throughout his poems. The family was not only noble,—it was artistic, it was musical. The flute, or rather clarionet, was a favorite Bœotian instrument; and Pindar served an apprenticeship as a flute-player, as a musical composer. Sundry stories are told of his early career: how he was defeated by Corinna, whose fair face and sweet Bœotian brogue won her the victory; and how the same Corinna warned him against overcrowding his poems with mythological figures, summing up her advice in the homely proverb, "Sow with the hand and not with the whole sack." The period of apprenticeship past, he began to compose poems for public occasions; and the fragments show that he became a master in all the ranges of lyric poetry,—in hymns, in pæans, in songs for the dance, in processional songs, choruses for virgins, songs of praise, drinking songs, dithyrambs, dirges,—maintaining everywhere his eminence, and striking at times notes that are more sympathetic to the modern soul than his great Songs of Victory. The oldest poem that we have of his, the tenth Pythian,—composed, according to the common computation, when he was only twenty years old, in honor of a Thessalian victor,—shows little trace of a 'prentice hand. From this time forth his fame grew, and his commissions came from every part of Greece; and as was the wont of lyric poets, he traveled far and wide in the exercise of his art, the peer of Thessalian nobles and Sicilian princes. Honored wherever he went, he was reverenced at home: for he was a poet-priest, and the Blessed Ones are said to have manifested themselves to him. When he craved of a god what was best for man, the god sent him death, as he lay resting on the lap

PINDAR

of his favorite in the theatre at Argos. He cannot have long outlived his seventieth year.

Pindar was a proud, self-contained man, and held himself aloof from meaner things; and this pride in his lineage and in his art, this belief in the claims of long descent, and in the supreme perfection of his own consecrated song, may be the reason why the modern heart does not respond to Pindar as it does to other Greek poets — as it does to his rival Simonides, and to his contemporary Æschylus. Simonides is more tender; and Æschylus in his 'Persians' and his 'Seven against Thebes' strikes a warlike note of patriotism, that thrilled the Athenian theatre then and thrills us now. But Æschylus was a Marathon man; and Pindar was bound by his people and by his order to the cause of Thebes, which was the cause of the invader. But the issue of the Persian war interpreted to Pindar the meaning of the struggle; and his praise of Athens — "the violet-wreathed," "the stay of Hellas" — was a chaplet that the Athenians wore proudly. The Thebans are said to have fined him heavily for the praise of their enemy, but Athens more than made good the loss; and long afterwards, when the Macedonian soldiery pillaged Thebes, Alexander, grateful for a like honor which Pindar had done to an ancestor of his,

> "—— bid spare
> The house of Pindarus when temple and tower
> Went to the ground."

Pindar is known to us chiefly by his Songs of Victory, composed in honor of the victors in the great games of Greece. The preservation of these poems is attributed to the accident of their position in the Alexandrian collection; but one cannot suppress the feeling that it was not accident alone that has preserved for us these characteristic specimens of an unreturning past. For nothing can bring these games back. The semblance may be there, but the spirit is gone forever. The origin of the games was religious, and they were held in honor of the great divinities of Greece, — the Olympian and Nemean in honor of Zeus, the Pythian of Apollo, the Isthmian of Poseidon. The praise of the gods is often the burden of the Song of Victory. The times of the games were fixed by a sacred calendar; and the prizes were simply consecrated wreaths of wild olive, laurel, and wild celery. True, abundant honors and many privileges awaited the victor at his home. The blessing of the gods rested on him; he was a man of mark everywhere in Greece; and sunshine lay thenceforth about his life. Surely reward enough for the "toil and expense," the "expense and toil," which Pindar emphasizes so much. Much stress is laid, and justly laid, on the athletic features of the

games,—on the truly Greek consecration of the body, in its naked perfection, to the service of the deity. But there was a service of the substance as well; and the odes are so arranged as to bring the most expensive, the most princely, to the front. Only one of the odes here selected deals with physical prowess.

The theme is no narrow theme, as it is handled by Pindar. The shining forms of gods and heroes illumine the Songs of Victory; every ode reaches back into the mythic past, and brings out of that treasury some tale of endurance or achievement, some romantic adventure, some story of love, some vision of the world beyond. Again, the poet dominates the whole by his strong personality, by his belief in God, by his belief in genius as the gift of God. He has a priestly authority; he is not the mouthpiece of the people, he is in a sense the voice of the Most High. Still, the Song of Victory does not belie its name. The note of triumph rings through festal joy and solemn prayer and grave counsel: «Only, the temporary victory is lifted to the high level of the eternal prevalence of the beautiful and the good over the foul and the base; the victor himself is transfigured into a glorious personification of his race, and the present is reflected, magnified, illumined, in the mirror of the mythic past.» This higher point of view gives a wider sweep of vision; and in Pindar's odes the light of a common ideal played over all the habitations of the Hellenes. Proof of pure Hellenic blood was required of all contestants at the great games. In Pindar's Songs of Victory the blood is transmuted into spirit.

For the appreciation of the lofty and brilliant genius of Pindar, the closest study is necessary; and comparatively few of those who profess and call themselves Grecians are Pindaric scholars. And yet much of his «gorgeous eloquence,» as Sir Philip Sidney calls it, lies open to the day,—the splendor of his diction, the vividness of his imagery. Even in a translation all is not lost. Matthew Arnold calls Pindar «the poet on whom above all other poets the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect»; and style cannot be transferred entire. No rendering can give the form and hue of the Greek words, or the varied rhythm, now stately, now impassioned, as the «Theban eagle» now soars, now swoops. But no one can read Pindar, even in a translation, without recognizing the work of a supreme genius, who combined, as no other Greek poet combined, opulence and elevation with swiftness and strength. To take the odes selected here: The first Olympian is said to have owed its position to the story which it tells of the primal chariot race in Elis; but it holds its place by its brilliance. The second Olympian strikes a note the world is to hear ages afterwards in the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante. In the third Olympian the sustained

diction matches the deep moral significance of the life of Herakles; the seventh is as resplendent as the Island of the Rose which it celebrates, the Bride of the Sun; and the majestic harmonies of the first Pythian sway the soul to-day as they did when the Doric lyre was not a figure of speech. Pindar's noble compounds and his bold metaphors give splendor and vitality to his style; his narrative has a swift and strong movement; and his moral lessons are couched in words of oracular impressiveness. All this needs no demonstration; and so far as details go, Pindar appeals to every lover of poetry.

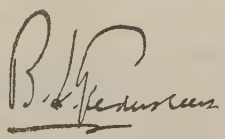
And yet, as he himself has said, his song needs interpreters. His transitions are bold, and it is hard to follow his flight. Hence he has been set down as lawless; and modern "Pindarists" have considered themselves free from the laws of consecutive thought and the shackles of metrical symmetry. But whatever the freedom of Pindar's thought, his odes are built on the strictest principles of metrical form; strophe is answered by antistrophe, epode responds to epode, bar to bar. The more one studies the metres, the more one marvels at the delicate and precise workmanship. But when one turns to the thought, the story, then the symmetry becomes less evident — and yet it is there. Only, the correspondence of contents to form is not mechanically close. The most common type of the Song of Victory is that which begins with the praise of the victor, passes over to the myth, and returns to the victor. But victor, myth, victor, is not the uniform order. The poet refuses to be bound by a mechanical law, and he shifts the elements at his sovereign pleasure. The first Pythian is not built like the first Olympian. This myth, this story, which is found in almost every Pindaric ode, is not a mere poetical digression, not a mere adornment of the poem. It grows out of the theme. So in the first Olympian the kingly person of Hieron and the scene of the victory suggest the achievement of the first master of the great island of Pelops. In the third, the heroic figure of Theron brings up the heroic figure of Herakles, and the reward of the victory suggests the Quest of the Olive. The seventh Olympian, recording a splendid career, gives it a fit setting in the story of the victor's home, the Island of the Rose. And in the first Pythian the crushed son of Gaia, who answers to the suppressed spirit of discord, lay under the very Ætna whose lord is celebrated in the poem. The historical interpretation has been overdone; and it is a mistake to press the lines of coincidence between the figures of the myth and the figures of the victor and his house: but it is also a mistake to revert to the older view, and deny all vital connection between the mythical past and the actual present.

This controversy as to the function of the myth is but a specimen of what is found in every sphere of Pindaric study. Few of Pindar's

interpreters have heeded the words of the poet himself, «Measure is best.» Ancient schemes of lyric composition have been thrust on the fair body of the Pindaric odes, in utter disregard of the symmetry of the members; and elaborate theories have been based on the position of recurrent words. There has been much insistence on the golden texts and the central truths; but unfortunately each commentator picks out his own texts and finds his own centre. «No true art without consciousness,» says one, after Plato. «No true art without unconsciousness,» says another, after Hartmann. And the lover of Pindar, weary of all this dispute, recalls the solemn verse, as true in art as in religion, «No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him.» In art as in religion, there is no true acceptance without a «drawing» that defies analysis.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—The best book on Pindar and his art is by Alfred Croiset, 'Pindare et les Lois du Lyrisme Grec' (second edition, Paris, 1886). There is an admirable chapter on Pindar in Jebb's 'Classical Greek Poets' (1893), and an elaborate and most suggestive work by Fraccaroli, 'Le Odi di Pindaro' (1894).

THE translations of the odes that have been selected for this 'Library' are taken without change from the admirable version of Ernest Myers, who has kindly given his consent to the reproduction. One exception is made, and that in favor of Professor Newcomer's version of the first Pythian, which is published here for the first time, and will be welcomed by all lovers of poetry and the poet, as the earnest of a sympathetic rendering of Pindar's Odes of Victory. That an editor of Pindar should differ at a number of points from any other man's translation is most natural; but it would be both impertinent and ungrateful to insist on divergences of opinion here. A work of art such as Myers's translation is to be changed by the hand of the artist himself or not at all.



FIRST OLYMPIAN ODE

For Hieron of Syracuse, Winner in the Horse Race

[Hieron won this race in B. C. 476, while at the height of his power at Syracuse.]

Best is Water of all; and Gold, as a flaming fire in the night, shineth eminent amid lordly wealth: but if of prizes in the games thou art fain, O my soul, to tell, then, as for no bright star more quickening than the sun, must thou search in the void firmament by day, so neither shall we find any games greater than the Olympic whereof to utter our voice; for hence cometh the glorious hymn, and entereth into the minds of the skilled in song, so that they celebrate the son of Kronos, when to the rich and happy hearth of Hieron they are come; for he wieldeth the sceptre of justice in Sicily of many flocks, culling the choice fruits of all kinds of excellence; and with the flower of music is he made splendid, even such strains as we sing blithely at the table of a friend.

Take from the peg the Dorian lute, if in any wise the glory of Pherenikos at Pisa hath swayed thy soul unto glad thoughts, when by the banks of Alpheos he ran, and gave his body ungoaded in the course, and brought victory to his master, the Syracusans' king, who delighteth in horses.

Bright is his fame in Lydian Pelops's colony, inhabited of a goodly race, whose founder mighty earth-enfolding Poseidon loved, what time from the vessel of purifying, Klotho took him with the bright ivory furnishment of his shoulder.

Verily many things are wondrous, and haply tales decked out with cunning fables beyond the truth make false men's speech concerning them. For Charis, who maketh all sweet things for mortal men, by lending honor unto such, maketh oft the unbelievable thing to be believed; but the days that follow after are the wisest witnesses.

Meet is it for a man that concerning gods he speak honorably; for the reproach is less. Of thee, son of Tantalos, I will speak contrariwise to them who have gone before me, and I will tell how when thy father had bidden thee to that most seemly feast at his beloved Sipylos, repaying to the gods their banquet, then did he of the bright Trident, his heart vanquished by love, snatch thee and bear thee behind his golden steeds to the house

of august Zeus in the highest, whither again on a like errand came Ganymede in the after time.

But when thou hadst vanished, and the men who sought thee long brought thee not to thy mother, some one of the envious neighbors said secretly that over water heated to boiling, they had hewn asunder with a knife thy limbs, and at the tables had shared among them, and eaten, sodden fragments of thy flesh. But to me it is impossible to call one of the blessed gods cannibal; I keep aloof: in telling ill tales is often little gain.

Now if any man ever had honor of the guardians of Olympus, Tantalos was that man; but his high fortune he could not digest, and by excess thereof won him an overwhelming woe, in that the Father hath hung above him a mighty stone that he would fain ward from his head, and therewithal he is fallen from joy.

This hopeless life of endless misery he endureth with other three, for that he stole from the immortals, and gave to his fellows at a feast, the nectar and ambrosia whereby the gods had made him incorruptible. But if a man thinketh that in doing aught he shall be hidden from God, he erreth.

Therefore also the immortals sent back again his son to be once more counted with the short-lived race of men. And he, when toward the bloom of his sweet youth the down began to shade his darkening cheek, took counsel with himself speedily to take to him for his wife the noble Hippodameia from her Pisan father's hand.

And he came and stood upon the margin of the hoary sea, alone in the darkness of the night, and called aloud on the deep-voiced Wielder of the Trident; and he appeared unto him nigh at his foot.

Then he said unto him: "Lo now, O Poseidon, if the kind gifts of the Cyprian goddess are anywise pleasant in thine eyes, restrain Oinomaos's bronze spear, and send me unto Elis upon a chariot exceeding swift, and give the victory to my hands.

"Thirteen lovers already hath Oinomaos slain, and still delayeth to give his daughter in marriage. Now a great peril alloweth not of a coward; and forasmuch as men must die, wherefore should one sit vainly in the dark through a dull and nameless age, and withouten noble deeds? Not so, but I will dare this strife: do thou give the issue I desire."

Thus spake he, nor were his words in vain; for the god made him a glorious gift of a golden car and winged untiring steeds: so he overcame Oinomaos and won the maiden for his bride.

And he begat six sons, chieftains, whose thoughts were ever of brave deeds; and now hath he part in honor of blood-offerings in his grave beside Alpheos's stream, and hath a frequented tomb, whereto many strangers resort; and from afar off he beholdeth the glory of the Olympian games in the courses called of Pelops, where is striving of swift feet and of strong bodies brave to labor; but he that overcometh hath for the sake of those games a sweet tranquillity throughout his life for evermore.

Now the good that cometh of to-day is ever sovereign unto every man. My part it is to crown Hieron with an equestrian strain in Æolian mood; and sure am I that no host among men that now are shall I ever glorify in sounding labyrinths of song more learned in the learning of honor, and withal with more might to work thereto. A god hath guard over thy hopes, O Hieron, and taketh care for them with a peculiar care; and if he fail thee not, I trust that I shall again proclaim in song a sweeter glory yet, and find thereto in words a ready way, when to the fair-shining hill of Kronos I am come. Her strongest-wingèd dart my Muse hath yet in store.

Of many kinds is the greatness of men; but the highest is to be achieved by kings. Look thou not for more than this. May it be thine to walk loftily all thy life, and mine to be the friend of winners in the games, winning honor for my art among Hellenes everywhere.

SECOND OLYMPIAN ODE

For Theron of Akragas, Winner in the Chariot Race

[Theron's ancestors the Emmenidai migrated from Rhodes to Sicily, and first colonized Gela and then Akragas (the Latin Agrigentum and Italian Girgenti). His chariot won this victory B. C. 476.]

Lords of the lute, my songs, what god, what hero, or what man are we to celebrate? Verily of Zeus is Pisa the abode, of Herakles the Olympian feast was founded from the chief spoils of war, and Theron's name must we proclaim for his victory with the four-horse car, a righteous and god-fearing host, the stay of Akragas, of famous sires the flower, a savior of the State.

They, after long toils bravely borne, took by a river's side a sacred dwelling-place, and became the eye of Sicily, and a life

of good luck clave to them, bringing them wealth and honor to crown their inborn worth.

O son of Kronos and of Rhea, lord of Olympus's seat, and of the chief of games and of Alpheos's ford, for joy in these my songs guard ever graciously their native fields for their sons that shall come after them.

Now of deeds done, whether they be right or wrong, not even Time, the father of all, can make undone the accomplishment; yet with happy fortune forgetfulness may come. For by high delights an alien pain is quelled and dieth, when the decree of God sendeth happiness to grow aloft and widely.

And this word is true concerning Kadmos's fair-throned daughters, whose calamities were great, yet their sore grief fell before greater good. Amid the Olympians, long-haired Semele still liveth, albeit she perished in the thunder's roar; and Pallas cherisheth her ever, and Father Zeus exceedingly, and her son, the ivy-bearing god. And in the sea too they say that to Ino, among the sea-maids of Nereus, life incorruptible hath been ordained for evermore.

Ay, but to mortals the day of death is certain never, neither at what time we shall see in calm the end of one of the Sun's children, the Days, with good thitherto unfailing; now this way and now that run currents bringing joys or toils to men.

Thus destiny, which from their fathers holdeth the happy fortune of this race, together with prosperity heaven-sent, bringeth ever at some other time better reverse: from the day when Laïos was slain by his destined son, who met him on the road and made fulfillment of the oracle spoken of old at Pytho. Then swift Erinys, when she saw it, slew by each other's hands his warlike sons; yet after that Polyneikes fell, Thersander lived after him, and won honor in the Second Strife and in the fights of war, a savior scion to the Adrastid house.

From him they have beginning of their race: meet is it that Ainesidamos receive our hymn of triumph on the lyre. For at Olympia he himself received a prize, and at Pytho, and at the Isthmus to his brother of no less a lot did kindred Graces bring crowns for the twelve rounds of the four-horse chariot race.

Victory setteth free the essayer from the struggle's griefs; yea, and the wealth that a noble nature hath made glorious bringeth power for this and that,—putting into the heart of man a deep and eager mood, a star far seen, a light wherein a

man shall trust, if but the holder thereof knoweth the things that shall be: how that of all who die the guilty should pay penalty, for all the sins sinned in this realm of Zeus One judgeth under earth, pronouncing sentence by unloved constraint.

But evenly, ever in sunlight, night and day, an unlaborious life the good receive; neither with violent hand vex they the earth nor the waters of the sea, in that new world; but with the honored of the gods, whosoever had pleasure in keeping of oaths, they possess a tearless life: but the other part suffer pain too dire to look upon.

Then whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death, and have refrained their souls from all iniquity, travel the road of Zeus unto the tower of Kronos; there round the islands of the blest the ocean-breezes blow, and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendor, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands: so ordereth Rhadamanthos's just decree, whom at his own right hand hath ever the father Kronos, husband of Rhea, throned above all worlds.

Peleus and Kadmos are counted of that company; and the mother of Achilles, when her prayer had moved the heart of Zeus, bare thither her son, even him who overthrew Hector, Troy's unbending invincible pillar, even him who gave Kyknos to death, and the Ethiop son of the Morning.

Many swift arrows have I beneath my bended arm within my quiver; arrows that have a voice for the wise, but for the multitude they need interpreters. His art is true who of his nature hath knowledge; they who have but learnt, strong in the multitude of words, are but as crows that chatter vain things in strife against the divine bird of Zeus.

Come, bend thy bow on the mark, O my soul!—at whom again are we to launch our shafts of honor from a friendly mind? At Akragas will I take aim, and will proclaim and swear it with a mind of truth, that for a hundred years no city hath brought forth a man of mind more prone to well-doing towards friends, or of more liberal mood, than Theron.

Yet praise is overtaken of distaste, wherewith is no justice; but from covetous men it cometh, and is fain to babble against and darken the good man's noble deeds.

The sea-sand none hath numbered; and the joys that Theron hath given to others—who shall declare the tale thereof?

THIRD OLYMPIAN ODE

For Theron of Akragas, Winner of the Chariot Race

[This ode celebrates the same victory as the preceding one. It was sung at the feast of the Theoxenia, given by Theron in the name of Kastor and Polydeukes to the other gods. The clan of the Emmenidai, to which Theron belonged, was especially devoted to the worship of the Twins.]

Tyndareus's hospitable sons and lovely-haired Helen shall I please assuredly, in doing honor to renowned Akragas by a hymn upraised for Theron's Olympian crown; for hereunto hath the Muse been present with me that I should find out a fair new device, fitting to feet that move in Dorian time the Komos-voices' splendid strain.

For crowns entwined about his hair demand from me this god-appointed debt, that for Ainesidamos's son I join in seemly sort the lyre of various tones with the flute's cry and ordering of words.

And Pisa bids me speak aloud; for from her come to men songs of divine assignment, when the just judge of games, the Aitolian man, fulfilling Herakles's behests of old, hath laid upon one's hair above his brows pale-gleaming glory of olive.

That tree from Ister's shadowy springs did the son of Amphitryon bear, to be a memorial most glorious of Olympian triumphs, when that by his words he had won the Hyperborean folk, who serve Apollo. In loyal temper he besought for the precinct of Zeus, whereto all men go up, a plant that should be a shadow of all folk in common, and withal a crown for valorous deeds.

For already, when the altars had been sanctified to his sire, the midmonth Moon, riding her golden car, lit full the counter-flame of the eye of Even, and just judgment of great games did he ordain, and the fifth year's feast beside the holy steeps of Alpheos.

But no fair trees were nursed upon that place in Kronian Pelops's glens; whereof being naked, his garden seemed to him to be given over to the keen rays of the sun.

Then was it that his soul stirred to urge him into the land of Ister; where Leto's horse-loving daughter received him erst, when he was come from the ridged hills and winding dells of Arcady, what time his father laid constraint upon him to go at Eurystheus's bidding, to fetch the golden-hornèd hind which

once Taÿgete vowed to her of Orthion, and made a sign thereon of consecration. For in that chase he saw also the land that lieth behind the blast of the cold North-wind: there he halted and marveled at the trees; and sweet desire thereof possessed him that he might plant them at the end of the course which the race-horses should run twelve times round.

So now to this feast cometh he in good-will in company with the Twins Divine, deep-girdled children. For to them he gave charge when he ascended into Olympus to order the spectacle of the games, both the struggle of man with man, and the driving of the nimble car.

Me anywise my soul stirreth to declare, that to the Emmenidai and to Theron hath glory come by gift of the Tyndaridai of goodly steeds, for that beyond all mortals they do honor to them with tables of hospitality, keeping with pious spirit the rite of blessed gods.

Now if Water be the Best, and of possessions Gold be the most precious, so now to the furthest bound doth Theron by his fair deeds attain, and from his own home touch the pillars of Herakles. Pathless the things beyond, pathless alike to the unwise and the wise. Here I will search no more; the quest were vain.

SEVENTH OLYMPIAN ODE

For Diagoras of Rhodes, Winner in the Boxing-Match

[Diagoras of Rhodes, most famous of great boxers, won the victory here celebrated in 404 B. C.

Rhodes is said to have been colonized at the time of the Dorian migrations, by Argive Dorians from Epidauros, who were Herakleidai of the family of Tlepolemos. They founded a confederacy of three cities,—Kameiros, Lindos, and Ialysos. Ialysos was then ruled by the dynasty of the Eratidai. Their kingly power had now been extinct two hundred years, but the family was still pre-eminent in the State. Of this family was Diagoras, and probably the ode was sung at a family festival; but it commemorates the glories of the island generally. The Rhodians caused it to be engraved in letters of gold in the temple of Athene at Lindos.]

As when from a wealthy hand one lifting a cup, made glad within with the dew of the vine, maketh gift thereof to a youth, his daughter's spouse, a largess of the feast from home to home, an all-golden choicest treasure, that the banquet

may have grace, and that he may glorify his kin; and therewith he maketh him envied in the eyes of the friends around him for a wedlock wherein hearts are wedded,—

So also I, my liquid nectar sending, the Muses' gift, the sweet fruit of my soul, to men that are winners in the games at Pytho or Olympia make holy offering. Happy is he whom good report encompasseth; now on one man, now on another doth the Grace that quickeneth look favorably, and tune for him the lyre and the pipe's stops of music manifold.

Thus to the sound of the twain am I come with Diagoras sailing home to sing the sea-girt Rhodes, child of Aphrodite and bride of Helios, that to a mighty and fair-fighting man, who by Alpheos's stream and by Kastalia's hath won him crowns, I may for his boxing make award of glory, and to his father Demegetos in whom Justice hath her delight, dwellers in the isle of three cities with an Argive host, nigh to a promontory of spacious Asia.

Fain would I truly tell from the beginning from Tlepolemos the message of my word, the common right of this puissant seed of Herakles. For on the father's side they claim from Zeus, and on the mother's from Astydameia, sons of Amyntor.

Now round the minds of men hang follies unnumbered: this is the unachievable thing, to find what shall be best hap for a man both presently and also at the last. Yea, for the very founder of this country once on a time struck with his staff of tough wild-olive-wood Alkmene's bastard brother Likymnios, in Tiryns, as he came forth from Midea's chamber, and slew him in the kindling of his wrath. So even the wise man's feet are turned astray by tumult of the soul.

Then he came to inquire of the oracle of God. And he of the golden hair, from his sweet-incensed shrine, spake unto him of a sailing of ships that should be from the shore of Lerna unto a pasture ringed with sea, where sometime the great king of gods rained on the city golden snow, what time by Hephaistos's handicraft, beneath the bronze-wrought axe, from the crown of her father's head Athene leapt to light, and cried aloud with an exceeding cry; and Heaven trembled at her coming, and Earth, the Mother.

Then also the god who giveth light to men, Hyperion, bade his beloved sons see that they guard the payment of the debt, that they should build first for the goddess an altar in the sight

of all men, and laying thereon a holy offering they should make glad the hearts of the father, and of his daughter of the sounding spear. Now Reverence, Forethought's child, putteth valor and the joy of battle into the hearts of men; yet withal there cometh upon them bafflingly the cloud of forgetfulness, and maketh the mind to swerve from the straight path of action. For they, though they had brands burning, yet kindled not the seed of flame, but with fireless rites they made a grove on the hill of the citadel. For them Zeus brought a yellow cloud into the sky, and rained much gold upon the land; and Glaukopis herself gave them to excel the dwellers upon earth in every art of handicraft. For on their roads ran the semblances of beasts and creeping things, whereof they have great glory; for to him that hath knowledge the subtlety that is without deceit is the greater altogether.

Now the ancient story of men saith that when Zeus and the other gods made division of the earth among them, not yet was island Rhodes apparent in the open sea, but in the briny depths lay hid. And for that Helios was otherwhere, none drew a lot for him; so they left him portionless of land, that holy god. And when he spake thereof Zeus would cast lots afresh; but he suffered him not, for that he said that beneath the hoary sea he saw a certain land waxing from its root in earth, that should bring forth food for many men, and rejoice in flocks. And straightway he bade her of the golden fillet, Lachesis, to stretch her hands on high, nor violate the gods' great oath, but with the son of Kronos promise him that the isle sent up to the light of heaven should be thenceforth a title of himself alone.

And in the end of the matter his speech had fulfillment: there sprang up from the watery main an island, and the father who begetteth the keen rays of day hath the dominion thereof, even the lord of fire-breathing steeds. There sometime, having lain with Rhodes, he begat seven sons, who had of him minds wiser than any among the men of old; and one begat Kameiros, and Ialysos his eldest, and Lindos: and they held each apart their shares of cities, making threefold division of their Father's land, and these men call their dwelling-places. There is a sweet amends for his piteous ill-hap ordained for Tlepolemos, leader of the Tirynthians at the beginning, as for a god, even the leading thither of sheep for a savory burnt-offering, and the award of honor in games.

Of garlands from these games hath Diagoras twice won him crowns, and four times he had good luck at famous Isthmos, and twice following at Nemea, and twice at rocky Athens. And at Argos the bronze shield knoweth him, and the deeds of Arcadia and of Thebes and the yearly games Bœotian, and Pellene and Aigina, where six times he won; and the pillar of stone at Megara hath the same tale to tell.

But do thou, O Father Zeus, who holdest sway on the mountain ridges of Atabyrios, glorify the accustomed Olympian winner's hymn, and the man who hath done valiantly with his fists: give him honor at the hands of citizens and of strangers; for he walketh in the straight way that abhorreth insolence, having learnt well the lessons his true soul hath taught him, which hath come to him from his noble sires. Darken not thou the light of one who springeth from the same stock of Kallianax. Surely with the joys of Eratidai the whole city maketh mirth. But the varying breezes even at the same point of time speed each upon their various ways.

FIRST PYTHIAN ODE

O GOLDEN lyre,
Apollo's, dark-haired Muses' joint heirloom,
Alert for whom
The dancer's footstep listens, and the choir
Of singers wait the sound,
Beginning of the round
Of festal joy, whene'er thy quivering strings
Strike up a prelude to their carolings:
Thou slakest the lancèd bolt of quenchless fire;
Yea, drooped each wing that through the æther sweeps,
Upon his sceptre Zeus's eagle sleeps,

The bird-king crowned!
The while thou sheddest o'er his beaked head bowed
A darkling cloud,
Sweet seal of the eyelids,—and in dreamful swound
His rippling back and sides
Heave with thy music's tides;
Thou bidst impetuous Ares lay apart
His keen-edged spear, and soothe with sleep his heart;

Thou launchest at the breasts of gods, and bound
As by a spell, they own thy lulling power,
Latoides's and the deep-zoned Muses' dower.

But all the unloved of Zeus, far otherwise,
Hearing the voice of the Pierides,
Or on the earth or on the restless seas,
Flee panic-stricken. One in Tartaros lies,
Typhon, the gods' great hundred-headed foe.
The famed Kilikian cavern cradled him;
But now the hill-crags, lo,
O'er Kymè, towering from their ocean-rim,
And Sicily press upon his shaggy breast;
Adds to the rest
The frost-crowned prop of heaven her weight of woe;
Aitna, the yearlong nurse of biting snow,

Whose founts of fire
Gush from her caves, most pure, untamable:
And all day well
The rivers, and the gleaming smoke-wreath's spire;
And in the gloom of night—
A lurid-purple light—
The flame upheaves vast rocks, and with a roar
Whirls them far out upon the ocean-floor.
It is yon monster makes outpour these dire
Volcanic torrents: wondrous to behold,
A wonder e'en to hear by others told

How, pinionèd
'Neath dark-leaved heights of Aitna and the plain,
He writhes in pain,
His back all grided by his craggy bed.
Thine, thine the grace we implore,
O Zeus, that rulest o'er
This mountain, forehead of the fruitful land,
Over whose namesake city near at hand
Her illustrious founder hath a glory shed,
Her name proclaiming in the herald's cries
What time his car at Pytho won the prize,

The car of Hieron. By sailors bound
On outward voyage is a favoring breeze
Held first of blessings, bearing prophecies
Of fair beginning with fair ending crowned.

Auspicious falls her fortune by that word,
For conquering steeds ordained to future fame,
And to an honored name
In many a song of festal joyance heard.
O Phoibos, Lykian and Delian king
That lovest the spring
Kastalian of Parnasos, hold this fast,
Make her a nurse of heroes to the last.

For lo, god-sprung
Are all the means to human high emprise:
Men are born wise,
And strong of hand and eloquent of tongue.
And fain to praise, I trust
I fling not as in joust
One whirls and hurls the bronze-cheeked javelin
Without the lists, yet, hurling far, to win
Over my rivals. Ah (the wish hath clung),
If Hieron's days but wealth and bliss bestow
As now, and add forgetfulness of woe,—

How they would lead
Back crowding memories of battles old
Wherein, stern-souled,
He stood what time the gods gave them a meed
Of honor such as ne'er
Hath fallen to Hellene's share,
Wealth's lordly crown. Yea, late he went to war
Like Philoktetes, while one fawned before—
A proud-souled suitor for a friend in need.
Well known is the old story how men came
To bear from Lemnos a sore-wounded frame,

E'en godlike heroes Poias's archer-son;
Who, sacking Priam's city, brought to close
The Danaoi's toils, himself still in the throes
Of body-sickness. But by fate 'twas done.
And such to Hieron be God's decrees,
Granting in season, as the years creep by,
All things wherefor he sigh.
Nor, Muse, shalt thou forget Deinomenes,
Chanting the four-horsed chariot's reward.
Hath he not shared
The triumph of his father? Up then, sing
A song out of our love to Aitna's king.

Hieron bestowed
On him that city, built on freedom's base
By the gods' grace
After the canons of the Hyllid code.
Glad are Pamphylos's seed,
And the Herakleidan breed
Beneath Taÿgetos, Dorians to remain
And keep the laws Aigimios did ordain,
Rich and renowned. Once Pindos their abode;
Amyklai then, where, the Tyndárids near
Of the white horses, flourished still their spear.

O Zeus supreme,
Such lot may human tongues fore'er award
In true accord,
Swayer and swayed by Amenanos's stream.
Beneath thy blessing hand
A hero in command,
Transmitting through his son his wise decrees,
Shall lead a people on the paths of peace.
Keep hushed at home, I pray, the battle scream
Of the Phœnician and Tyrrhenian host
Whose insolent ships went down off Kyme's coast:

Such fate they suffered at the conquering hands
Of Syracuse's lord, who plunged the pride
Of their swift galleys in the whelming tide,
Rescuing Hellas from her grievous bands.
For Athens's favor song of Salamis pleads,
In Sparta let me linger o'er the fight
Beneath Kithairon's height,—
Disastrous both unto the crooked-bow Medes;
And where the Himeras rolls his flood along,
Bides theme for song
Of triumph in Deinomenes's children's praise,
Whose valorous deeds cut short their foemen's days.

Time well thy rede.
Gather the many strands that loosely run,
And twist in one:
Less will the noise of censuring tongues succeed.
Once surfeit slips between,
Dulled are hope's edges keen.
And much do words in others' praise oppress
The souls of men in secret. Ne'ertheless,

Since envy better is than pity, speed
On thy fair course; be helmsman just among
Thy people; on truth's anvil forge thy tongue.

The slightest spark
Thy stroke sends glimmering past falls lustrous now:
High steward thou;
And many eyes thine every action mark.
But in thy spirit's flower
Biding from hour to hour,
If honeyed speech of men may gladden thee,
Count not the cost. Let thy sail belly free
Unto the wind, as master of a bark.
No juggling gains allure thee, O my friend!
The voice of fame, that outlives this life's end,

Alone reveals the lives of men that pass,
To song and story. Kroisos's kindly heart
Dies not; but Phalaris, that with cruel art
Burned men alive inside the bull of brass,
A hated bruit weighs down. Nor will the lyres,
Filling the vaulted halls with unison
Of sweet strains, make him one
Among names warbled in the young men's choirs.
Prosperity is first of fortune's meeds;
Glory succeeds.
Who hath won both and kept, wealth and renown
He hath attained unto the supreme crown.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by A. G. Newcomer

ALEXIS PIRON

(1689–1773)

"Born a hundred years later, he would have been an ideal journalist," says Saintsbury of Piron. The brilliant ill-natured satirist, who sneered at everything and everybody, was out of sympathy with his age. He was always on the alert for flaws in existing conditions. He was a revolutionist, despising classical platitudes, yet with no new creed to advance. Voltaire and his brother philosophers, as well as dead poets, were butts for his ridicule.

Alexis Piron

Alexis Piron, born at Dijon in 1689, was the son of the gentle Burgundian poet Aimé Piron, popular for his Noëls, or Christmas songs. From him Piron inherited a love of verse; and at an early age he deserted the profession of law for that of poetry. A licentious ode, written when he was twenty, started him with an unfortunate reputation; and many years later incurred the heavy retribution of exclusion from the French Academy. Although immoral, the poem was witty. "If Piron wrote the famous ode," said Fontenelle, "he should be scolded but admitted. If he did not write it, he should be excluded." Others thought the reverse; and although he softened the disappointment with a pension, the King refused to sanction Piron's election.

In 1819 Piron left Dijon for Paris, where he spent years as a hard-working playwright, sometimes in collaboration with Le Sage. An attempt was made to suppress the theatre, by forbidding dramatists to introduce more than one character on the stage at a time. His fellows despaired; but Piron's ingenuity was equal to the emergency, and he produced 'Arlequin Deukalion,' a lively monologue in three acts, which charmed all Paris. He also wrote many pot-boiling dramas, forgotten now; and he produced one masterpiece,—a five-act comedy, 'La Métromanie.' The self-delusions of a vain would-be poet, who is struggling for fame and also for academic prizes, is not an emotional theme. Yet the skillful intrigue and graceful malice of

the verse give it permanent charm. 'La Métromanie' is still revived occasionally on the French stage, as a model of eighteenth-century wit.

But Piron's name stands above all for epigram; for sharp retort and satiric witticism at the expense of the Academy, of Voltaire,—the man he envied and disliked,—and of nearly every one who fell in his way. Samples of these lighter, more spontaneous compositions are included in every collection of French *bons mots*. Crisp and subtle, most of them are too essentially French to be caught in English without a knowledge of the occasion which prompted them.

An acquaintance who had written a poem full of plagiarisms insisted upon reading it to him. From time to time Piron took off his hat, until at last the poet demanded the reason. «It is my habit to greet acquaintances,» said Piron.

The Archbishop of Paris said graciously to him: «Have you read my last mandate, Monsieur Piron?» «Have you?» retorted Piron.

One day the Abbé Desfontaines, seeing Piron richly dressed, exclaimed: «What a costume for such a man!» «What a man for the costume!» quickly answered the poet.

This irrepressible wit constantly embroiled him with others. It was swift and direct, going straight to its target with a malicious twang. So in spite of lovable qualities, which came out best in his home life, this wittiest of Frenchmen made few friends, and lived in constant dissension with his fellow-writers. There is caustic bitterness in the epitaph he himself composed:—

«Here lies Piron, who was nothing,—
Not even Academician!»

FROM 'LA MÉTROMANIE'

[Damis, a visionary young man devoted to writing verse, has escaped from his creditors in Paris, and under an assumed name is enjoying himself in the country, where Mondor, his valet, discovers and reasons with him.]

MONDOR [*handing Damis a letter*]—Ah! Thank Heaven, I've unearthed you at last! [*Damis takes the letter and reads it to himself.*] Monsieur, I've been hunting for you a whole week. I've been all over Paris a hundred times. I was afraid of the river; lest in your extravagant visions, hunting some rhyme and reading in the clouds, Pegasus with loose bridle should have boldly borne your Muse to the nets of Saint Cloud.

Damis [*aside, indicating the letter he has read*]—Oh! Oh! Shall I, shall I? Here's what keeps me back.

Mondor — Listen, monsieur: my conscience, be careful! Some fine day —

Damis [*interrupting*] — Some fine day will you hold your tongue?

Mondor — As you please. Speech is free, anyway. Well, some one told me you might be here, but no one seemed to know you. I've been all over this great place, but if you hadn't appeared I'd have missed you again.

Damis — This whole inclosure is swarming with my admirers But didn't you ask for me by my family name?

Mondor — Of course. How should I have asked?

Damis — That is no longer my name.

Mondor — You've changed it?

Damis — Yes. For a week I've been imitating my confrères. They rarely distinguish themselves under their true names, and it is the common custom of such people to adopt or invent a new name.

Mondor — Your name then is?

Damis — De l'Empirée. And I'll vouch it shall live!

Mondor — De l'Empirée? Ah! As there is nothing under heaven to make your name longer, as you don't possess anything under the heavenly vault, you have nothing left but the name of the envelope. So your mind has become a great land-owner? Space is vast, so it has plenty of room. But when it ascends alone to its domain, will your body allow you to go too?

Damis — Do you think that a man of my talents can rule his own course and dispose of himself? The destiny of people like me is like that of drawing-room belles: all the world wants them. I allowed myself to be brought here to Monsieur Francalen's by an impudent fellow whom I scarcely know. He presents me, and, dupe of the household, I serve as passport to the puppy who protects me. They were still at table, and made room for us. I grew joyful, and so did we all. I became excited and took fire. Uttered lightnings and thunders. My flight was so rapid and prodigious that those who tried to follow me were lost in the heavens. Then the company with acclamations bestowed upon me the name which descending from Pindus shall enrich the archives.

Mondor — And impoverish us both!

Damis — Then a comfortable sumptuous carriage rolled me in a quarter of an hour to this delightful spot, where I laugh, sing, and drink; and all from complaisance!

Mondor — From complaisance — so be it. But don't you know —

Damis — Eh, what?

Mondor — While you are sporting in the fields, Fortune in the city is a little jealous: Monsieur Balirois,—

Damis [*interrupting*] — What?

Mondor — Your uncle from Toulouse,—

Damis — Well?

Mondor — Is at Paris.

Damis — Let him stay there!

Mondor — Very well. Without thinking or wishing that you should know anything about it.

Damis — Why do you tell me, then?

Mondor — Ah! what indifference! Well, is nothing of any consequence to you any more? A rich old uncle upon whom your lot depends, who is continually repenting of the good he means to do you, who is trying to regulate your genius according to his own taste, who detests your devilish verses, and who has kept us for five good years, thank God, for you to study! You may expect some horrible storms! He is coming incognito to find out what you're about. Perhaps he has already discovered that in your soaring you have not taken any license yet except those he feared,— what you call in your rubrics poetical licenses. Dread his indignation, I tell you! You will be disinherited. That word ought to move you if you're not very hardened!

Damis [*calmly offering Mondor a paper*] — Mondor, take these verses to the Mercury.

Mondor [*refusing the paper*] — Fine fruits of my sermon!

Damis — Worthy of the preacher!

Mondor — What? How much is this paper worth to us?

Damis — Honor!

Mondor [*shaking his head*] — Hum! honor!

Damis — Do you think I'm telling fictions?

Mondor — There's no honor in not paying one's debts; and with honor alone you pay them very ill.

Damis — What a silly beast is an argumentative valet! Well, do what I tell you.

Mondor — Now, not wishing to offend, you are a little too much at your ease, monsieur. You have all the pleasure, and I have all the annoyance. I have you and your creditors both on my back. I have to hear them and get rid of them. I'm tired of playing the comedy for you, of shielding you, of putting

off till another day so as brazenly to borrow again. This way of living is repugnant to my honesty. I am tired of trying to deliver you from this barking crew. I give it up. I repent. I won't lie any more. Let them all come,—the bath-keeper, the merchant, the tailor, your landlord. Let them nose you out and pursue you. Get yourself out of it if you can; and let's see—

Damis [*interrupting, and again holding out the paper*]—You may get me the last Mercury. Do you hear?

Mondor [*still refusing the paper*]—Will it suit you to have me come back with all the people I've just named?

Damis—Bring them.

Mondor—You jest?

Damis—No.

Mondor—You'll see.

Damis—I will wait for you.

Mondor [*taking a few steps toward the door*]—Oh, well, they'll give you diversion.

Damis—And you that of seeing them overcome with joy.

Mondor [*coming back*]—Will you pay them?

Damis—Certainly.

Mondor—With what money?

Damis—Don't trouble yourself.

Mondor [*aside*]—Heyday! Can he be in funds?

Damis—Let us settle now how much we owe each other.

Mondor [*aside*]—Zounds! he'd teach me to weigh my words!

Damis—To the tutor?

Mondor [*in a gentler voice*]—Thirty or forty pistoles.

Damis—To the draper, the hair-dresser, the landlord?

Mondor—As much.

Damis—To the tailor?

Mondor—Eighty.

Damis—To the innkeeper?

Mondor—A hundred.

Damis—To you?

Mondor [*drawing back and bowing*]—Monsieur—

Damis—How much?

Mondor—Monsieur—

Damis—Speak!

Mondor—I abuse—

Damis—My patience!

Mondor — Yes: I beg pardon. It is true that in my zeal I have failed in respect; but the past made me suspicious of the future.

Damis — A hundred crowns? Guess! More or less, it does not matter. We'll share the prizes I shall soon win.

Mondor — The prizes?

Damis — Yes: the silver or gold which France distributes in different places to whoever composes the best verses. I have competed everywhere, — at Paris, Rouen, Toulouse, Marseilles: everywhere I've done wonders!

Mondor — Ah! so well that Paris will pay the board, Toulouse the barber, Marseilles the draper, and the Devil my wages!

Damis — You doubt that I will win everywhere?

Mondor — No, doubt nothing; but haven't you a better security for the tailor and the landlord?

Damis — Yes, indeed: the noblest kind of security. The Théâtre Français is to give my play to-day. My secret is safe. Except one actor and yourself, no one in the world knows it is mine. [*Showing the letter which Mondor brought him.*] This very evening they play it — this says so. To-day my talents are revealed to Europe. I have taken the first steps toward immortality. Dear friend, how much this great day means to me! Another hope —

Mondor — Chimerical!

Damis — An adorable girl, only daughter, rare, famous, clever, incomparable!

Mondor — What do you hope from this rare girl?

Damis — If I triumph to-day, to-morrow I can be her husband. [*Mondor wants to go.*] To-morrow — Where are you going, Mondor?

Mondor — To seek a master.

Damis — Eh! Why am I so suddenly judged unworthy?

Mondor — Monsieur, air is very poor nourishment.

Damis — Who wants you to live on air? Are you mad?

Mondor — Not at all.

Damis — Faith, you're not wise! What, you revolt on the eve — at the very moment of harvest? Since you force me to details unworthy of me, let us take a clear view of the state of my fortunes, past and present. The payment of your wages is already sure: one part to-night and the rest the day after to-morrow. I will succeed; I will marry a scholarly woman. That is the beautiful future before me. Generous young eaglets, worthy their race,

will fly after us. If we have three, we will bequeath one to comedy, one to tragedy, and the third to lyricism. These three possess the whole stage. And my spouse and I, if we uttered each year, I but a half-poem, she but a single novel, would draw crowds from all sides. Behold gold and silver rolling through the house, and our united intellects levying from theatre and press!

Mondor—In self-esteem you are a rare man, and on that pillow you nap soundly. But the noise of hissing may wake you.

Damis [*forcing him to take the paper*]—Go! My embarrassments merit some consideration. One play announced, another in my head; one in which I am playing, and another all ready to read! This is having the mind occupied.

Mondor—An inheritance and lots of time thrown away

[*He goes, and Damis returns to the house.*]

THE OTHERS

So rich in famous men was Greece,
That still she vaunts them to us:
But seven wise men was all she had;
Judge then how many fools!

EXPERIENCE

Work without thinking of gain;
Be neither selfish nor vain;
Love; do not hate nor disdain;
Be sober and gay; drink good wine;
And thy life at its final confine
Shall outvalue a monarch's long reign.

EPITAPH

My journey here below is through;
Life is indeed a narrow strait.
Once saw I clear, now dimmed the view;
Once wise was I, but now I'm blate.
I, step by step, have reached the pass
Which may be shunned by fool nor sage,
To go, where know I not, alas!
Adieu, Piron, and *bon voyage!*

AUGUST VON PLATEN

(1796–1835)

It is by reason rather of his exquisite perfection of form than of his poetic inspiration, that Count Platen maintained his distinguished place among the poets of Germany. The service which he rendered to German literature was this: that amid the mad rush of Romanticism towards *banal* sentimentality and fastastic formlessness, he stood firm to the ideal of pure and lofty thoughts cast in a chastened and classic form. The softer emotions rarely find voice in his verse; but human dignity, profound sorrow, manly independence, and fierce hatred of oppression, have thrilling utterance. He strove, like Goethe, to live in a serene atmosphere of intellect, disdaining popular tastes and vulgar sentiments. Truth was his Muse, and his poetry reflects her cold and crystal beauty.

August von Platen

Count August von Platen-Hallermund was born of a wealthy and noble family at Ansbach, on October 24th, 1796. He was educated at the cadet academy of Munich, and at the age of eighteen became a lieutenant in the Bavarian army. His part in the campaign of 1815 was a tame one, and garrison life was irksome to him. He spent most of his time on furlough, studying philosophy and philology at the universities of Würzburg and Erlangen. Schelling exercised an austere influence upon his thought.

In 1821 Platen came before the public as a poet, with his exquisite and inimitable 'Ghaselen' (Gazels),—poems in the Persian manner; and in another book of verse called 'Lyrische Blätter' (Lyric Leaves). In 1823 came a second volume of 'Gazels.' These poems elicited warm words of praise from Goethe, and attracted the attention of poets generally. It was the refinement of thought, and the easy precision with which a difficult verse-form was handled, that astonished and fascinated. For purposes of dogmatic classification Platen may be enrolled among the Romantic poets; but except in his choice of exotic material he has little in common with them. Limpid

clearness and severe structural beauty distinguish even his earliest work, and these qualities were at last elevated by him into a gospel of art. Few poets have taken their calling more seriously, or held their gifts more sacred.

In 1824 Platen visited Venice; and the noble 'Sonnets from Venice' show how his talents were stimulated there. Thenceforth his life was exclusively devoted to scholarly pursuits and the work of poetic creation. He was filled with glowing indignation at the bungling of the later Romanticists, the lyrics of empty words, the novels of mass without matter, and the tasteless "tragedies of fate." This indignation was concentrated in a comedy after the manner of Aristophanes, 'Die Verhängnissvolle Gabel' (The Fatal Fork). The cordial recognition which Platen received from Goethe, Uhland, and Rückert raised his already well-developed self-esteem to the fighting point. He became a poet militant, and so arose the unfortunate literary war with Immermann and Heine. A second Aristophanic comedy was directed against Immermann,—'Der Romantische Œdipus' (The Romantic Œdipus): Immermann had ridiculed the 'Gazels'; and Heine, who had joined in the ridicule, was included in the satire. Heine's reply, deliciously witty but bitterly personal, appeared in the 'Reisebilder' (Travel-Pictures).

The indifference with which literary Germany generally received Platen's enthusiasm for dignity of thought and purity of form increased his wrath, and he left his native land in disgust. In Florence, Rome, and Naples he found more congenial surroundings. Goethe blamed him for not forgetting the pettinesses of German literary strife amid such scenes. Nevertheless these years were the happiest of his life. Ballads, lyrics, odes, and dramas swelled the volume of his contributions to literature. He wrote also a perfunctory 'History of the Kingdom of Naples'; and a charming fairy epic, 'Die Abassiden,' written in 1830 but not published until 1834. His last drama was the 'League of Cambray.' The flaming 'Polenlieder' (Songs of the Poles), which gave restrained but powerful expression to his love of freedom, and his hatred of the Czar, were forbidden by the censor, and did not appear until after the poet's death. It was this act of tyranny that elicited the glowing stanzas with which the series comes to an end.

Platen returned to Germany in 1832, and in the following year brought out the first complete edition of his works. His poems won new admirers constantly, and long before his death he had ceased to be the voice of one crying in the wilderness. In 1834 he went back to Italy; and on December 5th, 1835, he died in Sicily.

Platen was an alien in his native land. It was not only that he was rejected: he was not himself in touch with his time. Indeed, it

is his chief merit that he checked the movement that threatened literary chaos. After his death, enthusiastic admiration went almost as far in the upward direction as indifference had sunk in the downward. To-day we recognize in Platen the «sculptor in words,» the master of form, the stickler for truth, and the sincere thinker, who, unable to reconcile himself to vulgar views of life, died disappointed and in exile, rather

«Than the yoke of blind plebeian hatred bear.»

[This, and other selections from Longfellow's 'Poets and Poetry of Europe,' are reprinted with the approval of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

REMORSE

How I started up in the night, in the night,
Drawn on without rest or reprieval!
The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my sight,
As I wandered so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the gate with the arch mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed through the rocky height,
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning;
Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,
As they glided so light
In the night, in the night,
Yet backward not one was returning.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,
The stars in melodious existence;
And with them the moon, more serenely bedight;—
They sparkled so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed in the night, in the night,
And again on the waves in their fleeting;
Ah, woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight!
Now silence thou, light
In the night, in the night,
The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

Translation of Henry W. Longfellow.

BEFORE THE CONVENT OF ST. JUST, 1556

From Trench's 'The Story of Justin Martyr and Other Poems,' and in 'Poets and Poetry of Europe.'

'Tis night, and storms continually roar;
Ye monks of Spain, now open me the door.

Here in unbroken quiet let me fare,
Save when the loud bell startles you to prayer.

Make ready for me what your house has meet,
A friar's habit and a winding-sheet.

A little cell unto my use assign:
More than the half of all this world was mine.

The head that stoops unto the scissors now,
Under the weight of many crowns did bow.

The shoulders on which now the cowl is flung,—
On them the ermine of the Cæsars hung.

I living now as dead myself behold,
And fall in ruins like this kingdom old.

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO

By Cosenza songs of wail at midnight wake Busento's shore;
O'er the wave resounds the answer, and amid the vortex's roar,

Valiant Goths, like spectres, steal along the banks with hurried pace,
Weeping o'er Alaric dead, the best, the bravest of his race.

Ah, too soon, from home so far, was it their lot to dig his grave,
While still o'er his shoulders flowed his youthful ringlets' flaxen wave.

On the shore of the Busento ranged, they with each other vied,
As they dug another bed to turn the torrent's course aside.

In the waveless hollow, turning o'er and o'er the sod, the corpse
Deep into the earth they sank, in armor clad, upon his horse;

Covered then with earth again the horse and rider in the grave:
That above the hero's tomb the torrent's lofty plants might wave.

And, a second time diverted, was the flood conducted back;
Foaming rushed Busento's billows onward in their wonted track.

And a warrior chorus sang, "Sleep with thy honors, hero brave;
Ne'er a foot of lucre-lusting Roman desecrate thy grave!"

Far and wide the songs of praise resounded in the Gothic host;
Bear them on Busento's billow! bear them on from coast to coast!

Translation of A. Baskerville.

VENICE

VENICE, calm shadow of her elder day,
Still, in the land of dreams, lives fresh and fair;
Where frowned the proud Republic's Lion, there
His empty prison-walls keep holiday.
The brazen steeds that, wet with briny spray,
On yonder church-walls shake their streaming hair,
They are the same no longer — ah! they wear
The bridle of the Corsican conqueror's sway!
Where is the people gone, the kindly race
That reared these marble piles amid the waves,
Which e'en decay invests with added grace?
Not in the brows of yon degenerate slaves
Think thou the traits of their great sires to trace;—
Go, read them, hewn in stone, on doges' graves!

Translation of Charles T. Brooks.

"FAIR AS THE DAY"

FAIR as the day that bodes as fair a morrow,
With noble brow, with eyes in heaven's dew,
Of tender years, and charming as the new,
So found I thee,— so found I too my sorrow.
Oh, could I shelter in thy bosom borrow,
There most collected where the most unbent!
Oh, would this coyness were already spent,
That aye adjourns our union till to-morrow!
But canst thou hate me? Art thou yet unshaken?
Wherefore refusest thou the soft confession
To him who loves, yet feels himself forsaken?
Oh, when thy future love doth make expression,
An anxious rapture will the moment waken,
As with a youthful prince at his accession!

From Longfellow's 'Poets and Poetry of Europe.' Translator anonymous.

TO SCHELLING

Is he not also *Beauty's* sceptre bearing,
Who holds in *Truth's* domain the kingly right?
Thou seest in the Highest both unite,
Like long-lost melodies together pairing.
Thou wilt not scorn the dainty motley band,
With clang of foreign music hither faring,
A little gift for thee, from Morning Land;
Thou wilt discern the beauty they are wearing.
Among the flowers, forsooth, of distant valleys,
I hover like the butterfly, that clings
To summer sweets and with a trifle dallies;
But thou dost dip thy holy, honeyed wings,
Beyond the margin of the world's flower-chalice,
Deep, deep into the mystery of things.

From Longfellow's 'Poets and Poetry of Europe.' Translator anonymous.

VOLUNTARY EXILE

My ranging spirit seeks the far and wide,
And fain would soar and ever further soar:
I never long could linger on one shore,
Though Paradise should bloom on every side.
My spirit, sore perplexed and inly tried,
In this short life must often needs deplore
How easy 'tis to leave the homestead door;
But ah, how bitter elsewhere to abide!
Yet whoso hates things base with fervid soul,
Is driven from his country in despair,
When men, grown sordid, seek a sordid goal.
Far wiser then the exile's lot to share,
Than 'midst a folk that plays a childish rôle
The yoke of blind plebeian hatred bear.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

PLATO

(427–347 B. C.)

BY PAUL SHOREY

PLATO, the first of philosophers, and the only writer of prose who ranks in the literature of power with the bibles and supreme poets of the world, was born at Athens in the year 427 B. C., and died in the year 347. His youth was contemporaneous with that fatal Peloponnesian war in which the Athens of Pericles dissipated, in a fratricidal contest, the energies that might have prolonged the flowering season of the Greek genius for another century. His maturity and old age were passed as writer and teacher in the subdued and chastened Athens of the restoration, whose mission it was, as schoolmaster of Greece, to disengage the spirit of Hellenism from local and temporal accidents, and prepare it — not without some loss of native charm — for assimilation by the Hellenistic, the Roman, the modern world. Like his pupil the Stagirite Aristotle, he embraces in the compass of his thoughts the entire experience, and reflective criticism of life, of the Greek race. But because he was an Athenian born, and had nourished his mighty youth on the still living traditions of the great age, he transmits the final outcome of Greek culture to us in no quintessential distillation of abstract formulas, but in vivid dramatic pictures that make us actual participants in the spiritual intoxication, the Bacchic revelry of philosophy, as Alcibiades calls it, that accompanied the most intense, disinterested, and fruitful outburst of intellectual activity in the annals of mankind.

It was an age of discussion. The influence of the French *salon* on the tone and temper of modern European literature has been often pointed out. But the drawing-room conversation of fine ladies and gentlemen has its obvious limits. In the Athens of Socrates, for the first and last time, men talked with men seriously, passionately, on other topics than those of business or practical politics; and their discussions created the logic, the rhetoric, the psychology, the metaphysic, the ethical and political philosophy of western Europe, and wrought out the distinctions, the definitions, the categories in which all subsequent thought has been cast. The Platonic dialogues are a dramatic idealization of that stimulating soul-communion which Diotima celebrates as the consummation of the right love of the

beautiful; wherein a man is copiously inspired to declare to his friend what human excellence really is, and what are the practices and the ways of life of the truly good man. And in addition to their formal and inspirational value, they remain, even after the codification of their leading thoughts in the systematic treatises of Aristotle, a still unexhausted storehouse of ideas, which, as Emerson says, "make great havoc of our originalities." This incomparable suggestiveness is due — after the genius of Plato — to the wealth of virgin material which then lay awaiting the interpretative ingenuity of these brilliant talkers, and the synoptic eye of the philosopher who should first be able to see the one in the many and the many in the one.

Before the recent transformation of all things by physical science, the experience of the modern world offered little to the generalizing philosophic mind which the Periclean Greek could not find in the mythology, the poetry, the art, the historical vicissitudes, the colonial enterprises, and the picturesquely various political life of his race. Modern science was lacking. But the guesses of the pre-Socratic poet-philosophers had started all its larger hypotheses, and had attained at a bound to conceptions of evolution which, though unverified in detail, distinctly raised all those far-reaching questions touching the origin and destiny of man and the validity of moral and religious tradition, that exercise our own maturer thought.

The concentration and conscious enjoyment of this rich culture in the intense life of imperial Athens gave rise to new ideals in education, and to the new Spirit of the Age, embodied in the Sophists — or professional teachers of rhetoric and of the art of getting on in the world. Their sophistry consisted not in any positive intention of corruption, but in the intellectual bewilderment of a broad but superficial half-culture, which set them adrift with no anchorage of unquestioned principle or fixed faith in any kind of ultimate reality. They thus came to regard the conflicting religious, ethical, and social ideals of an age of transition merely as convenient themes for the execution of dialectical and rhetorical flourishes, or as forces to be estimated in the shrewd conduct of the game of life.

Among these showy talkers moved the strange uncouth figure of Socrates, hardly distinguished from them by the writers of comedy or by the multitude, and really resembling them in the temporarily unsettling effect, upon the mind of ingenuous youth, of his persistent questioning of all untested conventions and traditions. Two things, in addition to the stoic simplicity of his life, his refusal to accept pay for his teaching, and his ironical affectation of ignorance, especially distinguish his conversation from theirs: First, a persistent effort to clear up the intellectual confusion of the age before logic, by insistence on definitions that shall distinguish essence from accident.

Second, an adamantine faith in the morality of common-sense, and in the absoluteness of the distinction between right and wrong.

Every student must decide for himself which he will accept as the probable Socrates of history: the homely portrait of Xenophon, or the speculative, super-subtle, mystic protagonist of these dialogues, fertile in invention, inexhaustible in resource, equal to every situation, seemingly all things to all men, yet guarding ever his indomitable moral and intellectual integrity behind a veil of playful irony. This Platonic Socrates stands out as the second religious figure of the European world in the fourfold gospel of his conversation, his trial, his temptation, and his death, recorded in the 'Gorgias,' the 'Apology,' the 'Crito,' and the 'Phædo.' However much of this result criticism may attribute to the genius of the reporter, we divine a strangely potent personality in the very fact that he dominated to the end the imagination of a scholar who went to school to many other influences, and who absorbed the entire culture of that wondrous age in «a synthesis without parallel before or since.» Amid all the dramatic variety, the curious subtlety, the daring speculation, the poetic Pythagorean mysticism of the later dialogues, the two chief Socratic notes persist. There is always an effort to dissipate the clouds of intellectual confusion by the aid of some logic of definition and relevancy; and however often the quest for absolute verities loses itself in baffling labyrinths of dialectic, or issues in an *impasse* of conflicting probabilities, the faith is never lost that truth exists, may be won by persistent wooing, and is in the end essentially moral.

Associated with Socrates are groups of the noble youths of Athens; with worthy burghers who are their parents, guardians, or friends, an inner circle of earnest disciples or devoted enthusiasts attached to the person of the master, an outer circle of local celebrities and of all the brilliant personalities whom the policy of Pericles drew to the Prytaneion of Greek intellect,— visiting sophists, rhetoricians, philosophers. The dramatic setting is some typical scene of Athenian life. Socrates returning from the campaign of Potidæa strolls into a gymnasium, inquires of the progress of the young men, and draws the reigning favorite Charmides into a discussion of the nature and definition of that virtue of temperance which is the bloom of youthful beauty. He is aroused at earliest dawn by the knock of the youthful enthusiast Hippocrates, who comes breathless to announce that «Protagoras is in town,» and that there is to be a great gathering of wise men at the house of Callias. Thither they proceed, and hear and say many things. He meets Phædrus carrying a roll under his arm, and fresh from the rhetorical school of Lysias, and joins him in a constitutional beyond the city gates while they discourse on the philosophy of style, and incidentally on love. He is a guest at the banquet held

to celebrate the success of Agathon's new tragedy at the Dionysiac festival; and after listening benignantly to the young men's euphuistic panegyrics on the great god Love, expounds to them the lore he learned from the wise woman Diotima; and then, as the night wears on, drinks all the guests under the table while he proves to Aristophanes and Agathon that the true dramatic artist will excel in both tragedy and comedy. Turning homeward from attendance on a religious ceremony at the Peiræus, he is constrained by the playful importunity of a band of young friends to remain for the torchlight race in the evening. They proceed to the house of the delightful old man Cephalus, father of the orator Lysias, where a conversation springs up on old age and the right use of wealth, which insensibly develops into the long argument on the Republic or Ideal State, in which alone justice and the happy life are perfectly typed. Condemned to drink the hemlock "for corrupting the youth," he spends the last hours in prison beguiling the grief of his distracted disciples with high disputations touching the immortality of the soul, striving

> "—to unfold
> What worlds or what vast regions hold
> The immortal mind, that hath forsook
> Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

The style is as various as are the themes. It ranges from homely Socratic parable and the simple exquisite urbanity of Attic conversation to the subtlest metaphysical disquisition, the loftiest flights of poetic eloquence, the most dithyrambic imaginative mysticism. The only limitation of this universality which the critics of antiquity could discover was the failure (in the 'Menexenus,' for example) to achieve sustained formal eloquence of the Demosthenic type. The thought was too curious and subtle, the expression charged with too many minor intentions, for that; the peculiar blending, in the Platonic diction, of colloquialism, dialectic precision, vivid imagination, and the tone of mystic unction, unfitted it for the conventional effects of political oratory.

But no other prose writer manifests such complete and easy mastery of every note in the compass of his idiom as Plato possesses over the resources of Greek. He not only employs all styles separately at will, but modulates from one to the other by insensible transitions, that can be compared only to the effects of modern music. Platonic prose is an orchestral accompaniment of the thought; suggesting for every *nuance* of the idea its appropriate mood, and shot through with *leitmotifs* of reminiscence and anticipation, that bind the whole into emotional and artistic unity. He is not only the greatest but the first artist of an elaborate and curiously wrought prose diction. No

writer before him had thus combined quotation, parody, literary and historic allusion, idiom, proverb, dialect, continued metaphor, and the dramatically appropriated technical vocabularies of all arts, sciences, and professions,—to one resultant literary effect suited to his various meanings and moods. The nice finish of Demosthenes's comparatively simple oratorical prose was the outcome from a long evolution, and from the labors of three generations of orators and rhetoricians. The composite, suggestive, polychromatic, literary prose which is the ideal of the cleverest modern writers, was created, in its perfection and without precedent, by the genius of Plato.

The reconstruction of a systematic philosophy for Plato must be left, in his own words, to «some very clever and laborious but not altogether enviable man.» The notorious doctrine of Ideas is a language, a metaphysic, a mythology. «Socrates used to ask concerning each *thing*,—as justice, friendship, or the State,—What is it?» And so in the minor dialogues of search, the definition pursued through many a dialectical winding in the dramatization of elementary logic came to be regarded as a real thing to be apprehended, and not as the mere «statement of the connotation of a term.» «The naïve childish realism of the immature mind!» will be the confident comment of the hasty critic. But as against the deeper meaning of Plato such criticism is competent only to those, if any there be, who have completely solved the problem of the true nature of Universals. The mediæval controversy still subsists under manifold disguises; and in the last resort, as Professor James picturesquely says, «introspective psychology is forced to throw up the sponge.» We may classify the doctrine of Ideas as «logical realism»; but if we remember the kind of reality which Berkeley, Kant, Schopenhauer, Shelley, and the most delicate psychological analysis concur in attributing to the «things» of common-sense, which Plato called shadows and copies of the ideas, we may well surmise that the Platonic doctrine is more nearly akin to modern psychological and poetical idealism than to the crude logical realism of the Middle Ages. The verification of this conjecture would take us too far afield. It is enough that general notions, forms, essences, purposes, ideals, are in a sense as real as brick and mortar. For Plato they are the supreme realities. The idea of a thing, its form, identifying aspect, purpose, and true function,—these, and not its material embodiment and perishable accidents, are what concern us. The very workman who makes a tool does not copy with Chinese fidelity the accidents of an individual pattern, but is guided by an idea of a service or function which in the last analysis determines both material and form. Similarly the Divine Artist may be said to have created the world by stamping, in the limits of necessity, upon rude and shapeless chaos the informing

types of harmonious order and his own beneficent designs. Lastly we may transfer the analogy to the social life of man, and say that the true educator, statesman, and ruler, is he whose soul has risen to the apprehension of fixed eternal norms of virtue, law, the ideal city, the perfectly just man,— and who has the power to mold and fashion as nearly as may be to the likeness of these ideal types, the imperfectly plastic human material — the "social tissue" — in which he works.

Thus the theory of ideas is a high poetic language, consistently employed to affirm the precedence of soul, form, ideal, reason, and design, over matter, body, and the accidents, irrelevancies, imperfections, and necessary compromises, of concrete physical existence.

"For Soul is Form, and doth the body make."

From this it is but a step to the imaginative mythological personification of the ideas. They are beautiful shapes, almost persons, first beheld by the soul in pre-natal vision, and now in life's stormy voyage, ever fleeting before us "down the waste waters day and night," or gleaming "like virtue firm, like knowledge fair," through the mists that encompass the vessel's prow. So conceived, they provide a ready explanation or evasion of all the final problems which Plato was both unwilling and unable to answer in the sense of an unflinching materialistic nominalism. Our instantaneous *a priori* recognition of mathematical truth, the shaping of the vague chaos of sensation in predetermined molds of thought, the apprehension of norms of experience to which no finite experience ever conforms, our intuitions of a beauty, a goodness, a truth, transcending anything that earth can show, our persistent devotion to ideals that actual life always disappoints, our postulates of a perfection that rebukes and shames our practice,— what can these things mean save that all which we call knowledge here is a faint and troubled reminiscence of the Divine reality once seen face to face, a refraction of the white light of eternity by life's dome of many-colored glass, a sequence of shadow pictures cast on the further wall of the dim cavern in which we sit pinioned, our eyes helplessly averted from the true Light of the World?

But Plato does not, like the pseudo-Platonists, abandon himself to dreaming ecstasy. The theory of Ideas in its practical effect is a doctrine of the strenuous definition and application to life of regulative ideals. The multitude who lack such guiding aims live the "untested life" which Socrates pronounced intolerable. The so-called statesmen who fail to achieve them are blind leaders of the blind. The establishment in the mind of a clearly defined ethical and social ideal, as a touchstone of the tendencies of all particular acts and

policies, is described in the language of poetical Platonism as the acquisition of the highest knowledge, the knowledge of the Idea of Good, on which the value of all partial and relative "goods" depends. The Idea of Good, supreme in the hierarchy of ideas, and last reached in the scale and process of pure dialectic, is the sun of the intelligible world; and like its symbol, the visible sun, is not only the fountain of light and knowledge, but the source of motion, life, and existence. For — to translate the image into prose — institutions, laws, and systems of government and education have their origin and find their best explanation in the final purposes, the ultimate ethical and social ideals, of their founders and supporters. But the knowledge of the Idea of Good, though described as a vision, is not granted to visionaries. The relation of all action to a rational and consistent theory of practice presupposes a severe discipline in dialectic. And dialectic itself, so confusing and unsettling as practiced in imitation of Socrates and the Sophists by the irresponsible youth of Athens, may be safely studied only after a long preparatory training in all the culture and exact science of the age. Only to the elect few, who, triumphantly supporting these and many other tests of mind and body, attain the beatific vision, will Plato intrust the government of his perfect city and the guardianship of mankind. They represent for him the antithesis of the typical pettifoggers and brawling demagogues of the Athens that was "dying of the triumph of the liberal party." For these too he shapes, in many of the dialogues, a theory of unscrupulous cynical practice more coherent, doubtless, than anything in their minds, but serving in a way as an ideal of evil to oppose to his own idea or ideal of good. It has been affirmed that Plato was a bad citizen because he despaired of the Republic. But if we remember that, as Matthew Arnold says, Plato was right and Athens was doomed, if we recall the excesses of the post-Periclean demagogues, if we reflect on his bitter disillusionment in the brief tyrannical rule of the "good-and-fair" companions of his youth, we shall not censure him for "standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind," or seeking refuge in the "city of which a pattern is laid up in heaven." "He was born to other politics."

Platonism is much more than this doctrine of Ideas, or than any doctrine. The dialogues, apart from their dramatic interest and literary charm, make a manifold appeal to numerous abiding instincts and aptitudes of the human mind through dialectics, metaphysics, mysticism, and æsthetic and ethical enthusiasm. Some hard-headed readers will use them as an intellectual gymnastic. The thrust and parry of logical fence, the close pursuit of a trail of ratiocination through all the windings and apparently capricious digressions of the argument, the ingenious *détours* and surprises of the Socratic

Elenchus, the apparatus of definitions, divisions, and fine-spun distinctions,—these things are in themselves a pleasurable exercise to many minds. Others seek in the dialogues the gratification of that commonplace metaphysical instinct which Walter Pater warns us to suppress. Being and non-Being, the One and the many, the finite and the infinite, weave their endless dance through the 'Parmenides,' the 'Sophist,' and the 'Philebus.' We may say that it is barren logomachy, the ratiocinative faculty run to seed, if we will. The history of literature proves it what Plato called it: a persistent affection of discourse of reason in man. Certain Platonic dialogues exercise and gratify this instinct even more completely than Neo-Platonism, mediæval scholasticism, Hegelianism, or the new psychological scholasticism of to-day. And so, to the amazement and disgust of the positivists, the stream of *résumés*, new interpretations, and paraphrases of the 'Sophist' and 'Parmenides,' flows and will continue to flow.

Mysticism too «finds in Plato all its texts.» The yearning towards an Absolute One, ineffable symbol of the unity which the soul is ever striving to recover amid the dispersions of life, the impulse to seek a spiritual counterpart for every material fact, the tantalizing glimpses of infinite vistas beyond the ken of the bodily eye, the aspirations that elude definition, and refuse to be shut in a formula,—to all these

> «Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,»

Plato gives full recognition, while shunning with unerring tact their concrete superstitious developments. His mystical imagery is always embroidered on a definite framework of thought. The attributes of the Absolute One are deduced as systematically as a table of logical categories. The structure of a Greek temple is not more transparently symmetrical than the allegory of the sun and the Idea of Good, the analogy of the divided line, and the symbolism of the Cave in the 'Republic'; or than the description, in the 'Phædrus,' of the soul as a celestial car, of which reason is the charioteer, and noble passion and sensuous appetite are the two steeds. The visions of judgment that close the 'Republic' and 'Gorgias' are as definite in outline as a picture of Polygnotus. All nobler forms of mystic symbolism, from Plotinus to Emerson, derive from Plato; all its baser developments, from Iamblichus to the newest thaumaturgic theosophy, seek shelter under his name.

Allied to mysticism is the quality which the eighteenth century deprecated as enthusiasm. The intellect is suffused with feeling. All the nobler sentiments partake of the intensity of passionate love

and the solemnity of initiations. Hence the sage and serious doctrine of Platonic love, whose interpretation and history would demand a volume:—

«Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.»

All noble unrest and higher aspiration in this world is a striving to recapture something of the rapture of the soul's pre-natal vision of the Divine ideas. Now the good and the true are apprehended dimly through the abstractions of dialectic. The idea of beauty alone finds a not wholly inadequate visible embodiment on earth. And so the love of beauty is the predestined guide to the knowledge of the good and the true. In the presence of the beautiful the soul is stung by recollection of the Idea, and yearns for an immortality which the mortal can put on only through generation. To this throe, this yearning, awakened by the sight of a beautiful body, men give the special name love. But love in the larger sense is all passionate thirst for happiness, all thrilling recollection of the absolute beauty, all desire to reproduce it on earth, not merely after the flesh, but in such immortal children of the spirit as the poems of Homer and Sappho, the laws of Solon and Lycurgus, the victories of Epaminondas.

«The noble heart that harbors virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, until it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent.»

For this higher love the lower is a preparation and an initiation.

Akin to this enthusiasm of the lover is the fine frenzy of the poet, who, by visitation of the Muse, is inspired to utter many strange and beautiful sayings, of which he can render no account under a Socratic cross-examination. This power of the Muse resembles the magnet, which both attracts and imparts its attractive virtue to other substances. And when a vast audience thrills with terror and pity as the rhapsode, tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect, recites the sorrows of Priam or Hecuba, they are all dependent links in the magnetic chain that descends from the poet and the Muse.

The 'Vita Nuova' of Dante, the sonnets of Michael Angelo, the 'Eroici Furori' of Bruno, the spiritual quality of the higher poetry of the Italian and English Renaissance, and the more recent names of Shelley, Wordsworth, and Emerson, faintly indicate the historic influence of these beautiful conceptions.

In later years Plato's «enthusiasm» was transmuted into a prophetic puritanic world-reforming temper,—the seeming antithesis of

this gracious philosophy of love and beauty. His work was from the beginning as intensely moralized as were the discourses of Socrates. On whatever theme you talked with Socrates, it was said, you would in the end be forced to render an account of the state of your soul. And so in Plato every text is improved for edification, "the moral properties and scope of things" are kept constantly in sight, and the unfailing ethical suggestiveness of the style intensifies the moral sentiment to a pitch of spiritual exaltation that makes of Platonism one of the great religions of the world. But the age as we see it in Thucydides, Aristophanes, and Euripides, was one of "enlightenment," skepticism, and the breaking up of traditional moral restraints. And as he watched year by year the deterioration of the Athenian civic temper, and the triumph of the mocking spirit of denial, Plato's passionate concern for the moral side of life developed into something akin to the temper of the Hebrew prophet, preaching righteousness to a stubborn and perverse generation, or the modern Utopian reformer, dashing his angry heart against the corruptions of the world. The problems which increasingly absorb his attention are the disengagement from outworn forms of the saving truths of the old religion and morality, the polemic defense of this fundamental truth against the new Spirit of the Age, and the salvation of society by a reconstitution of education and a reconstruction of government.

These are the chief problems, again, of our own age of transition; and the 'Republic,' in which they find their ripest and most artistic treatment, might seem a book of yesterday — or to-morrow. The division of labor, specialization, the formation of a trained standing army, the limitation of the right of private property, the industrial and political equality of women, the improvement of the human breed by artificial selection, the omnipotence of public opinion, the reform of the letter of the creeds to save their spirit, the proscription of unwholesome art and literature, the reorganization of education, the kindergarten method, the distinction between higher and secondary education, the endowment of research, the application of the higher mathematics to astronomy and physics,— such are some of the divinations, the modernisms of that wonderful work. The framework is a confutation of ethical skepticism by demonstration that morality is of the nature of things, and the just life is intrinsically happier than the unjust. The nature of justice can be studied only in the larger life of the State. A typical Greek city is constructed,— or rather, allowed to grow,— and by the reform of education is insensibly transformed into the ideal monarchy or aristocracy, governed by philosopher-statesmen who have attained to the Idea of Good. The existing degenerate forms of government are reviewed, and estimated by their approximation to this perfect type; and by means

of an elaborate psychological parallel between the individual and the social constitution, it is inferred that the superior happiness of the "just man" is proportional to the perfection of the best city.

The puritanic temper reveals itself in the famous banishment of Homer. In the course of a criticism of Greek anthropomorphism, which was repeated almost verbatim by the Christian fathers, the tales told of the gods by Homer are deprecated as unsuitable for the ears of the young. As his conception of education broadens, Socrates unfolds the Wordsworthian idea of the molding influence upon character of noble rhythms, and a beautiful and seemly environment of nature and art; and ordains that in the perfect city all art and literature must be of a quality to produce this ennobling effect. Lastly, recurring to the topic with deeper analysis in the closing book, he rejects all forms of dramatic, flamboyant, luscious art and literature, as superficial mimicries twice removed from absolute truth, unwholesome stimulants of emotion, and nurses of harmful illusions. We may not, with Ruskin, pronounce this a quenching of the imagination and of the poetic sensibilities by the excess of the logical faculty. Plato is only too conscious of the siren's charm:—"And thou too, dear friend, dost thou not own her spell, and most especially when she comes in the guise of Homer? But great is the prize for which we strive; and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world of poetry and art, and lose his own soul?"

> "But all those pleasant bowers and palace brave
> Guyon broke down with rigor pitiless,
> Ne aught their goodly workmanship might save
> Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness."

The 'Republic' undertakes to prove that virtue is its own reward, and needs no other wage here or hereafter. But at the close the imperious human cry makes itself heard: "Give her the wages of going on, and not to die." The beautiful tale of salvation related by Er the son of Armenius is like the myth at the close of the 'Gorgias'; and the description of the blissful region of the "upper earth" in the 'Phædo' rather an "intimation of immortality" than a cogent logical demonstration. Plato sketches many such proofs: the soul possesses concepts not derived from experience; the soul is an uncomposite unity; the soul is a spontaneous source of motion. But like the myths, these arguments are rather tentative expressions of a rational hope than dogmatic affirmations or organic members of a system. Yet the traditional conception of Plato as the champion of immortality and the truths of natural religion, is justified by the fact that in the age when traditional religion first found itself confronted

with the affirmations of dogmatic science, and with the picture of a mechanical universe that left no place for God or the soul,—he, at home in both worlds of thought, stood forward as a mediator, and demonstrated this much at least: that a purely sensationist psychology fails to yield an intelligible account of mind, and that the dogmatism of negation is as baseless as the dogmatism of unlicensed affirmation.

Space does not admit even a sketch of the history of the Platonic dialogues, and their domination of the thought of intensely vital ages, like the Renaissance and our own time. Their influence in literature, philosophy, and the higher education, has perhaps never been greater than in the past thirty years. No original book of this generation has done more to shape the thought of our time than Jowett's admirable translation, accompanied by notes and analyses. This translation, with Grote's elaborate study in four volumes, Zeller's 'History of Greek Philosophy,' Campbell's excellent article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and Walter Pater's exquisite 'Plato and Platonism,' will meet all the needs of the general student. The latest edition of Zeller will guide scholars to the enormous technical literature of the subject.

Paul Shorey

FROM THE 'PROTAGORAS'

[Socrates and his young friend Hippocrates visit the Sophists' school.]

I PROCEEDED: Is not a Sophist, Hippocrates, one who deals wholesale or retail in the food of the soul? To me that appears to be the sort of man.

And what, Socrates, is the food of the soul?

Surely, I said, knowledge is the food of the soul; and we must take care, my friend, that the Sophist does not deceive us when he praises what he sells, like the dealers wholesale or retail who sell the food of the body: for they praise indiscriminately all their goods, without knowing what are really beneficial or hurtful; neither do their customers know, with the exception of any trainer or physician who may happen to buy of them. In like manner those who carry about the wares of knowledge, and make the round of the cities, and sell or retail them to any customer who is in want of them, praise them all alike: and I

should not wonder, O my friend, if many of them were really ignorant of their effect upon the soul; and their customers equally ignorant, unless he who buys of them happens to be a physician of the soul. If therefore you have understanding of what is good and evil, you may safely buy knowledge of Protagoras, or of any one; but if not, then, O my friend, pause, and do not hazard your dearest interests at a game of chance. For there is far greater peril in buying knowledge than in buying meat and drink: the one you purchase of the wholesale or retail dealer, and carry them away in other vessels, and before you receive them into the body as food you may deposit them at home, and call in any experienced friend who knows what is good to be eaten or drunken, and what not, and how much and when; and hence the danger of purchasing them is not so great. But when you buy the wares of knowledge you cannot carry them away in another vessel; they have been sold to you, and you must take them into the soul and go your way, either greatly harmed or greatly benefited by the lesson: and therefore we should think about this and take counsel with our elders; for we are still young — too young to determine such a matter. And now let us go, as we were intending, and hear Protagoras: and when we have heard what he has to say, we may take counsel of others; for not only is Protagoras at the house of Callias, but there is Hippias of Elis, and if I am not mistaken, Prodicus of Ceos, and several other wise men.

To this we agreed, and proceeded on our way until we reached the vestibule of the house; and there we stopped in order to finish a dispute which had arisen as we were going along; and we stood talking in the vestibule until we had finished and come to an understanding. And I think that the doorkeeper, who was a eunuch, and who was probably annoyed at the great inroad of the Sophists, must have heard us talking. At any rate, when we knocked at the door, and he opened and saw us, he grumbled, They are Sophists — he is not at home; and instantly gave the door a hearty bang with both his hands. Again we knocked, and he answered without opening, Did you not hear me say that he is not at home, fellows? But, my friend, I said, we are not Sophists, and we are not come to see Callias: fear not, for we want to see Protagoras; and I must request you to announce us. At last, after a good deal of difficulty, the man was persuaded to open the door.

When we entered, we found Protagoras taking a walk in the portico; and next to him on one side were walking Callias the son of Hipponicus, and Paralus the son of Pericles, who by the mother's side is his half-brother, and Charmides the son of Glaucon. On the other side of him were Xanthippus the other son of Pericles, Philippides the son of Philomelus; also Antimœrus of Mende, who of all the disciples of Protagoras is the most famous, and intends to make sophistry his profession. A train of listeners followed him, of whom the greater part appeared to be foreigners, who accompanied Protagoras out of the various cities through which he journeyed. Now he, like Orpheus, attracted them by his voice, and they followed the attraction. I should mention also that there were some Athenians in the company. Nothing delighted me more than the precision of their movements: they never got into his way at all; but when he and those who were with him turned back, then the band of listeners divided into two parts on either side; he was always in front, and they wheeled round and took their places behind him in perfect order.

After him, as Homer says, "I lifted up my eyes and saw" Hippias the Elean, sitting in the opposite portico on a chair of state, and around him were seated on benches Eryximachus the son of Acumenus, and Phædrus the Myrrhinusian, and Andron the son of Androtion, and there were strangers whom he had brought with him from his native city of Elis, and some others: they appeared to be asking Hippias certain physical and astronomical questions, and he, ex cathedrâ, was determining their several questions to them, and discoursing of them.

Also, "my eyes beheld Tantalus"; for Prodicus the Cean was at Athens: he had been put into a room which in the days of Hipponicus was a storehouse; but as the house was full, Callias had cleared this out and made the room into a guest-chamber. Now Prodicus was still in bed, wrapped up in sheepskins and bedclothes, of which there seemed to be a great heap; and there were sitting by him on the couches near, Pausanias of the deme of Cerameis, and with Pausanias was a youth quite young, who is certainly remarkable for his good looks, and if I am not mistaken, is also of a fair and gentle nature. I think that I heard him called Agathon, and my suspicion is that he is the beloved of Pausanias. There was this youth, and also there were the two Adeimantuses,—one the son of Cepis, and the other of

Leucolophides,—and some others. I was very anxious to hear what Prodicus was saying, for he seemed to me to be an extraordinarily wise and divine man; but I was not able to get into the inner circle, and his fine deep voice made an echo in the room which rendered his words inaudible.

No sooner had we entered than there followed us Alcibiades the beautiful—as you say, and I believe you; and also Critias the son of Callæschrus.

On entering, we stopped a little in order to look about us, and then walked up to Protagoras, and I said: Protagoras, my friend Hippocrates and I have come to see you.

Do you wish, he said, to speak with me alone, or in the presence of others?

That is as you please, I said: you shall determine when you have heard the object of our visit.

And what is that? he said.

I must explain, I said, that my friend Hippocrates is a native Athenian; he is the son of Apollodorus, and of a great and prosperous house, and he is himself in natural ability quite a match for those of his own age. I believe that he aspires to political eminence; and this he thinks that conversation with you is most likely to procure for him: now it is for you to decide whether you would wish to speak to him of these matters alone or in company.

Thank you, Socrates, for your consideration of me. For certainly a stranger finding his way into great cities, and persuading the flower of the youth in them to leave the company of their other kinsmen or acquaintance, and live with him, under the idea that they will be improved by his conversation, ought to be very cautious: great jealousies are occasioned by his proceedings, and he is the subject of many enmities and conspiracies. I maintain the art of the Sophist to be of ancient date; but that in ancient times the professors of the art, fearing this odium, veiled and disguised themselves under various names; some under that of poets, as Homer, Hesiod, and Simonides; some as hierophants and prophets, as Orpheus and Musæus; and some, as I observe, even under the name of gymnastic-masters, like Iccus of Tarentum, or the more recently celebrated Herodicus, now of Selymbria and formerly of Megara, who is a first-rate Sophist. Your own Agathocles pretended to be a musician, but was really an eminent Sophist; also Pythocleides the Cean; and there were

many others: and all of them, as I was saying, adopted these arts as veils or disguises because they were afraid of the envy of the multitude. But that is not my way: for I do not believe that they effected their purpose, which was to deceive the government, who were not blinded by them; and as to the people, they have no understanding, and only repeat what their rulers are pleased to tell them. Now to run away, and to be caught in running away, is the very height of folly; and also greatly increases the exasperation of mankind, for they regard him who runs away as a rogue, in addition to any other objection which they have to him: and therefore I take an entirely opposite course, and acknowledge myself to be a Sophist and instructor of mankind; such an open acknowledgment appears to me to be a better sort of caution than concealment Nor do I neglect other precautions; and therefore I hope, as I may say, by the favor of heaven, that no harm will come of the acknowledgment that I am a Sophist. And I have been now many years in the profession;—for all my years when added up are many, and there is no one here present of whom I might not be the father. Wherefore I should much prefer conversing with you, if you do not object, in the presence of the company.

As I suspected that he would like to have a little display and glory in the presence of Prodicus and Hippias, and would gladly show us to them in the light of his admirers, I said: But why should we not summon Prodicus and Hippias and their friends to hear us?

Very good, he said.

Suppose, said Callias, that we hold a council in which you may sit and discuss. This was determined, and great delight was felt at the prospect of hearing wise men talk; we ourselves all took the chairs and benches, and arranged them by Hippias, where the other benches had been already placed. Meanwhile Callias and Alcibiades got up Prodicus, and brought in him and his companions.

When we were all seated, Protagoras said: Now that the company are assembled, Socrates, tell me about the young man of whom you were just now speaking.

FROM THE 'PHÆDO'

[Socrates, concluding his mythical account of the soul's future state, prepares for death.]

I DO not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true: a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effect, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth: in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her time comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of Fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison; and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead.

When he had done speaking, Crito said: And have you any commands for us, Socrates — anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?

Nothing particular, he said: only, as I have always told you, I would have you to look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you,— not now for the first time,— the warmth of your professions will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito. But in what way would you have us bury you?

In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he

will soon see,—a dead body,—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine with which I comforted you and myself have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial; but let the promise be of another sort: for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito; and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best.

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath-chamber with Crito, who bid us wait; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow,—he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath, his children were brought to him (he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito: and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison: indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is!—since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops; and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then—there is still time.

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think they will gain by the delay, but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then lie down and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said; yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world; may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself,—for certainly I was not

weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first: Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry, which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way; for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions: and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words)—he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius: will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito: is there anything else? There was no answer to this question: but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest and justest and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

FROM THE 'APOLOGY'

[Remarks added by Socrates after his condemnation.]

And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death, punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives.

But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more severe with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable: the easiest and the noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure, to the judges who have condemned me.

Friends who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then for a while; for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges,—for you I may truly call judges,—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now, as you see, there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying; for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain.

For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man —I will not say a private man, but even the great king—will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there,—Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life,—that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I too shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own suffering with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that, I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth,—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners;

they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, —then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived; and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows.

FROM THE 'PHÆDRUS'

[Mythic description of the soul.]

ENOUGH of the Soul's immortality.

Her form is a theme of divine and large discourse; human language may however speak of this briefly, and in a figure. Let our figure be of a composite nature,—a pair of winged horses and a charioteer. Now the winged horses and the charioteer of the gods are all of them noble, and of noble breed, while ours are mixed: and we have a charioteer who drives them in a pair, and one of them is noble and of noble origin, and the other is ignoble and of ignoble origin; and as might be expected, there is a great deal of trouble in managing them. I will endeavor to explain to you in what way the mortal differs from the immortal creature. The soul or animate being has the care of the inanimate, and traverses the whole heaven in divers forms appearing; when perfect and fully winged she soars upward, and is the ruler of the universe: while the imperfect soul loses her feathers, and drooping in her flight, at last settles on the solid ground; there, finding a home, she receives an earthly frame which appears to be self-moved, but is really moved by her power: and this composition of soul and body is called a living and mortal creature. For no such union can be reasonably believed, or at all proved, to be other than mortal; although fancy may imagine a god, whom, not having seen nor surely known, we

invent,—such a one, an immortal creature having a body and having also a soul, which have been united in all time. Let that, however, be as God wills, and be spoken of acceptably to him. But the reason why the soul loses her feathers should be explained, and is as follows:—

The wing is intended to soar aloft and carry that which gravitates downward, into the upper region which is the dwelling of the gods; and this is that element of the body which is most akin to the divine. Now the divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the like: and by these the wing of the soul is nourished, and grows apace; but when fed upon evil and foulness, and the like, wastes and falls away. Zeus, the mighty lord holding the reins of a winged chariot, leads the way in heaven, ordering all and caring for all; and there follows him the heavenly array of gods and demigods, divided into eleven bands: for only Hestia is left at home in the house of heaven; but the rest of the twelve greater deities march in their appointed order. And they see in the interior of heaven many blessed sights: and there are ways to and fro, along which the happy gods are passing, each one fulfilling his own work; and any one may follow who pleases, for jealousy has no place in the heavenly choir. This is within the heaven. But when they go to feast and festival, then they move right up the steep ascent, and mount the top of the dome of heaven. Now the chariots of the gods, self-balanced, upward glide in obedience to the rein; but the others have a difficulty, for the steed who has evil in him, if he has not been properly trained by the charioteer, gravitates and inclines and sinks towards the earth; and this is the hour of agony and extremest conflict of the soul. For the immortal souls, when they are at the end of their course, go out and stand upon the back of heaven, and the revolution of the spheres carries them round, and they behold the world beyond. Now of the heaven which is above the heavens, no earthly poet has sung or ever will sing in a worthy manner. But I must tell, for I am bound to speak truly when speaking of the truth. The colorless and formless and intangible essence is visible to the mind, which is the only lord of the soul. Circling around this in the region above the heavens is the place of true knowledge. And as the divine intelligence, and that of every other soul which is rightly nourished, is fed upon mind and pure knowledge, such an intelligent soul is glad at once more beholding Being; and feeding on the sight of truth, is

replenished, until the revolution of the worlds brings her round again to the same place. During the revolution she beholds justice, temperance, and knowledge absolute, not in the form of generation or of relation, which men call existence, but knowledge absolute in existence absolute; and beholding other existences in like manner, and feeding upon them, she passes down into the interior of the heavens and returns home; and there the charioteer, putting up his horses at the stall, gives them ambrosia to eat and nectar to drink.

This is the life of the gods: but of the other souls, that which follows God best and is likest to him lifts the head of the charioteer into the outer world, and is carried round in the revolution, troubled indeed by the steeds, and beholding true being, but hardly; another rises and falls, and sees, and again fails to see by reason of the unruliness of the steeds. The rest of the souls are also longing after the upper world, and they all follow, but not being strong enough, they sink into the gulf as they are carried round, plunging, treading on one another, striving to be first; and there is confusion and the extremity of effort, and many of them are lamed or have their wings broken through the ill driving of the charioteers; and all of them after a fruitless toil go away without being initiated into the mysteries of being, and are nursed with the food of opinion. The reason of their great desire to behold the plain of truth is, that the food which is suited to the highest part of the soul comes out of that meadow; and the wing on which the soul soars is nourished with this. And there is a law of the goddess Retribution, that the soul which attains any vision of truth in company with the god is preserved from harm until the next period, and he who always attains is always unharmed. But when she is unable to follow, and fails to behold the vision of truth, and through some ill-hap sinks beneath the double load of forgetfulness and vice, and her feathers fall from her, and she drops to earth,—then the law ordains that this soul shall in the first generation pass, not into that of any other animal, but only of man; and the soul which has seen most of truth shall come to the birth as a philosopher or artist, or musician or lover; that which has seen truth in the second degree shall be a righteous king or warrior or lord; the soul which is of the third class shall be a politician or economist or trader; the fourth shall be a lover of gymnastic toils or a physician; the fifth a prophet or hierophant; to the

sixth a poet or imitator will be appropriate; to the seventh the life of an artisan or husbandman; to the eighth that of a sophist or demagogue; to the ninth that of a tyrant: all these are states of probation, in which he who lives righteously improves, and he who lives unrighteously deteriorates his lot.

Ten thousand years must elapse before the soul can return to the place from whence she came, for she cannot grow her wings in less: only the soul of a philosopher, guileless and true, or the soul of a lover, who is not without philosophy, may acquire wings in the third recurring period of a thousand years; and if they choose this life three times in succession, then they have their wings given them, and go away at the end of three thousand years. But the others receive judgment when they have completed their first life: and after the judgment they go, some of them to the houses of correction which are under the earth, and are punished; others to some place in heaven whither they are lightly borne by justice, and there they live in a manner worthy of the life which they led here when in the form of men. And at the end of the first thousand years, the good souls and also the evil souls both come to cast lots and choose their second life, and they may take any that they like. And then the soul of the man may pass into the life of a beast, or from the beast again into the man. But the soul of him who has never seen the truth will not pass into the human form, for man ought to have intelligence, as they say, "secundum speciem," proceeding from many particulars of sense to one conception or reason; and this is the recollection of those things which our soul once saw when in company with God — when looking down from above on that which we now call Being, and upwards towards the true Being. And therefore the mind of the philosopher alone has wings: and this is just; for he is always, according to the measure of his abilities, clinging in recollection to those things in which God abides, and in beholding which he is what he is. And he who employs aright these memories is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries, and alone becomes truly perfect. But as he forgets earthly interests, and is rapt in the divine, the vulgar deem him mad, and rebuke him: they do not see that he is inspired.

FROM THE ‹GORGIAS›

[Myth of the judgment of the dead.]

LISTEN then, as story-tellers say, to a very pretty tale, which I daresay that you may be disposed to regard as a fable only, but which, as I believe, is a true tale; for I mean, in what I am going to tell you, to speak the truth. Homer tells us how Zeus and Poseidon and Pluto divided the empire which they inherited from their father. Now in the days of Cronos there was this law respecting the destiny of man, which has always existed, and still continues in heaven: that he who has lived all his life in justice and holiness shall go, when he dies, to the islands of the blest, and dwell there in perfect happiness out of the reach of evil; but that he who has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the house of vengeance and punishment, which is called Tartarus. And in the time of Cronos, and even later in the reign of Zeus, the judgment was given on the very day on which the men were to die; the judges were alive, and the men were alive: and the consequence was that the judgments were not well given. Then Pluto and the authorities from the islands of the blest came to Zeus, and said that the souls found their way to the wrong places. Zeus said:—"I shall put a stop to this: the judgments are not well given, and the reason is that the judged have their clothes on, for they are alive; and there are many having evil souls who are appareled in fair bodies, or wrapt round in wealth and rank, and when the day of judgment arrives, many witnesses come forward and witness on their behalf that they have lived righteously. The judges are awed by them, and they themselves too have their clothes on when judging: their eyes and ears and their whole bodies are interposed as a veil before their own souls. This all stands in the way: there are the clothes of the judges and the clothes of the judged. What is to be done? I will tell you: In the first place, I will deprive men of the foreknowledge of death, which they at present possess; that is a commission the execution of which I have already intrusted to Prometheus. In the second place, they shall be entirely stripped before they are judged, for they shall be judged when they are dead: and the judge too shall be naked, that is to say, dead; he with his naked soul shall pierce into the other naked soul as soon as each man dies, he knows not when, and is deprived of his kindred, and hath left his brave attire in

the world above: and then judgment will be just. I knew all about this before you did, and therefore I have made my sons judges: two from Asia,— Minos and Rhadamanthus; and one from Europe,— Æacus. And these, when they are dead, shall judge in the meadow where three ways meet, and out of which two roads lead: one to the islands of the blessed, and the other to Tartarus. Rhadamanthus shall judge those who come from Asia, and Æacus those who come from Europe. And to Minos I shall give the primacy, and he shall hold a court of appeal in case either of the two others are in doubt: in this way the judgment respecting the last journey of men will be as just as possible."

This is a tale, Callicles, which I have heard and believed, and from which I draw the following inferences: Death, if I am right, is in the first place the separation from one another of two things, soul and body; this, and nothing else. And after they are separated they retain their several characteristics, which are much the same as in life; the body has the same nature and ways and affections, all clearly discernible. For example, he who by nature or training or both was a tall man while he was alive, will remain as he was after he is dead, and the fat man will remain fat, and so on; and the dead man who in life has a fancy to have flowing hair, will have flowing hair. And if he was marked with the whip and had the prints of the scourge or of wounds in him when he was alive, you might see the same in the dead body; and if his limbs were broken or misshapen when he was alive, the same appearance would be visible in the dead. And in a word, whatever was the habit of the body during life would be distinguishable after death, either perfectly, or in a great measure and for a time. And I should infer that this is equally true of the soul, Callicles: when a man is stripped of the body, all the natural or acquired affections of the soul are laid open to view. And when they come to the judge, as those from Asia came to Rhadamanthus, he places them near him and inspects them quite impartially, not knowing whose the soul is: perhaps he may lay hands on the soul of the great king, or of some other king or potentate, who has no soundness in him; but his soul is marked with the whip, and is full of the prints and scars of perjuries, and of wrongs which have been plastered into him by each action, and he is all crooked with falsehood and imposture, and has no straightness, because he has lived without

truth. Him Rhadamanthus beholds, full of deformity and disproportion, which is caused by license and luxury and insolence and incontinence, and dispatches him ignominiously to his prison, and there he undergoes the punishment which he deserves.

Now the proper office of punishment is twofold: he who is rightly punished ought either to become better and profit by it, or he ought to be made an example to his fellows, that they may see what he suffers, and fear and become better. Those who are punished by gods and men, and improved, are those whose sins are curable: still the way of improving them, as in this world so also in another, is by pain and suffering; for there is no other way in which they can be delivered from their evil. But they who have been guilty of the worst crimes, and are incurable by reason of their crimes, are made examples; for, as they are incurable, the time has passed at which they can receive any benefit themselves. But others get good when they behold them forever enduring the most terrible and painful and fearful sufferings as the penalty of their sins; there they are, hanging up as examples, in the prison-house of the world below,—a spectacle and a warning to all unrighteous men who come thither. And most of those fearful examples, as I believe, are taken from the class of tyrants and kings and potentates and public men; for they are the authors of the greatest and most impious crimes, because they have the power. And Homer witnesses to the truth of this; for those whom he has described as suffering everlasting punishment in the world below are always kings and potentates;—there are Tantalus, and Sisyphus, and Tityus. But no one ever described Thersites, or any private person who was a villain, as suffering everlasting punishment because he was incurable. For to do as they did was, as I am inclined to think, not in his power; and he was happier than those who had the power. Yes, Callicles, the very bad men come from the class of those who have power. And yet, in that very class there may arise good men, and worthy of all admiration they are; for where there is great power to do wrong, to live and die justly is a hard thing, and greatly to be praised, and few there are who attain this. Such good and true men, however, there have been, and will be again, in this and other States, who have fulfilled their trust righteously; and there is one who is quite famous all over Hellas,—Aristides the son of Lysimachus. But in general, great men are also bad, my friend.

And as I was saying, Rhadamanthus, when he gets a soul of this kind, knows nothing about him, neither who he is nor who his parents are: he knows only that he has got hold of a villain; and seeing this, he stamps him as curable or incurable, and sends him away to Tartarus, whither he goes and receives his recompense. Or again, he looks with admiration on the soul of some just one who has lived in holiness and truth: he may have been a private man or not; and I should say, Callicles, that he is most likely to have been a philosopher who has done his own work, and not troubled himself with the doings of other men in his lifetime: him Rhadamanthus sends to the islands of the blest. Æacus does the same; and they both have sceptres, and judge; and Minos is seated, looking on, as Odysseus in Homer declares that he saw him,—

«Holding a sceptre of gold, and giving laws to the dead.»

Now I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things; and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honors at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can; and when the time comes, to die. And to the utmost of my power, I exhort all other men to do the same. And in return for your exhortation of me, I exhort you also to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict. And I retort your reproach of me, and say that you will not be able to help yourself when the day of trial and judgment, of which I was speaking, comes upon you: you will go before the judge, the son of Ægina, and when you are in the hands of justice you will gape and your head will swim round, just as mine would in the courts of this world; and very likely some one will shamefully box you on the ears, and put upon you every sort of insult.

Perhaps this may appear to you to be only an old wife's tale, which you contemn. And there might be reason in your contemning such tales, if by searching we could find out anything better or truer: but now you see that you and Polus and Gorgias, who are the three wisest of the Greeks of our day, are not able to show that we ought to live any life which does not profit in another world as well as in this. And of all that has been said, nothing remains unshaken but the saying, that to do injustice is more to be avoided than to suffer injustice, and that the reality

and not the appearance of virtue is to be followed above all things, as well in public as in private life; and that when any one has been wrong in anything, he is to be chastised; and that the next best thing to a man being just is, that he should become just, and be chastised and punished; also that he should avoid all flattery of himself as well as of others, of the few as of the many; and rhetoric and any other art should be used by him, and all his actions should be done, always with a view to justice.

FROM THE ‹REPUBLIC›

[The figure of the cave.]

After this, I said, imagine the enlightenment or ignorance of our nature in a figure: Behold! human beings living in a sort of underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light, and reaching all across the den; they have been here from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them; for the chains are arranged in such a manner as to prevent them from turning their heads around. At a distance above and behind them the light of a fire is blazing, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have before them, over which they show the puppets.

I see, he said.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying vessels, which appear over the wall; also figures of men and animals, made of wood and stone and various materials; and some of the passengers, as you would expect, are talking, and some of them are silent?

That is a strange image, he said, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said: how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to talk with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy that the voice which they heard was that of a passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

There can be no question, I said, that the truth would be to them just nothing but the shadows of the images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see how they are released and cured of their folly. At first, when any one of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to go up and turn his neck round and walk and look at the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows: and then imagine some one saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now he is approaching real Being, and has a truer sight and vision of more real things,—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them,—will he not be in difficulty? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes, which will make him turn away to take refuge in the object of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

True, he said.

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast and forced into the presence of the sun himself, do you not think that he will be pained and irritated, and when he approaches the light he will have his eyes dazzled, and will not be able to see any of the realities which are now affirmed to be the truth?

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to get accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects

themselves; next he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars: and he will see the sky and the stars by night, better than the sun, or the light of the sun, by day?

Certainly.

And at last he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him as he is in his own proper place, and not in another; and he will contemplate his nature?

Certainly.

And after this he will reason that the sun is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would come to the other first and to this afterwards.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?

Certainly he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honors on those who were quickest to observe and remember and foretell which of the shadows went before, and which followed after, and which were together, do you think that he would care for such honors and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer,—

"Better be a poor man, and have a poor master,"

and endure anything, rather than to think and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than live after their manner.

Imagine once more, I said, that such a one, coming suddenly out of the sun, were to be replaced in his old situation: is he not certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

Very true, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who have never moved out of the den, during the time that his sight is weak, and before his eyes are steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he

went and down he comes without his eyes; and that there was no use in even thinking of ascending: and if any one tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender in the act, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This allegory, I said, you may now append to the previous argument: the prison is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, the ascent and vision of the things above you may truly regard as the upward progress of the soul into the intellectual world; that is my poor belief, to which, at your desire, I have given expression. Whether I am right or not, God only knows: but whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort; and when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and the lord of light in this world, and the source of truth and reason in the other: this is the first great cause, which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must behold.

I agree, he said, as far as I am able to understand you.

I should like to have your agreement in another matter, I said. For I would not have you marvel that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; but their souls are ever hastening into the upper world in which they desire to dwell: and this is very natural, if our allegory may be trusted.

Certainly, that is quite natural.

And is there anything surprising in one who passes from divine contemplations to human things, misbelieving himself in a ridiculous manner; if while his eyes are blinking and before he has become accustomed to the darkness visible, he is compelled to fight in courts of law, or in other places, about the images or shadows of images of justice, and is endeavoring to meet the conceptions of those who have never yet seen the absolute justice?

There is nothing surprising in that, he replied.

Any one who has common-sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes,—either from coming out of the light or from going into the light; which is true of the mind's eye quite as much as of the bodily eye: and he who remembers this when he sees the soul of any one whose vision is perplexed and weak, will not be

too ready to laugh; he will first ask whether that soul has come out of the brighter life, and is unable to see because unaccustomed to the dark, or having turned from darkness to the day is dazzled by excess of light. And then he will count the one happy in his condition and state of being, and he will pity the other; or if he have a mind to laugh at the soul which comes from below into the light, there will be more reason in this than in the laugh which greets the other from the den.

That, he said, is a very just remark.

But if this is true, then certain professors of education must be mistaken in saying that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like giving eyes to the blind.

Yes, that is what they say, he replied.

Whereas, I said, our argument shows that the power is already in the soul; and that as the eye cannot turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too, when the eye of the soul is turned round, the whole soul must be turned from the world of generation into that of Being, and become able to endure the sight of Being and of the brightest and best of Being,—that is to say, of the good.

Very true.

And this is conversion: and the art will be how to accomplish this as easily and completely as possible; not implanting eyes, for they exist already, but giving them a right direction, which they have not.

Yes, he said, that may be assumed.

And hence while the other qualities seem to be akin to the body, being infused by habit and exercise and not originally innate, the virtue of wisdom is part of a divine essence, and has a power which is everlasting; and by this conversion is rendered useful and profitable, and is also capable of becoming hurtful and useless.

FROM 'THE STATESMAN'

STRANGER—When we praise quickness and energy and acuteness, whether of mind or body or speech, we express our praise of the quality which we admire, by one word; and that one word is manliness or courage.

Young Socrates—How is that?

Stranger—We speak of an action as energetic and manly, quick and manly, or vigorous and manly; this is the common epithet which we apply to all persons of this class.

Young Socrates—True.

Stranger—And do we not often praise the quiet strain of action also?

Young Socrates—To be sure.

Stranger—And do we not then say the opposite of what we said of the other?

Young Socrates—How do you mean?

Stranger—In speaking of the mind, we say, How calm! How temperate! These are the terms in which we describe the working of the intellect; and again we speak of actions as deliberate and gentle, and of the voice as smooth and deep, and of all rhythmical movement and of music in general as having a proper solemnity. To all these we attribute not courage, but a name indicative of order.

Young Socrates—Very true.

Stranger—But when, on the other hand, either of these is out of place, the names of either are changed into terms of censure.

Young Socrates—How is that?

Stranger—Too great sharpness or quickness or hardness is termed violence or madness; too great slowness or gentleness is called cowardice or sluggishness: and we may observe that these qualities, and in general the temperance of one class of characters and the manliness of another, are arrayed as enemies on opposite sides, and do not mingle with one another in their respective actions; and if we pursue the inquiry, we shall find that the men who have these qualities are at variance with one another.

Young Socrates—How do you mean?

Stranger—In the instance which I mentioned, and very likely in many others, there are some things which they praise as being like themselves, and other things which they blame as belonging to the opposite characters; and out of this, many quarrels and occasions of quarrels arise among them.

Young Socrates—True.

Stranger—The difference between the two classes is amusing enough at times; but when affecting really important matters, becomes a most utterly hateful disorder in the State.

Young Socrates — What part of the State is thus affected?

Stranger — The whole course of life suffers from the disorder. For the orderly class are always ready to lead a peaceful life, and do their own business; this is their way of living with all men at home, and they are equally ready to keep the peace with foreign States. And on account of this fondness of theirs for peace, which is often out of season where their influence prevails, they become by degrees unwarlike, and bring up their young men to be like themselves; they are at the command of others: and hence in a few years they and their children and the whole city often pass imperceptibly from the condition of freemen into that of slaves.

Young Socrates — That is a hard, cruel fate.

Stranger — What now is the case with the more courageous natures? Are they not always inciting their country to go to war, owing to their excessive love of the military life? Their enemies are many and mighty; and if they do not ruin their cities, they enslave and subject them to their enemies.

Young Socrates — That, again, is true.

Stranger — Must we not admit, then, that these two classes are always in the greatest antipathy and antagonism to one another?

Young Socrates — We cannot deny that. . . .

Stranger — I want to know whether any constructive art will make any, even the smallest thing, out of bad and good materials indifferently, if this can be avoided? whether all art does not rather reject the bad as far as possible, and accept the good and fit materials, and out of these like and unlike elements gathering all into one, work out some form or idea?

Young Socrates — To be sure.

Stranger — Then the true natural art of statesmanship will never allow any State to be formed by a combination of good and bad men, if this can be avoided; but will begin by testing human natures in play, and after testing them, will intrust them to proper teachers who are her ministers: she will herself give orders and maintain authority,—like weaving, which continually gives orders and maintains authority over the carders and all the others who prepare the material for the work; showing to the subsidiary arts the works which she deems necessary for making the web.

Young Socrates — Quite true.

Stranger — In like manner, the royal science appears to me to be the mistress of all careful educators and instructors; and having this queenly power, will not allow any of them to train characters unsuited to the political constitution which she desires to create, but such as are suitable only. Other natures, which have no part in manliness and temperance or any other virtuous inclination, and from the necessity of an evil nature are violently carried away to godlessness and injustice and violence, she exterminates by death, and punishes them by exile and the greatest of disgraces.

Young Socrates — That is commonly said.

Stranger — But those who are wallowing in ignorance and baseness she bows under the yoke of slavery.

Young Socrates — Quite right.

Stranger — The rest of the citizens — of whom, if they have education, something noble may be made, and who are capable of social science — the kingly art blends and weaves together; taking on the one hand those whose natures tend rather to courage, which is the stronger element and may be regarded as the warp, and on the other hand those which incline to order and gentleness, and which are represented in the figure as spun thick and soft after the manner of the woof, — these, which are naturally opposed, she seeks to bind and weave together. . . This, then, according to our view, is the perfection of the web of political action. There is a direct intertexture of the brave and temperate natures, when the kingly science has drawn the two sorts of lives into communion by unanimity and kindness; and having completed the noblest and best of all webs of which a common life admits, and enveloping therein all other inhabitants of cities, whether slaves or freemen, binds them in one fabric and governs and presides over them, omitting no element of a city's happiness.

Young Socrates — You have completed, Stranger, a very perfect image of the King and of the Statesman.

[The preceding selections from the Dialogues are Professor Jowett's translations.]

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

(254?–184 B. C.)

BY GONZALEZ LODGE

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS, Rome's greatest comic poet, died in 184 B. C. According to the very meagre tradition recorded by Gellius, he was born at Sarsina in Umbria, but came as a young man to Rome. There he worked in a subordinate capacity with a theatrical troupe, and accumulated some money. He then engaged in foreign trade, but was unsuccessful, and therefore returned to Rome and worked in a mill. Here he produced three plays which were accepted by the ædiles; and from this time on he devoted himself, with the greatest success, to writing.

The number of his plays has been a matter of discussion since shortly after his death. His great popularity caused the work of other writers to be ascribed to him. Hence in Cicero's time, the great antiquarian Varro found it necessary to make a careful examination of the plays then circulating under the name of Plautus,—one hundred and thirty in number, according to some authorities. He found that twenty-one were acknowledged by all critics as genuine; and he himself decided that nineteen others were probably so. At the revival of learning, but eight comedies were known. Later however other manuscripts were discovered, giving twenty more or less complete plays; finally, in 1815, an important palimpsest of the fourth century A. D. was found, which showed fragments of still another. Hence it has generally been assumed that we have the twenty-one undisputed dramas referred to by Varro.

The most striking peculiarity of these plays is, that though written for Romans and in Latin, the plot and character are generally Attic, and the scene is usually Athens. This was due to the literary conditions at Rome. Until after the first Punic War, the life of Rome had been one long succession of wars for existence, during the latter period of which the Romans came into contact with Greek culture and civilization in Sicily and lower Italy. There had been no opportunity for a native literature to develop. That there were at hand the elements of one, which under normal circumstances might soon have shown a sturdy growth, we have abundant evidence; but when they found time to turn their attention to literature, it was found to be much easier to transfer the finished products of Greek

culture to Rome, than to develop the native product to suit a taste already grown critical from foreign contact.

The bloom of the New Comedy was just past in Greece, and the stage in Greek lands was still held by the masters of this school,—Menander, Philemon, and others. They portrayed with greater or less accuracy the rather ignoble social life of the period, sometimes descending to the coarseness of burlesque. Plautus had probably become familiar with such plays during his wandering youth, and he naturally turned to them for the inspiration of his maturer years.

Accordingly we cannot expect to find in Plautus's comedies a representation of the Roman life of the time. Their originals were Greek; and however much worked over, they remained Greek. Roman allusions and jokes, and some purely Roman features, were introduced, probably to lessen the jar on the Roman sensibility: but these were of minor importance; for it must be remembered that any criticism of the public life of Rome was vigorously repressed by a strict police censorship, and that only such Roman allusions would be tolerated as would cause laughter without ill-feeling. How far the plays as thus recast were still untrue to Roman life, we cannot decide; but they were probably much less realistic to the Romans than are French plays to us.

The chief interest centres about the young men. There are two principal types, which may be roughly called the good and the bad; but there are numerous variations in the individual characters. The minority are represented as brave, high-minded, and genial, cultured in manners, prudent and economical in habits; the majority are audacious or vacillating spendthrifts, moody and dissipated, living from hand to mouth. Frequently the contrast between the two types is made more striking by their juxtaposition in the same play. Almost all are in love, but are hindered from gaining possession of their loved ones by lack of money. Being still under the control of their fathers, they are without resources; and their expedients to raise money, and their success or misfortune in this pursuit of their loves, form the subject of the play. They are themselves more or less passive, the brunt of the work falling upon their slaves; but they are keenly interested in the slave's efforts, and follow his actions with the liveliest emotions. When the outlook is gloomy they threaten to leave home forever, or to destroy themselves; supplicating the slaves most abjectly, or threatening them with the direst punishments. When success seems assured they break out into violent transports, calling their slaves by the most endearing names, and often showing their gratitude by manumitting them. At other times they testify to the strength of their passion by lackadaisical soliloquies, and are in general "very hard to endure."

Opposed to these young men, who are still under their father's control, we have in several plays the braggart soldier. He is usually the rival most feared by the young men, for he has the money of which they are in such urgent need. He is usually portrayed with the bearing of a lion but the courage of a hare, always boasting of his prowess but ready to yield to the slightest display of force,—the type immortalized once for all in Falstaff. He is the victim of all the intrigues, and is invariably cheated out of both his money and his mistress.

The inamoratas of the young men are usually slave girls, who were originally free-born, but were either exposed or stolen in infancy, and have been brought up in low surroundings for immoral purposes. There is usually a genuine attachment between them and the young men; the desire of both is matrimony, which the young men hope to accomplish by purchasing the girls and manumitting them. Frequently their origin is discovered; they are acknowledged by delighted parents, who hasten to betroth them to their happy lovers. Sometimes however the women are much more debased, and the plays too coarse to be at all enjoyable.

The most important rôle is that of the slaves. These usually stand shoulder to shoulder with their young masters, and give them their loyal and constant support. Naturally they fall into two classes,—the honest and the dishonest. The former are few in numbers; and are either old slaves who have grown up in the family, and perhaps served as tutors for the children, or stupid country clowns, coarse in speech and habit, who serve mainly as foils to their unscrupulous fellows. The dishonest slaves are the life of the play, and ancient critics regarded their rôles as the most important. Their chief characteristics are an extraordinary boldness and skill in invention and trickery, with the most utter shamelessness in carrying out their plans. They help their young masters out of their difficulties, supply the necessary money, and at the same time furnish the broad humor so essential to comedy. Running the risk of the most condign punishment from the fathers, or others whom they have deceived, they preserve a careless coolness in the most trying circumstances, and almost always manage to secure a full and complete pardon, and often manumission at the end.

The lovers and their assisting slaves are often opposed by stern fathers. These are sordid and miserly elders, who have either accumulated a competence by severe toil or have married for money. In their youth they were dissipated, but they have no sympathy with their sons when they follow a similar course. They are therefore the objects of attack by the slaves, and are usually cheated out of the money needed. Their feeling towards their wives is one of

aversion and contempt, and they take delight in deceiving them. The wives in their turn are usually depicted as shrewish and unlovely, which may be for comic effect merely. The other class of fathers is more attractive. These are genial and mild, prudent and wise in council. They have frequently gained their wealth in foreign trade, and settled down to enjoy a quiet and dignified old age. They are their sons' confidants instead of enemies, and look kindly upon their youthful follies out of remembrance of their own youth.

Peculiar to Comedy are the Parasites. These are decayed gentlemen who live by their wits. They often attach themselves to some family, or young man, and assist the latter in his love intrigues. They are perpetually hungry, and during the most serious discussions their minds run continually upon the prospects of a dinner. They endure the most scornful snubs if they can get but the lowest seats at the feast. They are the perpetual objects of mockery, and their exaltation or depression when they are invited to a dinner or cheated of it furnish some of the liveliest scenes. The plots in which these and minor characters appear are somewhat stereotyped, and the motives are few and simple. But the most of the plays may be grouped roughly in four classes: those in which some particular type of character is portrayed; those which turn upon the recovery of children lost or stolen in infancy; plays of simple intrigue; and those which turn upon the impersonation of an individual or a pair of individuals by another.

The best of the first class is the 'Aulularia,' which gives us the fortunes and misfortunes of a miser who has discovered a pot of gold in his house, and imagines that every one knows it and has designs upon it. The 'Miles Gloriosus' portrays the braggart soldier, who is always boasting of his glorious deeds in war, and trying his fortune with the ladies,—with indifferent success. The most interesting example of the second class is the 'Rudens'; which, though faulty in construction, shows Plautus at his best, and is really of a high order. Of a lower order are the 'Curculio' and the 'Epidicus'; the latter of which, as Plautus tells us in another comedy, was his favorite drama. In these plays, opportunity is given for the liveliest play of feeling, and some of the scenes where the child is recognized are very pathetic. The most interesting example of the third class is the 'Trinummus.' An old man going abroad on a business venture has committed to the care of a faithful friend a sum of money, which in case of necessity shall be used to preserve his family, a son and daughter, from the excesses of the profligate son. The play records the devices of the friend to employ some of it as a dower for the daughter, without allowing the son to know that he has it in his possession. A parasite is accordingly hired for three nummi (shillings)

to act as messenger from the absent father; and he gives his name to the play. To the fourth class belong the three most important comedies: the 'Captives' and the 'Menæchmi,' abstracts of which follow; and the 'Amphitruo,' a tragicomedy, which is interesting as showing some tendency to burlesque the religious myths of the people. The play gives the story of how Jupiter and Mercury personated Amphitruo and his slave Sosia, for the purpose of beguiling Amphitruo's wife Alcmena.

Two of the best plays may be sketched in outline. We place first the 'Captives,' though the plot hardly justifies Lessing's extravagant praise of it as the best ever devised. At the outset we are informed that Philopolemus, only son of a certain Hegio, was some time previously captured in battle and made a slave in Elis; since which time Hegio has been buying war captives, with the hope that he might finally secure some Elean of quality with whom to effect an exchange for his son. The stage represents Hegio's court-yard. He, entering, informs us that he has recently made a purchase of important captives, two of whom he thinks may serve his purpose. After he retires, the two captives, Philocrates and his slave Tyndarus, are brought in, guarded, and lamenting their fate. They plan to personate each other, with the hope that Philocrates, if looked upon as the slave, may the easier escape. In the next scene Hegio learns from them that his son is actually in bondage to Philocrates's father, and the supposed Tyndarus (really the master, Philocrates) is sent away to negotiate an exchange. Subsequently Hegio introduces another of the captives, Aristophontes, who claims to have known Philocrates in Elis. He being brought face to face with the supposed Philocrates, immediately discloses the true state of affairs; and Hegio in a fury orders the now discovered Tyndarus to punishment. Later, Philocrates returns with Philopolemus; and in the ensuing explanation Tyndarus is discovered to be a long-lost son of Hegio, who was stolen when he was but four years old.

In the 'Menæchmi,' the prologist states that an old Syracusan merchant had two sons. Once on a business trip to Tarentum he took one of the boys, who strayed away in the crowd and was stolen. On his return the father was shipwrecked and drowned. The grandfather bestowed the name of the lost boy, Menæchmus, upon the surviving son at home. Long afterwards the son set out in search of his brother; and in the course of his travels arrived at Epidamnus, where the play opens. The first scene is an interview between a parasite and Menæchmus I. (the lost one), who gleefully explains how he has stolen his wife's cloak, and is going to bestow it upon Erotium, a courtesan. On the appearance of Erotium he presents the cloak, and bespeaks a dinner for himself and the parasite. In the next scene Menæchmus II. and his servant Messenio appear. Then follow

two amusing scenes, first with the cook who is to prepare the dinner, and later with Erotium; both think they are talking with Menæchmus I.: finally Menæchmus II. goes in with Erotium to dinner. Later the parasite appears, complaining that he has been detained and is afraid he has lost his dinner. Menæchmus II. comes out of Erotium's house with the cloak, which he is to take to a cleaner's to be cleaned. The parasite, thinking that he is Menæchmus I., attacks him for not waiting for him, and finally, in high dudgeon departs to inform the wife of her husband's doings. After Menæchmus II. leaves the stage, Menæchmus I. appears and is met by his angry wife, whom he tries to pacify by promising to return the cloak. After his departure Menæchmus II. enters with the cloak. He has an amusing discussion with the wife, and later with the wife's father, whom she has summoned in desperation. He finally gets rid of them by feigning madness; and the old man goes in search of a physician, while Menæchmus II. hurries away. Then Menæchmus I. enters, and is pounced upon by the physician and his attendants. He is rescued by Messenio, who has just entered in search of his master, Menæchmus II. In the final scene the two Menæchmi are brought face to face; and the kinship of the long-separated brothers is explained by Messenio, who is given his freedom for his services.

Certain of the plays were performed occasionally down to the close of the Republic, or even later. Indeed, Plautus remained a much read and appreciated author from the time of Varro and Cicero until the dark ages. The Christian fathers, especially Jerome, were very fond of him. At the Renaissance the newly discovered plays were eagerly caught up in Italy, and later in France and Germany. Translations were made; and great authors wrote plays based upon those of Plautus, of which a few may be mentioned: Molière's 'Amphitryon' was based upon the 'Amphitruo,' and the two together inspired Dryden's 'Amphitryon.' Molière's 'L'Avare' was an imitation of the 'Aulularia,' and it in turn inspired Shadwell's 'Miser' and Fielding's 'Miser.' The 'Captivi' was the basis of Ariosto's 'Suppositi' and of Rotrou's 'Les Captifs.' Ben Jonson's 'The Case is Altered' has scenes from the 'Aulularia' and 'Captivi.' To the Menæchmi must be referred Cecchi's 'Le Moglie,' Goldoni's 'I due Gemelli,' Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors,' and many others. The 'Miles Gloriosus' formed a favorite type; and we find traces of it in Dolce's 'Il Capitano,' Corneille's 'L'Illusion Comique,' Udall's 'Ralph Roister Doister,' and others. A careful study of Plautus's influence on modern literature may be found in Reinhardtstöttner's 'Spätere Bearbeitungen Plautinischer Lustspiele' (Leipzig, 1886).

By reason of the great difference between the archaic Latin of Plautus and the later classical Latin, the manuscript tradition soon became faulty and the text corrupt. During this century great

progress has been made in the reconstruction of the text, through the labors of many scholars, notably Ritschl and Studemund. Ritschl began a critical edition of Plautus as early as 1849. This was completed after his death by three of his pupils,—Goetz, Schoell, and Loewe,—the last part appearing in 1894. This edition has a marvelously complete apparatus criticus, but the text is marred by many violent emendations and arbitrary changes. Two of the same editors, Goetz and Schoell, have since published a complete text in the Teubner series (Leipzig, 1893–95); but this edition is as conservative as the larger one is radical, and the text has been left incomprehensible in many places through despair of certain emendation. The best text for practical use is that of Leo (Berlin, 1895–96). No adequate English translation of the whole of Plautus has appeared. That of Thornton, published in the last century, in blank verse, follows a poor text, and that by Riley in the Bohn collection has no merit but that of literalness. In 1893 appeared the first volume of a new translation in the original metres by Sugden, comprising the Amphitruo, Asinaria, Aulularia, Bacchides, and Captivi. The editor has taken surprising liberties, not merely expurgating his text, but actually «correcting» the plots.

Gonzalez Lodge

[The citations from Plautus are translated for the 'Library' by William C. Lawton.]

FROM 'MILES GLORIOSUS' (THE BRAGGART SOLDIER)

[The soldier himself opens the play, coming forth from his house, which, with a neighbor's, forms the back of the scene. He is attended by his Falstaffian retinue, and also by his especial flatterer and shadow Artotrogus,—«Breadeater.» The pompous veteran has the first word.]

PYRGOPOLINICES.—See to it that more splendid be my shield,
Than the sun's rays are when the day is bright;
So when there's need, in battle's close array
Its sheen may blind the eyes of enemies.
And this my cutlass I would comfort too,
That it be not downhearted, nor lament
That it is worn so long in idleness,
Though sadly bent on massacre of foes!—
But where is Artotrogus?

Artotrogus [*promptly*]— Here, beside
The man so valiant, kingly, fortunate,
Mars might not such a warrior call himself,
Nor dare to match your valor with his own!

Pyrgopolinices—
That one I saved on the Curculionian plains,
When Búmbomáchides Clýtomestóridysárchides,
Grandson of Neptune, was commander-in-chief—

Artotrogus—
I remember. He, you mean, in arms of gold,
Whose legions with your breath you puffed away,
As wind doth leaves and rushes good for thatch.

Pyrgopolinices—
Why, that is nothing!

[And the complacent warrior goes striding, with nodding helmet-plumes and waving locks, up and down the stage; so that the weary flatterer, beginning his return compliment, presently has an instant to tell *us* of the audience —behind his hand—something of his real opinions.]

Artotrogus— So forsooth it is,
To deeds I'll tell— [*Aside*] which you did never do!
If you can find a more mendacious man,
Or one more boastful than this fellow is,
Take me and hold me for your chattel, then!
Just one thing: olive salad he *can* bolt!

Pyrgopolinices [*turning*]—
Where are you?

[The parasite pretends he has been all the time cataloguing the hero's exploits:—]

Artotrogus— Here!—Then, there's that elephant:
How with a fisticuff you broke his arm!

Pyrgopolinices—
What's that? his arm?

Artotrogus— His thigh I meant, of course.

Pyrgopolinices—
I didn't try to strike.

Artotrogus— No! If you had,
With effort, through the creature's hide and heart
And through his bones your arm had made its way.

Pyrgopolinices [*modestly*]—
That doesn't matter.

Artotrogus— No, 'tis not worth while
For me to tell, who know your valorous deeds,

[*Aside*]—
My belly makes this misery; and my ears
Must hearken, lest my teeth have naught to do.
To every lie he tells I must assent!

Pyrgopolinices—
What am I saying?

Artotrogus— I know what you would say:
I remember, it happened.

Pyrgopolinices— What?

Artotrogus [*rather wearily*]— Whatever it is.

Pyrgopolinices [*more sharply*]—
You remember—?

Artotrogus [*rapidly*]— Yes, a hundred in Cilicia,
And fifty, a hundred in Scytholatronia,
Thirty from Sardis, sixty Macedonians,—
All of them in a single day you slew.

Pyrgopolinices—
What is the grand sum total?

Artotrogus— Seven thousand!

Pyrgopolinices [*complacently*]—
So many should it be. You reckon well.

Artotrogus—
I have no records,—I remember it so.

Pyrgopolinices—
Your memory's good.

Artotrogus— The tidbits prompt me aright!

Pyrgopolinices—
While you shall play your part as you do now,
Table companion will I hold you still.

Artotrogus—
What! In Cappadocia, at a single blow
You had slain five hundred! But—your sword was dull.

Pyrgopolinices—
Poor wretched infantry, I let them live.

Artotrogus—
Why say what all men know, that on the earth
You only, Pyrgopolinices, live
In valor, beauty, deeds, unconqueredest?
All women love you,—and good reason too,
You are *so* handsome. Like those yesterday
That plucked my cloak.

Pyrgopolinices [*eagerly*]— What did they say to you?

Artotrogus—
They asked me: "Is this Achilles?" so said one.

"Yes, 'tis his brother," said I. Then the other:
"Well, he *is* handsome, surely," so she said,
"And noble. See how well his hair becomes him!
Happy the women are with whom he wives!"

Pyrgopolinices—
Did they say so?

Artotrogus— Why, yes! Both made me swear
To-day I'd bring you in procession by.

Pyrgopolinices [*pensively*]—
To be *too* handsome is a piteous thing!

Artotrogus—
It bores *me!* For they pray and crowd and beg,
So that I cannot get your business done.

[A movement of the soldier at this word "business" gives the quick-witted flatterer his cue.]

Pyrgopolinices—
Have you—

Artotrogus— You mean your tablets? Yes, and pen.

Pyrgopolinices—
You give your mind to mine right wittily.

Artotrogus—
'Tis fit that I should know your nature well,
And try to scent out that which you desire.

Pyrgopolinices—
'Tis time, methinks, to hasten to the Forum;
For there must I bestow their wage upon
The hirelings I enlisted yesterday.
For King Seleucus begged me earnestly,
To gather and enroll him mercenaries.

Artotrogus—
Why, then, let's go.

Pyrgopolinices— Attendants, follow me!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[The prologue, rather singularly, is now spoken, at the opening of the second act. It may be interesting to cite a few lines, though its literary merit is small.]

Palæstrio [*a slave, appearing from the soldier's house, as Prologue*]—
This argument I'll tell you courteously,
If you to listen will be mannerly.
Who will not listen, let him up and go,
So making room for one disposed to hear.
This comedy we are about to play,

For sake of which you sit so festive there,—
Its argument and name I'll tell to you.
'Alazon' is the drama's name in Greek,
And Braggadocio is our word for it. . . .
This's Ephesus. Yon soldier is my master,
Who went thence townward; boastful, insolent,
Filthy, and full of crapulence and lies.
He says the women chase him all unsought.
A laughing-stock he is, where he appears.
So, while with mocking lips they lead him on,
Most of the girls you'll see with mouths awry!

[The last line is perhaps a random jest aimed at the extravagant comic masks. If so, it is an indication of post-Plautine date. One of the most interesting prologues, that of the 'Casina,' was certainly composed for a late revival of a remarkably coarse and brutal play. A few examples of these prologues may be instructive.]

PROLOGUE OF 'CASINA'

The men who drink old wine I count as wise,
And those that gladly hear an ancient play.
Since antique words and phrases please you well,
An old-time drama should delight you more.
For the new comedies that now appear
Are even more debased than these new coins.
Now we have hearkened to the people's cry,
That you desire to hear the Plautine plays,
And so bring out this ancient comedy,
Which you approved;—that is, you elder men:
The younger sort, I am sure, have known it not;
But that you may, we earnestly shall strive.
All dramas it surpassed, when acted first.
The flower of poets still were living then,
Though now departed whither all must pass,—
In absence helpful still to those that are.
And with full earnestness we beg you all
Kindly to give attention to our troop.
Cast from your minds your cares and debts away.
Let no one stand in terror of his dun.
'Tis holiday. The banks keep holiday.
'Tis peace! The forum has its halcyon days.

PROLOGUE OF 'TRINUMMUS'

Enter Two Female Figures

MOTHER — Follow, my daughter, to fulfill your task.
Daughter — I follow, ignorant what the end may be.
Mother — 'Tis here: lo, yonder house; go straightway in.
[*Exit daughter.*

[*To the audience*] —
Now, lest you err, I'll give you guidance brief,—
At least if you will promise to attend.
Who then I am, and she who passed from here
Within, if you but hearken, I will tell.
First, Plautus made my name Extravagance,
And called my daughter yonder, Poverty.
But why impelled by me she entered there,
Hearken and lend your ears while I explain.
A certain youth, who in that house abides,
Has squandered, with my aid, his heritage.
And seeing he can no longer nourish me,
I have given my daughter to abide with him.—
Do not expect the argument of our play.
The old men coming yonder will make clear
The story. In Greek, 'Thesaurus' was it called.
Philemon wrote it. Plautus rendering it
In barbarous speech, called it 'Trinummus': now
He begs the drama may retain the name.
That's all. Farewell. In silence now attend.

[As these characters do not appear again, Plautus «made their names» here only. That is, this passage claims at least to be from the dramatist's own hand.]

PROLOGUE OF 'RUDENS'

Arcturus speaks, as Prologue

WITH him who moves all races, seas, and lands,
In the celestial city I abide.
Such am I as you see,—a glorious star
That rises ever at the fitting time,
Here and in heaven. Arcturus is my name.
Shining by night in heaven amid the gods,
By day I walk on earth among mankind.
And other stars to earth from heaven descend:

Jupiter, ruler over gods and men,
Among the several nations sends us forth,
To know the deeds, ways, piety, and faith
Of men, according to the means of each.

[Such poetic passages are rare. Equally characteristic of Roman comedy are the Epilogues. We give two very brief examples, illustrating the two extremes of moral pretentiousness.]

EPILOGUE OF THE 'CAPTIVES'

THIS our comedy, spectators, is for honest morals made.
No love-making is there in it, nor a love intrigue at all.
No false fathering of children, nor embezzlement of money.
Rarely do the poets fashion such a comedy as this,
Where the good are rendered better. . . .

EPILOGUE OF THE 'ASINARIA'

IF BEHIND his goodwife's back this old man had a little fun,
Nothing new or strange he did, nor different from the common run!
If you wish to beg him off and save him from his cudgeling,
This by loud applause you'll have no trouble in accomplishing.

[A few miscellaneous passages will indicate the various tones struck in these rollicking comedies. Of course we rarely know how much is translation from the Greek, how much original invention.]

BUSYBODIES

WHO, knowing nothing, claim to know it all.
What each intends, or will intend, they know.
What in the queen's ear the king said, they know.
They know what Juno chatted of with Jove.
What never was or is,—they know it, though!

UNPOPULARITY OF TRAGEDY

Mercury speaks, in the Prologue of the 'Amphitruo'

THE plot of this our tragedy next I'll tell—
Why did you knit your brows? Because I said
'Twould be a tragedy? I'm a god, I'll change it.
From tragedy I'll make it, if you will,
A comedy,—with every verse the same.
Will you, or not?—Why! stupid that I am,
As if, a god, I knew not your desire!
Upon this point I understand your minds.
I'll make a mixture, tragicomedy.

MIXTURE OF GREEK AND ROMAN MANNERS

From Prologue to 'Casina'

SOME here, methinks, will say among themselves,
"Prithee, what's this? A wedding among slaves?
A strange thing this to play, that's nowhere done!"
I say, in Carthage this *is* done, and Greece,
And of our country, in Apulia too.
Yes, servile marriages more carefully
Are celebrated than a freeman's there.

REWARDS OF HEROISM

[From the 'Captives.' Tyndarus, a slave, captured in war with the young master who has been his lifelong comrade, exchanges name and station with him, and the supposed slave has been sent off to secure the ransom. The trick has just been discovered and acknowledged.]

HEGIO— To your own utter misery this was done.
Tyndarus—Since for no sin I fall, little I reck.
If he who promised comes not, and I die,
This will be counted honor still, in death,
That I from servitude and hostile hands
Restored my master to his home and father;
And here I rather chose to put my life
In peril, than that he should be destroyed.
Hegio—Enjoy that glory, then, in Acheron!

Tyndarus—

I saved my lord; I exult that he is free,
Whom my old master trusted to my charge:
This you account ill done?

Hegio— Most wickedly.

Tyndarus—

But I, opposing you, say—righteously:
Bethink you, if a slave of yours had wrought
For *your* son this, what thanks you'd render him.
Would you release him from his servitude?
Would he be in your eyes a slave most dear?
Answer.

Hegio— I think so.

Tyndarus— Why then wroth at me?

[In one note of sad defiance we seem to hear an echo of Antigone's voice: it occurs a little later in the same scene.]

Beyond my death no ill have I to fear.
And though I live to utmost age, the time
Of suffering what you threaten still is brief.

FISHERMEN'S LUCK

[This passage is of unique interest as the one notable choral ode in Plautus. Its dramatic purpose is not very evident; and indeed, the fishermen do little more than add «local color» to the scene of shipwreck.]

Most wretched in every way is the life of men that are poverty-stricken;
And especially those who have learnt no trade, who are destitute of employment.
Whatever they happen to have in the house, they perforce therewith are contented.
But as for ourselves, how wealthy we are you may judge pretty well from our costume.
These hooks that you see, and bamboo poles, are our means for attaining a living;
And every day from the city we come to secure a subsistence hither.
Instead of gymnastics and boyish games, this toil is our exercise only.
Sea-urchins and limpets we strive to secure, with oysters and scallops and cockles;
The nettles as well, in the sea that dwell, and the striped crabs and the mussels.

And among the rocks after that with our hooks and lines we go
a-fishing,
To capture our food from out of the sea. But if no luck is our por-
tion,
And we catch no fish, then, salted ourselves, well drenched in the
briny water,
To our homes we go, and slink out of sight, and to bed without any
supper.
And unless we have eaten the cockles we caught, our dinner has
been no better.

[Lastly, we may echo the epitaph, in rather awkward hexameters, which is said to have been composed by Plautus on himself. Gellius, who transmits it, evidently doubts its authenticity, but cites it on the high authority of Varro:—]

SINCE he has passed to the grave, for Plautus Comedy sorrows;
Now is the stage deserted; and Play, and Jesting, and Laughter,
Dirges, though written in numbers yet numberless, join in la-
menting.

PLINY THE ELDER

(23–79 A. D.)

WHILE the younger Pliny wins his place in literature chiefly by his refined taste and fastidious sense of form, these traits are so lacking in the uncle that his ponderous Cyclopædia of Natural Sciences stands almost like a massive bowlder beside the cultivated field of *belles-lettres*. It is indeed a sufficient proof of life-long industry; but Pliny was not, like Humboldt, himself a master of many sciences. He had, in numberless passages, not even sufficient critical intelligence to translate or summarize correctly his learned authorities. So while there are a thousand subjects on which we appeal to him as our sole authority, our gratitude is usually querulous,—as gratitude, indeed, too often is! Yet the courage, sincerity, and energy of the man are rarely equaled.

PLINY THE ELDER

Caius Plinius Secundus was a native of Cisalpine Gaul; probably of Como, where the family estates certainly lay. He rose to high favor at court under the Flavian emperors,—having been in fact an old fellow-soldier of Vespasian before that sturdy veteran's elevation to the throne,—and ended his days as admiral of the fleet at Misenum, as is so thrillingly related in a famous letter of his nephew cited in the next article. We are indebted to the same filial hand for an account of the elder scholar's methods of research.

«He had a quick apprehension, marvelous power of application, and was of an exceedingly wakeful temperament. He always began to study at midnight at the time of the feast of Vulcan, not for the sake of good luck, but for learning's sake; in winter generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at twelve. He was a most ready sleeper, insomuch that he would sometimes, whilst in the midst of his studies, fall off and then wake up again. Before daybreak he used to wait upon Vespasian (who also used his nights for transacting business), and then proceed to execute the orders he had received. As soon as he returned home, he gave what time was left to

study. After a short and light refreshment at noon (agreeably to the good old custom of our ancestors), he would frequently in the summer, if he was disengaged from business, lie down and bask in the sun: during which time some author was read to him, while he took notes and made extracts,—for every book he read he made extracts out of; indeed, it was a maxim of his that 'no book was so bad but some good might be got out of it.' When this was over, he generally took a cold bath, then some slight refreshment and a little nap. After this, as if it had been a new day, he studied till supper-time, when a book was again read to him, which he would take down running notes upon. I remember once, his reader having mispronounced a word, one of my uncle's friends at the table made him go back to where the word was and repeat it again; upon which my uncle said to his friend, 'Surely you understood it?' Upon his acknowledging that he did, 'Why then,' said he, 'did you make him go back again? We have lost more than ten lines by this interruption.' Such an economist he was of time! In the summer he used to rise from supper at daylight, and in winter as soon as it was dark: a rule he observed as strictly as if it had been a law of the State.

«Such was his manner of life amid the bustle and turmoil of the town; but in the country his whole time was devoted to study, excepting only when he bathed. In this exception I include no more than the time during which he was actually in the bath; for all the while he was being rubbed and wiped, he was employed either in hearing some book read to him or in dictating himself. In going about anywhere, as though he were disengaged from all other business, he applied his mind wholly to that single pursuit. A short-hand writer constantly attended him, with book and tablets, who in the winter wore a particular sort of warm gloves, that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption to my uncle's studies; and for the same reason, when in Rome, he was always carried in a chair. I recollect his once taking me to task for walking. 'You need not,' he said, 'lose those hours.' For he thought every hour gone that was not given to study. Through this extraordinary application he found time to compose the several treatises I have mentioned; besides one hundred and sixty volumes of extracts, which he left me in his will, consisting of a kind of commonplace, written on both sides in very small hand,—so that one might fairly reckon the number considerably more. He used himself to tell us that when he was comptroller of the revenue in Spain, he could have sold these manuscripts to Largius Licinus for four hundred thousand sesterces, and then there were not so many of them. When you consider the books he has read, and the volumes he has written, are you not inclined to suspect that he never was engaged in public duties or was ever in the confidence of his prince? On the other hand, when you are told how indefatigable he was in his studies, are you not inclined to wonder that he read and wrote no more than he did?»

The mass of citations just mentioned was evidently in great part utilized for the 'Historia Naturalis,' or Cyclopædia. This great work was provisionally completed, and presented to the prince-regent Titus, in 77 A. D. The dedication is fulsome, and written in a style utterly inferior to his younger kinsman's. The body of the work

varies in manner with the subject and the source of the citations, but our chief quarrel with it is for ambiguous — or even nonsensical — statements on important questions of fact.

The arrangement is sufficiently logical. After a general description of the universe (Book ii.), there follows Geography (Books iii.–vi.), Anthropology (vii.), Zoölogy (viii.–xi.), Botany (xii.–xxvii.), and Mineralogy (xxxiii.–xxxvii.). Under Botany a digression of eight books (xx.–xxvii.) deals with the medicinal uses of plants; and thereupon follows, somewhat out of place (xxviii.–xxxii.), an account of curatives derived from the animal world. Under Mineralogy the largest and most important sections deal with the uses of metals, pigments, and stones,—*i. e.*, with the history of the Fine Arts. Besides the introductory book, on the scope of his work and his sources of information, Pliny prefixes to each subsection a list of his authorities. These foot up nearly five hundred writers, more than two thirds of them in Greek. It is evident, however, that many, if not most, were cited at second or third hand from manuals, epitomes, etc.

Pliny's labors upon his Cyclopædia were apparently continued to the last. In the form we now have it, the book has probably been edited — not very critically — by the nephew after the uncle's death.

Pliny's work influenced later antiquity powerfully, and has been transmitted in many MSS. The most accessible edition is by Detlefson (Berlin, 1866–73) in six volumes. The Bohn translation (also in six volumes) is fairly good, and is abundantly supplied with learned and somewhat discursive foot-notes.

Our admiration for Pliny's iron energy increases to astonishment over the catalogue of his lost works. Of these the most important was perhaps the history of his own times, in thirty-one books; which was however soon eclipsed by Tacitus's masterpiece, and passed into oblivion. The wars in Germany were also treated in twenty books, doubtful points of grammar in eight, the life of his friend Pomponius Secundus in two, the art of oratory in three, and the hurling of the javelin from horseback apparently in one.

But even the catalogue grows exhausting!

INTRODUCTION TO LITHOLOGY

From the 'Natural History'

IT NOW remains for us to speak of stones, or in other words, the leading folly of the day; to say nothing at all of our taste for gems and amber, crystal and murrhine vases. For everything of which we have previously treated, down to the

present book, may, by some possibility or other, have the appearance of having been created for the sake of man: but as to the mountains, Nature has made those for herself, as a kind of bulwark for keeping together the bowels of the earth; as also for the purpose of curbing the violence of the rivers, of breaking the waves of the sea, and so, by opposing to them the very hardest of her materials, putting a check upon those elements which are never at rest. And yet we must hew down these mountains, forsooth, and carry them off; and this for no other reason than to gratify our luxurious inclinations: heights which in former days it was reckoned a miracle even to have crossed!

Our forefathers regarded as a prodigy the passage of the Alps, first by Hannibal, and more recently by the Cimbri; but at the present day, these very mountains are cut asunder to yield us a thousand different marbles, promontories are thrown open to the sea, and the face of nature is being everywhere reduced to a level. We now carry away the barriers that were destined for the separation of one nation from another; we construct ships for the transport of our marbles; and amid the waves, the most boisterous element of nature, we convey the summits of the mountains to and fro: a thing, however, that is even less pardonable than to go on the search amid the regions of the clouds for vessels with which to cool our draughts, and to excavate rocks towering to the very heavens in order that we may have the satisfaction of drinking from ice! Let each reflect, when he hears of the high prices set upon these things, when he sees these ponderous masses carted and carried away, how many there are whose life is passed far more happily without them. For what utility or for what so-called pleasure do mortals make themselves the agents, or more truly speaking the victims, of such undertakings, except in order that others may take their repose in the midst of variegated stones? Just as though, too, the shades of night, which occupy one half of each man's existence, would forbear to curtail these imaginary delights.

Indeed, while making these reflections, one cannot but feel ashamed of the men of ancient times even. There are still in existence censorial laws, which forbid the kernels in the neck of swine to be served at table; dormice too, and other things too trifling to mention: and yet there has been no law passed forbidding marble to be imported, or the seas to be traversed in search of it!

It may possibly be observed that this was because marble was not then introduced. Such however is not the fact: for in the ædileship of M. Scaurus, three hundred and sixty columns were to be seen imported; for the decorations of a temporary theatre, too,—one that was destined to be in use for barely a single month. And yet the laws were silent thereon; in a spirit of indulgence for the amusements of the public, no doubt. But then, why such indulgence? or how do vices more insidiously steal upon us than under the plea of serving the public? By what other way, in fact, did ivory, gold, and precious stones, first come into use with private individuals?

Can we say that there is now anything that we have reserved for the exclusive use of the gods? However, be it so, let us admit of this indulgence for the amusements of the public; but still, why did the laws maintain their silence when the largest of these columns, pillars of Lucullan marble, as much as eight-and-thirty feet in height, were erected in the atrium of Scaurus? a thing, too, that was not done privately or in secret; for the contractor for the public sewers compelled him to give security for the possible damage that might be done in the carriage of them to the Palatium. When so bad an example as this was set, would it not have been advisable to take some precautions for the preservation of the public morals? And yet the laws still preserved their silence, when such enormous masses as these were being carried past the earthenware pediments of the temples of the gods, to the house of a private individual!

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS

From the 'Natural History'

Apelles

A circumstance that happened to him in connection with Protogenes is worthy of notice. The latter was living at Rhodes, when Apelles disembarked there, desirous of seeing the works of a man whom he had hitherto only known by reputation. Accordingly, he repaired at once to the studio; Protogenes was not at home, but there happened to be a large panel upon the easel ready for painting, with an old woman who was left in

charge. To his inquiries she made answer that Protogenes was not at home; and then asked whom she should name as the visitor. "Here he is," was the reply of Apelles; and seizing a brush, he traced with color upon the panel an outline of a singularly minute fineness. Upon his return the old woman mentioned to Protogenes what had happened. The artist, it is said, upon remarking the delicacy of the touch, instantly exclaimed that Apelles must have been the visitor, for that no other person was capable of executing anything so exquisitely perfect. So saying, he traced within the same outline a still finer outline, but with another color; and then took his departure, with instructions to the woman to show it to the stranger if he returned, and to let him know that this was the person whom he had come to see. It happened as he anticipated,—Apelles returned; and vexed at finding himself thus surpassed, he took up another color and split both of the outlines, leaving no possibility of anything finer being executed. Upon seeing this, Protogenes admitted that he was defeated, and at once flew to the harbor to look for his guest. He thought proper, too, to transmit the panel to posterity, just as it was; and it always continued to be held in the highest admiration by all,—artists in particular. I am told that it was burnt in the first fire which took place at Cæsar's palace on the Palatine Hill; but in former times I have often stopped to admire it. Upon its vast surface it contained nothing whatever except the three outlines, so remarkably fine as to escape the sight: among the most elaborate works of numerous other artists it had all the appearance of a blank space; and yet by that very fact it attracted the notice of every one, and was held in higher estimation than any other painting there.

It was a custom with Apelles, to which he most tenaciously adhered, never to let any day pass, however busy he might be, without exercising himself by tracing some outline or other; a practice which has now passed into a proverb. It was also a practice with him, when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in some exposed place; while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms that were passed upon it: it being his opinion that the judgment of the public was preferable to his own, as being the more discerning of the two. It was under these circumstances, they say, that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the

shoes with one shoe-string too little. The next day, the shoemaker, quite proud at seeing the former error corrected, thanks to his advice, began to criticize the leg; upon which Apelles, full of indignation, popped his head out, and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes,—a piece of advice which has equally passed into a proverbial saying. In fact, Apelles was a person of great amenity of manners,—a circumstance which rendered him particularly agreeable to Alexander the Great, who would often come to his studio. He had forbidden himself by public edict, as already stated, to be represented by any other artist. On one occasion, however, when the prince was in his studio, talking a great deal about painting without knowing anything about it, Apelles quietly begged that he would quit the subject, telling him that he would get laughed at by the boys who were there grinding the colors: so great was the influence which he rightfully possessed over a monarch who was otherwise of an irascible temperament. And yet, irascible as he was, Alexander conferred upon him a very signal mark of the high estimation in which he held him: for having, in his admiration of her extraordinary beauty, engaged Apelles to paint Pancaste undraped,—the most beloved of all his concubines,—the artist while so engaged fell in love with her; upon which, Alexander, perceiving this to be the case, made him a present of her: thus showing himself, though a great king in courage, a still greater one in self-command,—this action redounding no less to his honor than any of his victories.

Praxiteles

Superior to all the statues not only of Praxiteles, but of any other artist that ever existed, is his Cnidian Venus; for the inspection of which, many persons before now have purposely undertaken a voyage to Cnidos. The artist made two statues of the goddess, and offered them both for sale: one of them was represented with drapery, and for this reason was preferred by the people of Cos, who had the choice; the second was offered them at the same price, but on the grounds of propriety and modesty they thought fit to choose the other. Upon this, the Cnidians purchased the rejected statue, and immensely superior has it always been held in general estimation. At a later period, King Nicomedes wished to purchase this statue the

Cnidians, and made them an offer to pay off the whole of their public debt, which was very large. They preferred, however, to submit to any extremity rather than part with it; and with good reason, for by this statue Praxiteles has perpetuated the glory of Cnidos. The little temple in which it is placed is open on all sides, so that the beauties of the statue admit of being seen from every point of view,—an arrangement which was favored by the goddess herself, it is generally believed.

Phidias

Among all nations which the fame of the Olympian Jupiter has reached, Phidias is looked upon, beyond all doubt, as the most famous of artists; but to let those who have never seen his works know how deservedly he is esteemed, we will take this opportunity of adducing a few slight proofs of the genius which he displayed. In doing this we shall not appeal to the beauty of his Olympian Jupiter, nor yet to the vast proportions of his Athenian Minerva, six-and-twenty cubits in height, and composed of ivory and gold: but it is to the shield of this last statue that we shall draw attention; upon the convex face of which he has chased a combat of the Amazons, while upon the concave side of it he has represented the battle between the gods and the giants. Upon the sandals, again, we see the wars of the Lapithæ and Centaurs; so careful has he been to fill every smallest portion of his work with some proof or other of his artistic skill. To the story chased upon the pedestal of the statue, the name of the 'Birth of Pandora' has been given; and the figures of new-born gods to be seen upon it are no less than twenty in number. The figure of Victory, in particular, is most admirable; and connoisseurs are greatly struck with the serpent and the sphinx in bronze lying beneath the point of the spear. Let thus much be said incidentally in reference to an artist who can never be sufficiently praised.

THE MOST PERFECT WORKS OF NATURE

Peroration to the 'Natural History'

HAVING now treated of all the works of Nature, it will be as well to take a sort of comparative view of her several productions, as well as of the countries which supply them. Throughout the whole earth, then, and wherever the vault of heaven extends, there is no country so beautiful, or which for the productions of nature merits so high a rank, as Italy, that ruler and second parent of the world; recommended as she is by her men, her women, her generals, her soldiers, her slaves, her superiority in the arts, and the illustrious examples of genius which she has produced. Her situation, too, is equally in her favor: the salubrity and mildness of her climate; the easy access which she offers to all nations; her coasts indented with so many harbors; the propitious breezes, too, that always prevail on her shores;—advantages, all of them due to her situation, lying as she does midway between the East and the West, and extended in the most favorable of all positions. Add to this the abundant supply of her waters, the salubrity of her groves, the repeated intersections of her mountain ranges, the comparative innocuousness of her wild animals, the fertility of her soil, and the singular richness of her pastures.

Whatever there is that the life of man ought not to feel in want of, is nowhere to be found in greater perfection than here; the cereals, for example, wine, oil, wool, flax, tissues, and oxen. As to horses, there are none I find preferred to those of Italy for the course; while for mines of gold, silver, copper, and iron, so long as it was deemed lawful to work them, Italy was held inferior to no country whatsoever. At the present day, teeming as she is with these treasures, she contents herself with lavishing upon us, as the whole of her bounties, her various liquids, and the numerous flavors yielded by her cereals and her fruits.

Next to Italy, if we except the fabulous regions of India, I would rank Spain, for my own part; those districts at least that lie in the vicinity of the sea. She is parched and sterile in one part, it is true; but where she is at all productive, she yields the cereals in abundance, oil, wine, horses, and metals of every kind. In all these respects, Gaul is her equal, no doubt; but Spain, on the other hand, outdoes the Gallic provinces in her spartium and

her specular stone, in the products of her desert tracts, in her pigments that minister to our luxuries, in the ardor displayed by her people in laborious employments, in the perfect training of her slaves, in the robustness of body of her men, and in their general resoluteness of character.

As to the productions themselves, the greatest value of all, among the products of the sea, is attached to pearls; of objects that lie upon the surface of the earth, it is crystals that are most highly esteemed; and of those derived from the interior, adamas, smaragdus, precious stones, and murrhine, are the things upon which the highest value is placed. The most costly things that are matured by the earth are the kermes-berry and laser; that are gathered from trees,—nard and Seric tissues; that are derived from the trunks of trees,—logs of citrus-wood; that are produced by shrubs,—cinnamon, cassia, and amomum; that are yielded by the juices of trees or of shrubs,—amber, opobalsamum, myrrh, and frankincense; that are found in the roots of trees,—the perfumes derived from costus. The most valuable products furnished by living animals on land are the teeth of elephants; by animals in the sea, tortoise-shell; by the coverings of animals, the skins which the Seres dye, and the substance gathered from the hair of the she-goats of Arabia, which we have spoken of under the name of "ladanum"; by creatures that are common to both land and sea, the purple of the murex. With reference to the birds, beyond plumes for warriors' helmets, and the grease that is derived from the geese of Commagene, I find no remarkable product mentioned. We must not omit, too, to observe that gold, for which there is such a mania with all mankind, hardly holds the tenth rank as an object of value, and silver, with which we purchase gold, hardly the twentieth!

Hail to thee, Nature, thou parent of all things! and do thou deign to show thy favor unto me, who, alone of all the citizens of Rome, have in thy every department thus made known thy praise.

PLINY THE YOUNGER

(CAIUS PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS)

(61–113? A. D.)

PUBLIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS, as he was at first named, was in his eighteenth year when his uncle and guardian, the elder Pliny, perished in the eruption of Vesuvius, 79 A. D., leaving his fortune and his name to his ward. The boy had been carefully educated by his mother, and his other guardian, the noble Verginius Rufus, whose virtues he afterwards commemorated in one of his epistles. Rich, well born, well educated, Pliny rapidly rose to eminence in his profession as advocate, pleading not only in the courts, but also having a part in important cases before the Senate. Not content with professional success, however, he revised and published his speeches, and aspired to be equally eminent as a man of letters; in this and other matters (as he was not ashamed to admit) following the example of Cicero. More than once his letters record the anxious care which he and his friends bestowed upon the elaboration of his orations; but nothing of them has survived save one show-piece, the so-called 'Panegyricus,' in praise of his friend and patron the Emperor Trajan. This is an ornate and labored production, which scarcely excites regret that the rest have perished. There were not wanting friends to tell him that his style was too daring, and Macrobius is probably quite correct in assigning him to the luxuriant and florid type of oratory.

PLINY THE YOUNGER

Pliny's advancement in office was equally rapid,—too rapid, perhaps, since he owed much of his early success to the hated Domitian. He was quæstor in 89, tribune 91, prætor 93, and subsequently filled important posts connected with the Treasury. It seems, indeed, to have been his unusual ability as a financier which commended him; but he is careful to inform us that after Domitian's death, papers were

found showing how narrowly Pliny had escaped the fate that overtook all virtue under that odious tyranny. In the year 100 his official career was crowned by an appointment as *consul suffectus* for the months of September and October; a consulship which he can hardly have enjoyed comparing with Cicero's. Some eleven years later he was sent as proconsul to the province of Pontus and Bithynia; and there, or shortly after his return to Rome, he seems to have died.

The nine books of 'Letters' on which his fame now rests were composed after the death of Domitian, and published at intervals from 97 to 109. A tenth book was subsequently added, containing his correspondence with Trajan while in his province, together with the Emperor's very business-like answers. In this last book occurs the famous letter concerning the Christians, probably the best-known passage in the entire collection. There can be little doubt that Pliny composed the vast majority of his epistles expressly for publication. It has been pointed out, for example, that only twice is any one of whom an unfavorable opinion is expressed, mentioned by name. Pliny, according to his own account, is the most gallant of husbands, the most amiable of friends; affectionate to all his relatives, generous to all his dependents, on the best of terms with all the world save Regulus;—and Regulus dies betimes. It is not hard for some readers of Pliny to vote him a prig, and to believe that his likeness to Cicero resides chiefly in his vanity and his weakness. And it is not easy for any one familiar with that period as depicted in the pages of Tacitus, Juvenal, and Suetonius, to recognize it when viewed from Pliny's standpoint. So much amiability in the writer, so much virtue in his friends, seem a trifle suspicious. But it would be unjust to consider Pliny a mere *poseur*,—a deliberate flatterer of himself or of his age. Amiable, clever, cultured, successful, he was disposed to look upon the bright side of men and things. He too had lived through the Reign of Terror, and can tell gloomy tales of men's baseness. But it is much to his credit that he prefers to record the good that survived to a happier epoch. Virtuous men and women, loyal friends, domestic happiness, were still to be found in Rome; and the many charming pictures drawn by Pliny are doubtless as free from exaggeration as the gloomy scenes painted by the more skillful brushes of his greater contemporaries.

While there is some attempt to observe chronological order in the arrangement of the letters, it is evident that the author has tried to heighten their attractiveness by varying his topics. With few exceptions each letter discusses but one subject, and the diction bears every mark of labored simplicity. The correspondence thus lacks that spontaneity and unconscious ease which are universally felt to

be the highest charm of letter-writing,—those qualities which make so much of Cicero's correspondence a delight, and the lack of which makes Pope's letters a perpetual challenge to the reader's criticism. But though Pliny has not "snatched a grace beyond the reach of art," he is nevertheless very good reading. The style may smack of artifice; but with the utmost good taste, good sense, and good humor, he tells us (apparently) all about himself, and very much about the age in which he lived. Literary gossip, anecdotes of famous or infamous characters, ghost stories; descriptions of his villas, his poems, his suppers, his uncle's library; the death of Martial, the eruption of Vesuvius, an invitation to dinner; the deterioration of the law courts, and the abuse of the ballot in the Senate; a plan to purchase an estate, to write an epic, to build a temple,—on these and a hundred other topics he affords us invaluable glimpses into the life of his day. He is sufficiently piquant, without being spiteful; sympathetic, without being sentimental; and while he can no longer be esteemed a genius, he is better loved and more widely known as a singularly pure man and a most entertaining companion.

It was as a genius, however, that he had hoped to live in the memory of posterity. The world of literature filled a large part of his thoughts; and there is no reason to suppose him insincere when he laments that his engagements, social and professional, prevent him from devoting all his strength to the "pursuit of immortality." His uncle had been an indefatigable reader, writer, and collector of books. Among Pliny's teachers was Quintilian, the great rhetorician of the age. Tacitus was his intimate friend. He patronized Martial, and knew well Suetonius, Silius Italicus, and many other writers less important in our eyes, because their works have perished. We may agree with Juvenal that authors' readings must have been a deadly bore, but we need not conclude that Pliny was a hypocrite because he was untiring in his attendance upon them. His poems (as good, no doubt, as his model Cicero's), his orations, his narrative pieces, are repeatedly mentioned, and were evidently the subject of his most anxious thought. So generous a patron, so appreciative a friend, could hardly have lacked favorable critics; and he very cordially welcomes from his contemporaries any forestallment of the verdict which he hoped from posterity. Yet it must be admitted that his critical insight was quite good enough to rate his friends much as later ages have ranked them. The vast merits of Tactitus he fully recognized, and was unfeignedly glad to have his name coupled with the great historian's as an eminent literary character. Of Silius Italicus, on the other hand, he remarks that "he used to write verses with more diligence than force,"—a criticism which very few have been found to dispute. On other topics than literature, moreover,

Pliny was often in striking agreement with modern sentiment. His humanity, even affection, for his slaves, his politeness to his dependents, his appreciation of the beauties of nature, his generous promotion of public education,—in these and other matters he is surprisingly unlike the average of his countrymen. No doubt he has idealized his own portrait, but we may well be grateful to the artist for such an ideal.

The facts of Pliny's life have been fully discussed by Mommsen, ('Hermes,' iii. 108). There is a good biography by Church and Brodribb ('Ancient Classics for English Readers'), which was made the occasion of an especially good article on Pliny in the Westminster Review, Vol. 47, 1875. There is no complete (modern) edition with English notes; but there are good selections by J. E. B. Mayor, (Book iii.), Pritchard and Bernard, and others. Of the German editions, M. Döring, 2 vols., 1843, is recommended. There is a very faithful translation in English by Lewis (Trübner, 1879), and a more readable version in Johnsonese by Melmoth, revised by Bosanquet for the Bohn series (Bell and Sons).

PORTRAIT OF A RIVAL

I often tell you that there is a certain force of character about Regulus: it is wonderful how he carries through what he has set his mind to. He chose lately to be extremely concerned for the loss of his son; accordingly he mourned for him as never man mourned before. He took it into his head to have an immense number of statues and pictures of him; immediately all the artisans in Rome are set to work. Canvas, wax, brass, silver, gold, ivory, marble, all exhibit the figure of the young Regulus. Not long ago he read before a numerous audience a memoir of his son;—a memoir of a mere boy! however, he read it. He wrote likewise a sort of circular letter to the several decurii, desiring them to choose out one of their order who had a strong clear voice, to read this eulogy to the people; it has been actually done. Now had this force of character, or whatever else you may call a fixed determination in obtaining whatever one has a mind for, been rightly applied, what infinite good it might have effected! The misfortune is, there is less of this quality about good people than about bad people; and as ignorance begets rashness, and thoughtfulness produces deliberation, so modesty is apt to cripple the action of virtue, whilst confidence strengthens vice. Regulus

is a case in point: he has a weak voice, an awkward delivery, an indistinct utterance, a slow imagination, and no memory; in a word, he possesses nothing but a sort of frantic energy; and yet, by the assistance of a flighty turn and much impudence, he passes as an orator. Herennius Senecio admirably reversed Cato's definition of an orator, and applied it to Regulus: "An orator," he said, "is a bad man, unskilled in the art of speaking." And really Cato's definition is not a more exact description of a true orator than Senecio's is of the character of this man. Would you make me a suitable return for this letter? Let me know if you, or any of my friends in your town, have, like a stroller in the market-place, read this doleful production of Regulus's, "raising," as Demosthenes says, "your voice most merrily, and straining every muscle in your throat." For so absurd a performance must excite laughter rather than compassion; and indeed the composition is as puerile as the subject. Farewell.

TO MINUTIUS FUNDANUS: HOW TIME PASSES AT ROME

From the 'Letters'

When one considers how the time passes at Rome, one cannot be surprised that, take any single day, and it either is, or at least seems to be, spent reasonably enough; and yet, upon casting up the whole sum, the amount will appear quite otherwise. Ask any one, "What have you been doing to-day?" He will tell you perhaps, "I have been at the ceremony of putting on the *toga virilis;* I attended a wedding; one man begged me to be witness to his will; another to attend the hearing of his case; a third called me in to a consultation." These things seem important enough whilst one is about them; yet, when you reflect at your leisure that every day has been thus employed, they seem mere trifles. At such a time one is apt to think to oneself, "How much of my life I have frittered away in dull, useless, routine sort of work." At least it is a reflection which frequently comes across me at Laurentum, after I have been doing a little reading and writing, and taking care of the animal machine (for the body must be supported if we would keep the mind alert and vigorous). There I neither hear nor speak anything I have occasion to be sorry for. No one talks scandal to me, and I find fault with nobody,—unless myself, when I am

dissatisfied with my compositions. There I live undisturbed by rumor, and free from the anxious solicitudes of hope and fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! Sweet and honorable repose! More, perhaps, to be desired than employments of any kind! Thou solemn sea and solitary shore, true and most retired school of art and poetry, with how many noble thoughts do you inspire me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first opportunity of leaving the town with its din, its empty bustle and laborious trifles, and devote your days to study or to repose; for as Attilius happily observed, "It is better to have nothing to do than to be doing nothing." Farewell.

TO SOCIUS SENECIO: THE LAST CROP OF POETS

From the 'Letters'

THIS year has produced a plentiful crop of poets: during the whole month of April, scarcely a day has passed on which we have not been entertained with the recital of some poem. It is a pleasure to me to find that a taste for polite literature still exists, and that men of genius *do* come forward and make themselves known, notwithstanding the lazy attendance they get for their pains. The greater part of the audience sit in the lounging-places, gossip away their time there, and are perpetually sending to inquire whether the author has made his entrance yet, whether he has got through the preface, or whether he has almost finished the piece. Then at length they saunter in with an air of the greatest indifference; nor do they condescend to stay through the recital, but go out before it is over, some slyly and stealthily, others again with perfect freedom and unconcern. And yet our fathers can remember how Claudius Cæsar walking one day in the palace, and hearing a great shouting, inquired the cause; and being informed that Nonianus was reciting a composition of his, went immediately to the place, and agreeably surprised the author with his presence. But now, were one to bespeak the attendance of the idlest man living, and remind him of the appointment ever so often, or ever so long beforehand, either he would not come at all, or if he did, would grumble about having "lost a day!" for no other reason but because he had *not* lost it. So much the more do *those* authors deserve our encouragement and applause who have resolution to persevere in

their studies, and to read out their compositions in spite of this apathy or arrogance on the part of their audience. Myself indeed, I scarcely ever miss being present upon any occasion; though, to tell the truth, the authors have generally been friends of mine, as indeed there are few men of literary tastes who are not. It is this which has kept me in town longer than I had intended. I am now, however, at liberty to go back into the country and write something myself: which I do not intend reciting, lest I should seem rather to have *lent* than given my attendance to these recitations of my friends; for in these, as in all other good offices, the obligation ceases the moment you seem to expect a return. Farewell.

TO NEPOS: OF ARRIA

From the 'Letters'

I HAVE constantly observed that amongst the deeds and sayings of illustrious persons of either sex, some have made more noise in the world, whilst others have been really greater, although less talked about; and I am confirmed in this opinion by a conversation I had yesterday with Fannia. This lady is granddaughter to that celebrated Arria, who animated her husband to meet death by her own glorious example. She informed me of several particulars relating to Arria, no less heroic than this applauded action of hers, though taken less notice of; and I think you will be as surprised to read the account of them as I was to hear it. Her husband Cæcinna Pætus, and her son, were both attacked at the same time with a fatal illness, as was supposed; of which the son died,—a youth of remarkable beauty, and as modest as he was comely, endeared indeed to his parents no less by his many graces than from the fact of his being their son. His mother prepared his funeral and conducted the usual ceremonies so privately that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into his room, she pretended her son was alive and actually better; and as often as he inquired after his health, would answer, "He has had a good rest, and eaten his food with quite an appetite." Then when she found the tears she had so long kept back gushing forth in spite of herself, she would leave the room, and having given vent to her grief, return with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as though she had

dismissed every feeling of bereavement at the door of her husband's chamber. I must confess it was a brave action in her to draw the steel, plunge it into her breast, pluck out the dagger and present it to her husband with that ever memorable, I had almost said that divine, expression, "Pætus, it is not painful." But when she spoke and acted thus, she had the prospect of glory and immortality before her; how far greater, without the support of any such animating motives, to hide her tears, to conceal her grief, and cheerfully to act the mother when a mother no more!

Scribonianus had taken up arms against Claudius in Illyria, where he lost his life; and Pætus, who was of his party, was brought prisoner to Rome. When they were going to put him on board ship, Arria besought the soldiers that she might be permitted to attend him: "For surely," she urged, "you will allow a man of consular rank some servants to dress him, attend on him at meals, and put his shoes on for him; but if you will take me, I alone will perform all these offices." Her request was refused; upon which she hired a fishing-boat, and in that small vessel followed the ship. On her return to Rome, meeting the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, at the time when this woman voluntarily gave evidence against the conspirators,— "What," she exclaimed, "shall I hear you even speak to me? you, on whose bosom your husband Scribonianus was murdered, and yet you survive him!"—an expression which plainly shows that the noble manner in which she put an end to her life was no unpremeditated effect of sudden passion. Moreover, when Thrasea, her son-in-law, was endeavoring to dissuade her from her purpose of destroying herself, and amongst other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then advise your daughter to die with me if my life were to be taken from me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she had lived as long and in as much harmony with you, as I have with my Pætus." This answer greatly increased the alarm of her family, and made them watch her for the future more narrowly; which when she perceived, "It is of no use," she said: "you may oblige me to effect my death in a more painful way, but it is impossible you should prevent it." Saying this, she sprang from her chair, and running her head with the utmost violence against the wall, fell down, to all appearance dead; but being brought to herself again, "I told you," she said, "if you would not suffer me to take an easy path to death, I should find a way to it, however hard." Now, is there

not, my friend, something much greater in all this than in the so-much-talked-of "Pætus, it is not painful," to which these led the way? And yet this last is the favorite topic of fame, while all the former are passed over in silence. Whence I cannot but infer, what I observed at the beginning of my letter, that some actions are more celebrated, whilst others are really greater.

TO MARCELLINUS: DEATH OF FUNDANUS'S DAUGHTER

From the 'Letters'

I WRITE this to you in the deepest sorrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead! I have never seen a more cheerful and more lovable girl, or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long — I had almost said an immortal — life! She was scarcely fourteen, and yet there was in her a wisdom far beyond her years, a matronly gravity united with girlish sweetness and virgin bashfulness. With what an endearing fondness did she hang on her father's neck! How affectionately and modestly she used to greet us his friends! With what a tender and deferential regard she used to treat her nurses, tutors, teachers, each in their respective offices! What an eager, industrious, intelligent reader she was! She took few amusements, and those with caution. How self-controlled, how patient, how brave she was, under her last illness! She complied with all the directions of her physicians; she spoke cheerful, comforting words to her sister and her father; and when all her bodily strength was exhausted, the vigor of her mind sustained her. That indeed continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes us miss her, and grieve that she has gone from us, the more. Oh, melancholy, untimely loss, too truly! She was engaged to an excellent young man; the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited. How our joy has been turned into sorrow! I cannot express in words the inward pain I felt when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever finding out fresh circumstances to aggravate its affliction) ordering the money he had intended laying out upon clothes, pearls, and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in frankincense, ointments, and perfumes for her funeral. He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself from his earliest youth to the

deeper studies and the fine arts; but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or advanced himself, he now absolutely rejects, and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness. You will excuse, you will even approve, his grief, when you consider what he has lost. He has lost a daughter who resembled him in his manners, as well as his person, and exactly copied out all her father. So, if you should think proper to write to him upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind you not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason; for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even seeks of its own accord, the means of its cure, so a mind under the first impression of a misfortune shuns and rejects all consolations, but at length desires and is lulled by their gentle application. Farewell.

TO CALPURNIA

From the 'Letters'

NEVER was business more disagreeable to me than when it prevented me not only from accompanying you when you went into Campania for your health, but from following you there soon after; for I want particularly to be with you now, that I may learn from my own eyes whether you are growing stronger and stouter, and whether the tranquillity, the amusements, and the plenty of that charming country really agree with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill support your absence; for even a moment's uncertainty of the welfare of those we tenderly love causes a feeling of suspense and anxiety: but now your sickness conspires with your absence to trouble me grievously with vague and various anxieties. I dread everything, fancy everything, and as is natural to those who fear, conjure up the very things that I most dread. Let me the more earnestly entreat you then to think of my anxiety, and write to me every day, and even twice a day: I shall be more easy, at least while I am reading your letters, though when I have read them, I shall immediately feel my fears again. Farewell.

TO TACITUS: THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

From the 'Letters'

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works: yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to render his name immortal. Happy I esteem those to be to whom by provision of the gods has been granted the ability either to do such actions as are worthy of being related or to relate them in a manner worthy of being read: but peculiarly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, that I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just taken a turn in the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and making a light luncheon, gone back to his books: he immediately arose and went out upon a rising ground, from whence he might get a better sight of this very uncommon appearance. A cloud, from which mountain was uncertain at this distance (but it was found afterwards to come from Mount Vesuvius), was ascending, the appearance of which I cannot give you a more exact description of than by likening it to that of a pine-tree; for it shot up to a great height in the form of a very tall trunk, which spread itself out at the top into a sort of branches,—occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in the manner I have mentioned; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted,

according as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This phenomenon seemed, to a man of such learning and research as my uncle, extraordinary and worth further looking into. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me leave, if I liked, to accompany him. I said I had rather go on with my work; and it so happened he had himself given me something to write out. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for, her villa lying at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first intention, and what he had begun from a philosophical, he now carried out in a noble and generous spirit. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but the several other towns which lay thickly strewn along that beautiful coast. Hastening then to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene. He was now so close to the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were in danger too not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "favors the brave: steer to where Pomponianus is." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a bay which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms with the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within sight of it, and indeed extremely near if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind, which was blowing dead in-shore, should go down. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him tenderly, encouraging and urging him to keep up his spirits; and the more effectually to soothe his fears by seeming unconcerned himself, ordered a bath to be got

ready, and then, after having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is just as heroic) with every appearance of it. Meanwhile broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep; for his breathing, which on account of his corpulence was rather heavy and sonorous, was heard by the attendants outside. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to make his way out. So he was awoke and got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were feeling too anxious to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses — which now rocked from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, as though shaken from their very foundations — or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers and threatened destruction. In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defense against the storm of stones that fell round them. It was now day everywhere else, but *there* a deeper darkness prevailed than in the thickest night; which however was in some degree alleviated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go farther down upon the shore to see if they might safely put out to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, laying himself down upon a sail-cloth, which was spread for him, called twice for some cold water, which he drank; when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the party and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor; having always had a weak throat, which was often inflamed. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the

third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, in the dress in which he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. . . . Farewell.

TO CALPURNIA

From the 'Letters'

You will not believe what a longing for you possesses me. The chief cause of this is my love; and then we have not grown used to be apart. So it comes to pass that I lie awake a great part of the night, thinking of you; and that by day, when the hours return at which I was wont to visit you, my feet take me, as it is so truly said, to your chamber; but not finding you there, I return, sick and sad at heart, like an excluded lover. The only time that is free from these torments is when I am being worn out at the bar, and in the suits of my friends. Judge you what must be my life when I find my repose in toil, my solace in wretchedness and anxiety. Farewell.

TO MAXIMUS: PLINY'S SUCCESS AS AN AUTHOR

From the 'Letters'

It has frequently happened, as I have been pleading before the Court of the Hundred, that those venerable judges, after having preserved for a long period the gravity and solemnity suitable to their character, have suddenly, as though urged by irresistible impulse, risen up to a man and applauded me. I have often likewise gained as much glory in the Senate as my utmost wishes could desire; but I never felt a more sensible pleasure than by an account which I lately received from Cornelius Tacitus. He informed me that at the last Circensian games he sat next to a Roman knight, who, after conversation had passed between them upon various points of learning, asked him, "Are you an Italian or a provincial?" Tacitus replied, "Your acquaintance with literature must surely have informed you who I am." "Pray, then, is it Tacitus or Pliny I am talking with?" I cannot express how highly I am pleased to find that our names are not so much the proper appellatives of men as a kind of distinction

for learning herself; and that eloquence renders us known to those who would otherwise be ignorant of us. An accident of the same kind happened to me a few days ago. Fabius Rufinus, a person of distinguished merit, was placed next to me at table; and below him a countryman of his, who had just then come to Rome for the first time. Rufinus, calling his friend's attention to me, said to him, "You see this man?" and entered into a conversation upon the subject of my pursuits; to whom the other immediately replied, "This must undoubtedly be Pliny." To confess the truth, I look upon these instances as a very considerable recompense of my labors. If Demosthenes had reason to be pleased with the old woman of Athens crying out, "This is Demosthenes!" may not I, then, be allowed to congratulate myself upon the celebrity my name has acquired? Yes, my friend, I will rejoice in it, and without scruple admit that I do. As I only mention the judgment of others, not my own, I am not afraid of incurring the censure of vanity; especially from you, who, whilst envying no man's reputation, are particularly zealous for mine. Farewell.

TO FUSCUS: A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

From the 'Letters'

You want to know how I portion out my day in my summer villa at Tuscum? I get up just when I please; generally about sunrise, often earlier, but seldom later than this. I keep the shutters closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which, when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any work in hand, this is the time I choose for thinking it out, word for word, even to the minutest accuracy of expression. In this way I compose more or less, according as the subject is more or less difficult and I find myself able to retain it. I then call my secretary, and opening the shutters, dictate to him what I have put into shape; after which I dismiss him, then call him in again and again dismiss him. About ten or eleven o'clock (for I do not observe one fixed

hour), according to the weather, I either walk upon my terrace or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. This completed, I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study; and find this change of scene refreshes and keeps up my attention. On my return home I take a little nap, then a walk, and after that repeat out loud and distinctly some Greek or Latin speech, not so much for the sake of strengthening my voice as my digestion; though indeed the voice at the same time is strengthened by this practice. I then take another walk, am anointed, do my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished I take my walk with my family, among whom I am not without some scholars. Thus we pass our evenings in varied conversation; and the day, even when at the longest, steals imperceptibly away. Upon some occasions I change the order in certain of the articles above mentioned. For instance, if I have studied longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep and reading a speech or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback; by which means I insure as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighboring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am feeling tired. I now and then amuse myself with hunting; but always take my tablets into the field, that if I should meet with no game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time, too (though not so much as they desire), is allotted to my tenants; whose rustic complaints, along with these city occupations, make my literary studies still more delightful to me. Farewell.

TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN: OF THE CHRISTIANS

From the 'Letters'

It is my invariable rule, sir, to refer to you in all matters where I feel doubtful; for who is more capable of removing my scruples, or informing my ignorance? Having never been present at any trials concerning those who profess Christianity, I am unacquainted not only with the nature of their crimes, or the

measure of their punishment, but how far it is proper to enter into an examination concerning them. Whether, therefore, any difference is usually made with respect to ages, or no distinction is to be observed between the young and the adult; whether repentance entitles them to a pardon, or if a man has been once a Christian it avails nothing to desist from his error; whether the very profession of Christianity, unattended with any criminal act, or only the crimes themselves inherent in the profession, are punishable,—on all these points I am in great doubt. In the mean while, the method I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians is this: I asked them whether they were Christians: if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them to be at once punished,—for I was persuaded, whatever the nature of their opinions might be, a contumacious and inflexible obstinacy certainly deserved correction. There were others also brought before me possessed with the same infatuation; but being Roman citizens, I directed them to be sent to Rome. But this crime spreading (as is usually the case), while it was actually under prosecution several instances of the same nature occurred. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a charge against several persons, who upon examination denied they were Christians, or had ever been so. They repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered religious rites with wine and incense before your statue (which for that purpose I had ordered to be brought, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians into any of these compliances: I thought it proper, therefore, to discharge them. Some among those who were accused by a witness in person at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; the rest owned indeed that they had been of that number formerly, but had now (some above three, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced that error. They all worshiped your statue and the images of the gods, uttering imprecations at the same time against the name of Christ. They affirmed that the whole of their guilt, or their error, was, that they met on a stated day before it was light, and addressed a form of prayer to Christ as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for the purpose of any wicked design, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falsify their

word, nor deny a trust when they should be called on to deliver it up; after which it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble, to eat in common a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the publication of my edict, by which, according to your commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. After receiving this account I judged it so much the more necessary to endeavor to extort the real truth, by putting two female slaves to the torture, who were said to officiate in their religious rites; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. I deemed it expedient therefore to adjourn all further proceedings, in order to consult you. For it appears to be a matter highly deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks and ages, and even of both sexes. In fact, this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread its infection among the neighboring villages and country. Nevertheless, it still seems possible to restrain its progress. The temples, at least, which were once almost deserted, begin now to be frequented; and the sacred rites, after a long intermission, are again revived; while there is a general demand for the victims, which till lately found very few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed if a general pardon were granted to those who shall repent of their error.

[The answer of the Emperor to Pliny was as follows:—]

You have adopted the right course, my dearest Secundus, in investigating the charges against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If indeed they should be brought before you, and the crime is proved, they must be punished; with the restriction, however, that where the party denies he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking our gods, let him (notwithstanding any former suspicion) be pardoned upon his repentance. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age.

PLUTARCH

(About 50–120 A. D.)

BY EDWARD BULL CLAPP

"Study your Plutarch, and paint," said the great French classicist to his pupil. The advice was sound; for though the unequaled literature of Greece boasts of many names more illustrious than Plutarch's for original genius and power, yet the world in general has drawn from him, more than from any other source, its conception of the heroic men of Greece and Rome. "He was one of Plutarch's men," is the eulogy often spoken over the grave of some statesman or general whose rugged grandeur of character seems to harmonize with the splendid portraits drawn for us by the old Greek biographer. And so, although this author does not occupy the very highest place either as philosopher or historian, yet there are few ancient writers who are more interesting or important than he.

We know but little of his life. He was born about half a century after the beginning of our era, at Chæronea in Bœotia; a portion of Hellas popularly credited with intellectual dullness, though the names of Pindar and Epaminondas go far to vindicate its fame. He seems to have spent some time at Rome, and in other parts of Italy, but he returned to Greece in his later years, closing his life about the year 120. He thus lived under the Roman emperors from Nero to Trajan, and was contemporary with Tacitus and the Plinys. It is remarkable, however, that he does not quote from any of the great Romans of his time; nor do they, in turn, make any mention of him.

Greece had at this time long since lost her political independence. Even in literature her creative genius had spent itself, and in its place had come the period of elegant finish and laborious scholarship. Alexandria, which had supplanted Athens as the intellectual centre of the world, was now herself beginning to yield precedence to all-conquering Rome. Theocritus, the last Greek poet of the highest rank, had died nearly three centuries before, while Lucian, the gifted reviver of Attic prose, was yet to come. The only other Greek writer of this period whose works have been widely popular was the Hebrew Josephus, who was a few years older than Plutarch.

Born of a wealthy and respected family, and living the peaceful and happy life of the scholar and writer, Plutarch was the faithful

exponent of the literary tendencies in his time. His knowledge of Greek literature was apparently boundless; and his writings are enriched by numerous quotations, many of which are from works which are lost to us, so that these remnants are of the greatest value. In all that he wrote we see the evidence of a mind well stocked with the varied learning of his day, interested and curious about a great variety of problems, fond of moral and philosophical reflections, but not the originator of new views, nor even the advocate of any distinct system in philosophy. We admire his sweetness and purity of character, his culture of mind and heart, and his wide knowledge of men and life, rather than the depth of his thought or the soaring height of his genius.

The writings of Plutarch fall naturally into two classes: the historical and the ethical. The chief work in the first class is the 'Parallel Lives,' consisting of forty-six biographies arranged in pairs, the life of a Greek being followed in each case by the life of a Roman. Nineteen of these double biographies are accompanied in our text by comparisons of the two characters depicted, though these are probably spurious, and not the work of Plutarch. In this juxtaposition of the great men of the conquered and the conquering race we recognize the patriotic pride of the Greek biographer. Living at a time when his country was in servitude to Rome, he delighted in showing that Greece too, in her palmy days, had produced warriors and statesmen who were worthy to stand in company with the men who had made Rome the mistress of the world. In the selection of his pairs Plutarch was guided, to some extent at least, by a real or fancied resemblance in the public careers of his heroes. Thus he groups together Theseus and Romulus as legendary founders of States, Lycurgus and Numa Pompilius as mythical legislators, Demosthenes and Cicero as orators and statesmen. But in many cases, it must be confessed, the resemblance is slight or entirely wanting.

As a writer of biography the world has scarcely seen the superior of Plutarch. To be sure, his methods of historical research were not severely critical, and modern scholars are forced to use his statements with some degree of caution. But it is biography that he means to write, and not history; and his clear conception of the difference in spirit between the two forms of composition has done much to give his 'Lives' their boundless popularity. His purpose was to portray character rather than narrate events. For this purpose the many personal touches which he introduces, the anecdotes which he repeats without too close a scrutiny, are of more value than many pages of meaningless events, however accurately told. He distinctly states in his life of Nicias that he will pass over much that is told by Thucydides, while he endeavors to "gather and propound things not commonly marked and known, which will serve. I doubt not, to

decipher the man and his nature." None of Plutarch's anecdotes are empty or pointless. They always help to light up the character which he is describing, and many of them are treasures which we could ill afford to spare.

But besides these bits of personal character, Plutarch abounds in grand historical pictures of a sober eloquence, which touches us all the more because of the severe self-restraint which the writer never lays aside. He never strives for pathos or dramatic effect; and when he thrills his reader it is the result of a passionate earnestness, like that of Thucydides, which cannot be concealed.

In the light of what has been said, it is easy to understand why the 'Lives' has been perhaps the most widely beloved among all the literary treasures of Greece. Statesmen and generals, poets and philosophers, alike have expressed their admiration for this book, and the traces of its influence are to be found everywhere in modern literature.

The English translation by Sir Thomas North, published in 1579, though it was not made from the original Greek, but from the great French version of Amyot, and though it abounds in errors, is yet a work of the utmost importance, both as a specimen of vigorous and racy English, and because it is the channel through which Plutarch became known to the writers of the Elizabethan age, and especially to Shakespeare. Shakespeare knew no Greek, and his acquaintance with Plutarch, and through him with the spirit of ancient life, must be due chiefly to Sir Thomas North. Three of his greatest plays, 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra,' are based on the 'Lives' to such an extent that it is not too much to say that they would not have been written had not Shakespeare made the acquaintance of the old Greek biographer. This is especially true of 'Julius Cæsar,' in which not merely are the incidents due to Plutarch, but even much of the language is suggested by Sir Thomas North. Many other English writers have given us pictures of ancient life, whose inspiration is plainly drawn from the same abundant source.

As hinted above, Plutarch is not a critical historian according to modern standards. He does not reach even the plane of historical accuracy attained by Thucydides or Polybius. But he evidently consulted the best authorities accessible to him, and used them with conscientious diligence. We must admit that numerous errors and contradictions in details have been found in his biographies; and in particular, his comprehension of Roman politics seems not always to be clear. But in the portrayal of character he is always effective and usually correct. Only in his attack upon Herodotus (in the 'Moralia') for partiality in favor of Athens, he is influenced by his Bœotian patriotism to do injustice to his great predecessor. (The authenticity of this tract is much disputed.)

Of Plutarch's 'Moralia,' or moral essays, we must speak more briefly. This vast collection, of more than sixty treatises upon a great variety of subjects, has not received of late the attention which it deserves. The subjects treated are ethical, literary, and historical; and they are illustrated with a wealth of anecdote and quotation unequaled even in the 'Lives.' In these charming essays the Greek author appears as the serene scholar, the experienced and philosophic observer, throwing light on each subject he touches, and delighting the reader with wise reflection and with quaint and unusual learning. Among the most interesting portions of the 'Morals,' are the essays on the Late Vengeance of the Deity, the Education of Children, the Right Way of Hearing Poetry, on Superstition, and the so-called Consolation to Apollonius (on the death of his son). But Plutarch treats also of more obscure and recondite subjects, such as the Dæmon of Socrates, the Cessation of Oracles, Isis and Osiris, and others. Indeed, it would be necessary to quote the whole list of titles of the essays in order to give an adequate conception of their diversity of subject, and the wide scope of knowledge which they display. No ancient writer shows so complete a command of Greek literature and history, combined with so rich a fund of information bearing upon religion, philosophy, and social life. The style of these essays is scarcely less admirable than their matter; for while sometimes rugged and involved, it is never marred by affectation or straining for effect.

It is inevitable to compare Plutarch, in the 'Morals,' with Seneca, who was only fifty years his senior; but the Greek appears to the better advantage in the comparison. While Seneca is often prosy and tiresome, Plutarch is always genial and sympathetic; and his genuine nobility of sentiment and moral feeling is far more attractive than the somewhat formal sermonizing of the Roman Stoic. Nor can we forget that Seneca was the supple minister of one of the worst of the Roman emperors, while Plutarch's life is free from the smallest taint of insincerity.

In many aspects Plutarch suggests Montaigne, who was one of his most sympathetic readers. The witty Frenchman was perhaps his superior in originality and point; but Plutarch far excels his modern admirer in elevation of thought and purity of tone. Yet no one has praised Plutarch more worthily, or more sincerely, than Montaigne. «We dunces had been lost,» he says, «had not this book raised us out of the dust. By this favor of his we dare now speak and write. 'Tis our breviary.»

Edward Bull Clapp

PERICLES

From the 'Lives of Illustrious Men.' Reprinted with the approval of Little, Brown & Co., publishers

PERICLES was of the tribe Acamantis and the township of Cholargus, of the noblest birth both on his father's and mother's side. Xanthippus, his father, who defeated the King of Persia's generals in the battle at Mycale, took to wife Agariste, the grandchild of Clisthenes,—who drove out the sons of Pisistratus and nobly put an end to their tyrannical usurpation, and moreover, made a body of laws and settled a model of government admirably tempered and suited for the harmony and safety of the people.

His mother, being near her time, fancied in a dream that she was brought to bed of a lion; and a few days after was delivered of Pericles, in other respects perfectly formed, only his head was somewhat longish and out of proportion. For which reason almost all the images and statues that were made of him have the head covered with a helmet, the workmen apparently being willing not to expose him. The poets of Athens called him *Schinocephalos*, or squill-head, from *schinos*, a squill or sea-onion.

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The master that taught him music, most authors are agreed, was Damon (whose name, they say, ought to be pronounced with the first syllable short). Though Aristotle tells us that he was thoroughly practiced in all accomplishments of this kind by Pythoclides, Damon, it is not unlikely, being a sophist, out of policy sheltered himself under the profession of music to conceal from people in general his skill in other things; and under this pretense attended Pericles, the young athlete of politics, so to say, as his training-master in these exercises. Damon's lyre, however, did not prove altogether a successful blind; he was banished the country by ostracism for ten years, as a dangerous intermeddler and a favorer of arbitrary power; and by this means gave the stage occasion to play upon him. As, for instance, Plato the comic poet introduces a character, who questions him:

«Tell me, if you please,
Since you're the Chiron who taught Pericles.»

Pericles also was a hearer of Zeno the Eleatic, who treated of natural philosophy in the same manner Parmenides did, but

had also perfected himself in an art of his own for refuting and silencing opponents in argument; as Timon of Phlius describes it,—

> «Also the two-edged tongue of mighty Zeno, who,
> Say what one would, could argue it untrue.»

But he that saw most of Pericles, and furnished him most especially with a weight and grandeur of intellect superior to all arts of popularity, and in general gave him his elevation and sublimity of purpose and of character, was Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, whom the men of those times called by the name of Nous,—that is, mind or intelligence;—whether in admiration of the great and extraordinary gift he displayed for the science of nature, or because he was the first of the philosophers who did not refer the first ordering of the world to fortune or chance, nor to necessity or compulsion, but to a pure, unadulterated intelligence, which in all other existing mixed and compound things acts as a principle of discrimination, and of combination of like with like.

For this man, Pericles entertained an extraordinary esteem and admiration; and filling himself with this lofty and—as they call it—up-in-the-air sort of thought, derived hence not merely, as was natural, elevation of purpose and dignity of language, raised far above the base and dishonest buffooneries of mob eloquence, but besides this, a composure of countenance, and a serenity and calmness in all his movements, which no occurrence whilst he was speaking could disturb; with a sustained and even tone of voice, and various other advantages of a similar kind, which produced the greatest effect on his hearers. Once, after being reviled and ill-spoken of all day long in his own hearing by some vile and abandoned fellow in the open market-place, where he was engaged in the dispatch of some urgent affair, he continued his business in perfect silence, and in the evening returned home composedly, the man still dogging him at the heels, and pelting him all the way with abuse and foul language; and stepping into his house, it being by this time dark, he ordered one of his servants to take a light and go along with the man and see him safe home. Ion, it is true, the dramatic poet, says that Pericles's manner in company was somewhat over-assuming and pompous; and that into his high bearing there entered a good deal of slightingness and scorn of others; he reserves his commendation

for Cimon's ease and pliancy and natural grace in society. Ion, however, who must needs make virtue, like a show of tragedies, include some comic scenes, we shall not altogether rely upon: Zeno used to bid those who called Pericles's gravity the affectation of a charlatan, to go and affect the like themselves; inasmuch as this mere counterfeiting might in time insensibly instill into them a real love and knowledge of those noble qualities.

Nor were these the only advantages which Pericles derived from Anaxagoras's acquaintance; he seems also to have become, by his instructions, superior to that superstition with which an ignorant wonder at appearances in the heavens, for example, possesses the minds of people unacquainted with their causes, eager for the supernatural, and excitable through an inexperience which the knowledge of natural causes removes, replacing wild and timid superstition by the good hope and assurance of an intelligent piety. . . .

Pericles, while yet but a young man, stood in considerable apprehension of the people, as he was thought in face and figure to be very like the tyrant Pisistratus; and those of great age remarked upon the sweetness of his voice, and his volubility and great rapidity in speaking, and were struck with amazement at the resemblance. Reflecting, too, that he had a considerable estate, and was descended of a noble family, and had friends of great influence, he was fearful all this might bring him to be banished as a dangerous person; and for this reason meddled not at all with State affairs, but in military service showed himself of a brave and intrepid nature. But when Aristides was now dead, and Themistocles driven out, and Cimon was for the most part kept abroad by the expeditions he made in parts out of Greece, Pericles seeing things in this posture, now advanced and took sides not with the rich and few, but with the many and poor; contrary to his natural bent, which was far from democratical,—but most likely fearing he might fall under suspicion of aiming at arbitrary power, and seeing Cimon on the side of the aristocracy, and much beloved by the better and more distinguished people, he joined the part of the people, with a view at once both to secure himself and procure means against Cimon.

He immediately entered also on quite a new course of life and management of his time. For he was never seen to walk in any street but that which led to the market-place and the council hall: and he avoided invitations of friends to supper, and

all friendly visiting and intercourse whatever; in all the time he had to do with the public, which was not a little, he was never known to have gone to any of his friends to a supper, except that once when his near kinsman Euryptolemus married, he remained present till the ceremony of the drink-offering, and then immediately rose from the table and went his way. For these friendly meetings are very quick to defeat any assumed superiority, and in intimate familiarity an exterior of gravity is hard to maintain. . . .

A saying also of Thucydides the son of Melesias stands on record, spoken by him by way of pleasantry upon Pericles's dexterity. Thucydides was one of the noble and distinguished citizens, and had been his greatest opponent; and when Archidamus, the King of the Lacedæmonians, asked him whether he or Pericles were the better wrestler, he made this answer: "When I," said he, "have thrown him and given him a fair fall, by persisting that he had no fall he gets the better of me, and makes the bystanders, in spite of their own eyes, believe him." The truth however is, that Pericles himself was very careful what and how he was to speak; insomuch that whenever he went up to the hustings, he prayed the gods that no one word might unawares slip from him unsuitable to the matter and the occasion. . . .

That which gave most pleasure and ornament to the city of Athens, and the greatest admiration and even astonishment to all strangers, and that which now is Greece's only evidence that the power she boasts of and her ancient wealth are no romance or idle story, was his construction of the public and sacred buildings. Yet this was that of all his actions in the government which his enemies most looked askance upon, and caviled at in the popular assemblies: crying out how that the commonwealth of Athens had lost its reputation, and was ill spoken of abroad for removing the common treasure of the Greeks from the isle of Delos into their own custody; and how that their fairest excuse for so doing,—namely, that they took it away for fear the barbarians should seize it, and on purpose to secure it in a safe place,—this Pericles had made unavailable; and how that "Greece cannot but resent it as an insufferable affront, and consider herself to be tyrannized over openly, when she sees the treasure which was contributed by her upon a necessity for the war, wantonly lavished out by us upon our city, to gild her all over, and to adorn and set her forth, as it were some vain woman, hung round with

precious stones and figures and temples which cost a world of money.»

Pericles, on the other hand, informed the people that they were in no way obliged to give any account of those moneys to their allies, so long as they maintained their defense, and kept off the barbarians from attacking them: while in the mean time they did not so much as supply one horse or man or ship, but only found money for the service; «which money,» said he, «is not theirs that give it, but theirs that receive it, if so be they perform the conditions upon which they receive it.» And that it was good reason that now the city was sufficiently provided and stored with all things necessary for the war, they should convert the overplus of its wealth to such undertakings as would hereafter, when completed, give them eternal honor, and for the present, while in process, freely supply all the inhabitants with plenty. With their variety of workmanship, and of occasions for service, which summon all arts and trades and require all hands to be employed about them, they do actually put the whole city, in a manner, into State pay; while at the same time she is both beautified and maintained by herself. For as those who are of age and strength for war are provided for and maintained in the armaments abroad by their pay out of the public stock, so, it being his desire and design that the undisciplined mechanic multitude that stayed at home should not go without their share of public salaries, and yet should not have them given them for sitting still and doing nothing, to the end he thought fit to bring in among them, with the approbation of the people, these vast projects of buildings and designs of works, that would be of some continuance before they were finished, and would give employment to numerous arts, so that the part of the people that stayed at home might, no less than those that were at sea or in garrisons or on expeditions, have a fair and just occasion of receiving the benefit and having their share of the public moneys.

The materials were stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, cypress-wood; and the arts or trades that wrought and fashioned them were smiths and carpenters, molders, founders and braziers stone-cutters, dyers, goldsmiths, ivory-workers, painters, embroiderers, turners; those again that conveyed them to the town for use were merchants and mariners and shipmasters by sea, and by land, cartwrights, cattle-breeders, wagoners, rope-makers, flax-

workers, shoemakers and leather-dressers, road-makers, miners. And every trade in the same nature, as a captain in an army has his particular company of soldiers under him, had its own hired company of journeymen and laborers belonging to it, banded together as in array, to be as it were the instrument and body for the performance of the service. Thus, to say all in a word, the occasions and services of these public works distributed plenty through every age and condition.

As then grew the works up, no less stately in size than exquisite in form, the workmen striving to outvie the material and the design with the beauty of their workmanship, yet the most wonderful thing of all was the rapidity of their execution. Undertakings, any one of which singly might have required, they thought, for their completion, several successions and ages of men, were every one of them accomplished in the height and prime of one man's political service. Although they say too that Zeuxis once, having heard Agatharchus the painter boast of having dispatched his work with speed and ease, replied, "I take a long time." For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty; the expenditure of time allowed to a man's pains beforehand for the production of a thing is repaid, by way of interest, with a vital force for its preservation when once produced. For which reason Pericles's works are especially admired, as having been made quickly yet to last long. For every particular piece of his work was immediately, even at that time, for its beauty and elegance, antique; and yet in its vigor and freshness looks to this day as if it were just executed. There is a sort of bloom of newness upon those works of his, preserving them from the touch of time, as if they had some perennial spirit and undying vitality mingled in the composition of them. . . .

The Lacedæmonians beginning to show themselves troubled at the growth of the Athenian power, Pericles, on the other hand, to elevate the people's spirit yet more, and to raise them to the thought of great actions, proposed a decree, to summon all the Greeks in what part soever, whether of Europe or Asia, every city, little as well as great, to send their deputies to Athens to a general assembly or convention, there to consult and advise concerning the Greek temples which the barbarians had burnt down, and the sacrifices which were due from them upon vows they had made to their gods for the safety of Greece

when they fought against the barbarians; and also concerning the navigation of the sea, that they might henceforward all of them pass to and fro and trade securely, and be at peace among themselves. . . .

Nothing was effected, nor did the cities meet by their deputies, as was desired; the Lacedæmonians, as it is said, crossing the design underhand, and the attempt being disappointed and baffled first in Peloponnesus. I thought fit, however, to introduce the mention of it, to show the spirit of the man and the greatness of his thoughts. . . .

After this, having made a truce between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians for thirty years, he ordered by public decree the expedition against the isle of Samos, on the ground that when the Samians were bid to leave off their war with the Milesians, they had not complied. And as these measures against them are thought to have been taken to please Aspasia, this may be a fit point for inquiry about the woman: what art or faculty of charming she had that enabled her to captivate, as she did, the greatest of statesmen, and to give the philosophers occasion to speak so much about her, and that too not to her disparagement. That she was a Milesian by birth, the daughter of Axiochus, is a thing acknowledged. And they say it was in emulation of Thargelia, a courtesan of the old Ionian times, that she made her addresses to men of great power. Thargelia was a great beauty, extremely charming, and at the same time sagacious: she had numerous suitors among the Greeks, and brought all who had to do with her over to the Persian interest; and by their means, being men of the greatest power and station, sowed the seeds of the Median faction up and down in several cities. Some say that Aspasia was courted and caressed by Pericles on account of her knowledge and skill in politics. Socrates himself would sometimes go to visit her, and some of his acquaintance with him; and those who frequented her company would carry their wives with them to listen to her. Her occupation was anything but creditable, her house being a home for young courtesans. Æschines tells us also that Lysicles, a sheep-dealer, a man of low birth and character, by keeping Aspasia company after Pericles's death came to be chief man in Athens. And in Plato's 'Menexenus,' though we do not take the introduction as quite serious, still thus much seems to be historical: that she had the repute of being resorted to by many of the Athenians for

instruction in the art of speaking. Pericles's inclination for her seems, however, to have rather proceeded from the passion of love. He had a wife that was near of kin to him, who had been married first to Hipponicus, by whom she had Callias, surnamed the Rich; and also she bore to Pericles, while she lived with him, two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus. Afterwards, when they did not well agree nor like to live together, he parted with her, with her own consent, to another man, and himself took Aspasia and loved her with wonderful affection: every day, both as he went out and as he came in from the market-place, he saluted and kissed her.

Phidias the sculptor had, as has before been said, undertaken to make the statute of Minerva. Now he, being admitted to friendship with Pericles, and a great favorite of his, had many enemies upon this account, who envied and maligned him; who also, to make trial in a case of his what kind of judges the commons would prove, should there be occasion to bring Pericles himself before them,—having tampered with Menon, one who had been a workman with Phidias, stationed him in the market-place, with a petition desiring public security upon his discovery and impeachment of Phidias. The people admitting the man to tell his story, and the prosecution proceeding in the assembly, there was nothing of theft or cheat proved against him; for Phidias from the very first beginning, by the advice of Pericles, had so wrought and wrapt the gold that was used in the work about the statue, that they might take it all off and make out the just weight of it, which Pericles at that time bade the accusers do. But the reputation of his works was what brought envy upon Phidias; especially, that where he represents the flight of the Amazons upon the goddess's shield, he had introduced a likeness of himself as a bald old man holding up a great stone with both hands, and had put in a very fine representation of Pericles fighting with an Amazon. And the position of the hand, which holds out the spear in front of the face, was ingeniously contrived to conceal in some degree the likeness, which meantime showed itself on either side.

Phidias then was carried away to prison, and there died of a disease; but as some say, of poison administered by the enemies of Pericles, to raise a slander, or a suspicion at least, as though he had procured it. The informer Menon, upon Glycon's proposal, the people made free from payment of taxes and customs,

and ordered the generals to take care that nobody should do him any hurt. About the same time, Aspasia was indicted of impiety, upon the complaint of Hermippus the comedian; who also laid further to her charge that she received into her house freeborn women for the uses of Pericles. And Diophites proposed a decree, that public accusations should be laid against persons who neglected religion, or taught new doctrines about things above; directing suspicion, by means of Anaxagoras, against Pericles himself. The people receiving and admitting these accusations and complaints, at length by this means they came to enact a decree, at the motion of Dracontides, that Pericles should bring in the accounts of the moneys he had expended, and lodge them with the Prytanes; and that the judges, carrying their suffrage from the altar in the Acropolis, should examine and determine the business in the city. This last clause Hagnon took out of the decree, and moved that the causes should be tried before fifteen hundred jurors, whether they should be styled prosecutions for robbery, or bribery, or any kind of malversation. Pericles begged off Aspasia; shedding, as Æschines says, many tears at the trial, and personally entreating the jurors. But fearing how it might go with Anaxagoras, he sent him out of the city. And finding that in Phidias's case he had miscarried with the people, being afraid of impeachment, he kindled the war, which hitherto had lingered and smothered, and blew it up into a flame; hoping by that means to disperse and scatter these complaints and charges, and to allay their jealousy; the city usually throwing herself upon him alone, and trusting to his sole conduct, upon the urgency of great affairs and public dangers, by reason of his authority and the sway he bore.

Pericles, however, was not at all moved by any attacks, but took all patiently, and submitted in silence to the disgrace they threw upon him and the ill-will they bore him; and sending out a fleet of a hundred galleys to Peloponnesus, he did not go along with it in person, but stayed behind, that he might watch at home and keep the city under his own control, till the Peloponnesians broke up their camp and were gone. Yet to soothe the common people, jaded and distressed with the war, he relieved them with distributions of public moneys, and ordained new divisions of subject land. For having turned out all the people of Ægina, he parted the island among the Athenians according to lot. Some comfort, also, and ease in their miseries, they might

receive from what their enemies endured. For the fleet, sailing round the Peloponnesus, ravaged a great deal of the country, and pillaged and plundered the towns and smaller cities; and by land he himself entered with an army the Megarian country, and made havoc of it all. Whence it is clear that the Peloponnesians, though they did the Athenians much mischief by land, yet suffering as much themselves from them by sea, would not have protracted the war to such a length, but would quickly have given it over, as Pericles at first foretold they would, had not some divine power crossed human purposes.

In the first place, the pestilential disease or plague seized upon the city, and ate up all the flower and prime of their youth and strength. Upon occasion of which, the people, distempered and afflicted in their souls as well as in their bodies, were utterly enraged like madmen against Pericles; and like patients grown delirious, sought to lay violent hands on their physician, or as it were, their father. They had been possessed, by his enemies, with the belief that the occasion of the plague was the crowding of the country people together into the town, forced as they were now, in the heat of the summer weather, to dwell many of them together even as they could, in small tenements and stifling hovels, and to be tied to a lazy course of life within doors, whereas before they lived in a pure, open, and free air. The cause and author of all this, said they, is he who on account of the war has poured a multitude of people from the country in upon us within the walls, and uses all these many men that he has here upon no employ or service, but keeps them pent up like cattle, to be overrun with infection from one another, affording them neither shift of quarters nor any refreshment.

With the design to remedy these evils, and to do the enemy some inconvenience, Pericles got a hundred and fifty galleys ready, and having embarked many tried soldiers, both foot and horse, was about to sail out; giving great hope to his citizens, and no less alarm to his enemies, upon the sight of so great a force. And now the vessels having their complement of men, and Pericles being gone aboard his own galley, it happened that the sun was eclipsed, and it grew dark on a sudden, to the affright of all,—for this was looked upon as extremely ominous. Pericles, therefore, perceiving the steersman seized with fear and at a loss what to do, took his cloak and held it up before the man's face, and screening him with it so that he could not see,

asked him whether he imagined there was any great hurt or the sign of any great hurt in this; and he answering No, "Why," said he, "and what does that differ from this, only that what has caused that darkness there is something greater than a cloak?" This is a story which philosophers tell their scholars.

. . . . . .

His domestic concerns were in an unhappy condition, many of his friends and acquaintance having died in the plague-time, and those of his family having long since been in disorder and in a kind of mutiny against him. . . .

Xanthippus died in the plague-time, of that sickness. At which time Pericles also lost his sister, and the greatest part of his relations and friends, and those who had been most useful and serviceable to him in managing the affairs of State. Yet he did not shrink or give in upon these occasions, nor betray or lower his high spirit and the greatness of his mind under all his misfortunes; he was not even so much as seen to weep or to mourn, or even attend the burial of any of his friends or relations, till at last he lost his only remaining legitimate son. Subdued by this blow, and yet striving still as far as he could to maintain his principle, and to preserve and keep up the greatness of his soul,—when he came, however, to perform the ceremony of putting a garland of flowers upon the head of the corpse, he was vanquished by his passion at the sight, so that he burst into exclamations, and shed copious tears, having never done any such thing in all his life before. . . .

The city having made trial of other generals for the conduct of war, and orators for business of State, when they found there was no one who was of weight enough for such a charge, or of authority sufficient to be trusted with so great a command, regretted the loss of him, and invited him again to address and advise them and to reassume the office of general. He, however, lay at home in dejection and mourning: but was persuaded by Alcibiades and others of his friends to come abroad and show himself to the people; who having, upon his appearance, made their acknowledgments, and apologized for their untowardly treatment of him, he undertook the public affairs once more; and being chosen general, requested that the statute concerning base-born children, which he himself had formerly caused to be made, might be suspended,—that so the name and race of his family might not, for absolute want of a lawful heir to succeed,

be wholly lost and extinguished. The case of the statute was thus: Pericles, when long ago at the height of his power in the State, having then, as has been said, children lawfully begotten, proposed a law that those only should be reputed true citizens of Athens who were born of parents both Athenian. After this, the King of Egypt having sent to the people, as a present, forty thousand bushels of wheat, which were to be shared out among the citizens, a great many actions and suits about legitimacy occurred by virtue of that edict,—cases which till that time had either not been known or not been taken notice of; and several persons suffered by false accusations. There were little less than five thousand who were convicted and sold for slaves; those who, enduring the test, remained in the government and passed muster for true Athenians, were found upon the poll to be fourteen thousand and forty persons in number.

It looked strange that a law which had been carried so far against so many people, should be canceled again by the same man that made it; yet the present calamity and distress which Pericles labored under in his family broke through all objections, and prevailed with the Athenians to pity him, as one whose losses and misfortunes had sufficiently punished his former arrogance and haughtiness. His sufferings deserved, they thought, their pity and even indignation, and his request was such as became a man to ask and men to grant: they gave him permission to enroll his son in the register of his fraternity, giving him his own name. This son afterward, after having defeated the Peloponnesians at Arginusæ, was with his fellow-generals put to death by the people.

About the time when his son was enrolled, it should seem, the plague seized Pericles; not with sharp and violent fits, as it did others that had it, but with a dull and lingering distemper, attended with various changes and alterations, leisurely by little and little wasting the strength of his body and undermining the noble faculties of his soul. So that Theophrastus, in his 'Morals,'—when discussing whether men's characters change with their circumstances, and their moral habits, disturbed by the ailings of their bodies, start aside from the rules of virtue,—has left it on record that Pericles, when he was sick, showed one of his friends that came to visit him an amulet or charm that the women had hung about his neck, as much as to say that he was very sick indeed when he would admit of such a foolery as that was.

When he was now near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were speaking of the greatness of his merit, and his power, and reckoning up his famous actions and the number of his victories; for there were no less than nine trophies, which as their chief commander and the conqueror of their enemies he had set up for the honor of the city. They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were unable to understand or mind what they said, but had now lost his consciousness. He had listened however all the while, and attended to all; and speaking out among them said that he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many other commanders, and at the same time should not speak or make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all: "For," said he, "no Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning."

He was indeed a character deserving our high admiration: not only for his equable and mild temper,—which all along in the many affairs of his life, and the great animosities which he incurred, he constantly maintained,—but also for the high spirit and feeling which made him regard it the noblest of all his honors, that in the exercise of such immense power he never had gratified his envy or his passion, nor ever had treated any enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him. And to me it appears that this one thing gives that otherwise childish and arrogant title a fitting and becoming significance: so dispassionate a temper, a life so pure and unblemished in the height of power and place, might well be called Olympian, in accordance with our conception of the divine beings to whom, as the natural authors of all good and nothing evil, we ascribe the rule and government of the world. Not as the poets represent, who, while confounding us with their ignorant fancies, are themselves confuted by their own poems and fictions, and call the place indeed where they say the gods make their abode, a secure and quiet seat, free from all hazards and commotions, untroubled with winds or with clouds, and equally through all time illumined with a soft serenity and a pure light, as though such were a home most agreeable for a blessed and immortal nature; and yet in the mean while affirm that the gods themselves are full of trouble and enmity and anger and other passions, which noway become or belong to even men that have any understanding. But this will perhaps seem

a subject fitter for some other consideration, and that ought to be treated of in some other place.

The course of public affairs after his death produced a quick and speedy sense of the loss of Pericles. Those who while he lived resented his great authority, as that which eclipsed themselves, presently after his quitting the stage, making trial of other orators and demagogues, readily acknowledged that there never had been in nature such a disposition as his was, more moderate and reasonable in the height of that state he took upon him, or more grave and impressive in the mildness which he used. And that invidious arbitrary power, to which formerly they gave the name of monarchy and tyranny, did then appear to have been the chief bulwark of public safety: so great a corruption and such a flood of mischief and vice followed, which he, by keeping weak and low, had withheld from notice, and had prevented from attaining incurable height through a licentious impunity.

CORIOLANUS

From the 'Lives of Illustrious Men.' Reprinted with the approval of Little, Brown & Co., publishers

IT MAY be observed in general, that when young men arrive early at fame and repute, if they are of a nature but slightly touched with emulation, this early attainment is apt to extinguish their thirst and satiate their small appetite: whereas the first distinctions of more solid and weighty characters do but stimulate and quicken them and take them away, like a wind, in the pursuit of honor; they look upon these marks and testimonies to their virtue not as a recompense received for what they have already done, but as a pledge given by themselves of what they will perform hereafter; ashamed now to forsake or underlive the credit they have won, or rather, not to exceed and obscure all that is gone before by the lustre of their following actions.

Marcius, having a spirit of this noble make, was ambitious always to surpass himself, and did nothing, how extraordinary soever, but he thought he was bound to outdo it at the next occasion; and ever desiring to give continual fresh instances of his prowess, he added one exploit to another, and heaped up trophies upon trophies, so as to make it a matter of contest also

among his commanders,—the later still vying with the earlier, which should pay him the greatest honor and speak highest in his commendation. Of all the numerous wars and conflicts in those days, there was not one from which he returned without laurels and rewards. And whereas others made glory the end of their daring, the end of his glory was his mother's gladness; the delight she took to hear him praised and to see him crowned, and her weeping for joy in his embraces, rendered him, in his own thoughts, the most honored and most happy person in the world. . . .

The Romans were now at war with the Volscian nation, whose principal city was Corioli; when therefore Cominius the consul had invested this important place, the rest of the Volscians, fearing it would be taken, mustered up whatever force they could from all parts to relieve it, designing to give the Romans battle before the city, and so attack them on both sides. Cominius, to avoid this inconvenience, divided his army, marching himself with one body to encounter the Volscians on their approach from without, and leaving Titus Lartius, one of the bravest Romans of his time, to command the other and continue the siege. Those within Corioli, despising now the smallness of their number, made a sally upon them; and prevailed at first, and pursued the Romans into their trenches. Here it was that Marcius, flying out with a slender company, and cutting those in pieces that first engaged him, obliged the other assailants to slacken their speed; and then with loud cries called on the Romans to renew the battle. For he had—what Cato thought a great point in a soldier—not only strength of hand and stroke, but also a voice and look that of themselves were a terror to an enemy. Divers of his own party now rallying and making up to him, the enemy soon retreated: but Marcius, not content to see them draw off and retire, pressed hard upon the rear, and drove them, as they fled away in haste, to the very gates of their city; where, perceiving the Romans to fall back from their pursuit, beaten off by the multitude of darts poured in upon them from the walls, and that none of his followers had the hardiness to think of falling in pell-mell among the fugitives, and so entering a city full of enemies in arms, he nevertheless stood and urged them to the attempt, crying out that fortune had now set open Corioli, not so much to shelter the vanquished as to receive the conquerors. Seconded by a few that were willing to venture with him,

he bore along through the crowd, made good his passage, and thrust himself into the gate through the midst of them, nobody at first daring to resist him. But when the citizens, on looking about, saw that a very small number had entered, they now took courage, and came up and attacked them. A combat ensued of the most extraordinary description, in which Marcius, by strength of hand and swiftness of foot and daring of soul overpowering every one that he assailed, succeeded in driving the enemy to seek refuge for the most part in the interior of the town, while the remainder submitted, and threw down their arms; thus affording Lartius abundant opportunity to bring in the rest of the Romans with ease and safety.

The day after, when Marcius with the rest of the army presented themselves at the consul's tent, Cominius rose, and having rendered all due acknowledgment to the gods for the success of that enterprise, turned next to Marcius, and first of all delivered the strongest encomium upon his rare exploits, which he had partly been an eye-witness of himself, in the late battle, and had partly learned from the testimony of Lartius. And then he required him to choose a tenth part of all the treasure and horses and captives that had fallen into their hands, before any division should be made to others; besides which, he made him the special present of a horse with trappings and ornaments, in honor of his actions. The whole army applauded; Marcius however stepped forth, and declaring his thankful acceptance of the horse, and his gratification of the praises of his general, said that all other things, which he could only regard rather as mercenary advantages than any significations of honor, he must waive, and should be content with the ordinary portion of such rewards. "I have only," said he, "one special grace to beg; and this I hope you will not deny me. There was a certain hospitable friend of mine among the Volscians, a man of probity and virtue, who is become a prisoner, and from former wealth and freedom is now reduced to servitude. Among his many misfortunes let my intercession redeem him from the one of being sold as a common slave." Such a refusal and such a request on the part of Marcius were followed with yet louder acclamations; and he had many more admirers of this generous superiority to avarice, than of the bravery he had shown in battle. The very persons who conceived some envy and despite to see him so specially honored, could not but acknowledge that one who could so nobly refuse reward was

beyond others worthy to receive it; and were more charmed with that virtue which made him despise advantage, than with any of those former actions that had gained him his title to it. It is the higher accomplishment to use money well than to use arms; but not to desire it is more noble than to use it.

When the noise of approbation and applause ceased, Cominius resuming, said: "It is idle, fellow-soldiers, to force and obtrude those other gifts of ours on one who is unwilling to accept them: let us therefore give him one of such a kind that he cannot well reject it; let us pass a vote, I mean, that he shall hereafter be called Coriolanus, unless you think that his performance at Corioli has itself anticipated any such resolution." Hence therefore he had his third name of Coriolanus, making it all the plainer that Caius was a personal proper name, and the second or surname Marcius was one common to his house and family; the third being a subsequent addition, which used to be imposed either from some particular act or fortune, bodily characteristic, or good quality of the bearer. . . .

Not long afterward he stood for the consulship; and now the people began to relent and incline to favor him, being sensible what a shame it would be to repulse and affront a man of his birth and merit after he had done them so many signal services. It was usual for those who stood for offices among them to solicit and address themselves personally to the citizens, presenting themselves in the forum with the toga on alone, and no tunic under it; either to promote their supplications by the humility of their dress, or that such as had received wounds might more readily display those marks of their fortitude. Certainly it was not out of suspicion of bribery and corruption that they required all such petitioners for their favor to appear ungirt and open, without any close garment: as it was much later, and many ages after this, that buying and selling crept in at their elections, and money became an ingredient in the public suffrages; proceeding thence to attempt their tribunals, and even attack their camps, till, by hiring the valiant and enslaving iron to silver, it grew master of the State, and turned their commonwealth into a monarchy. For it was well and truly said that the first destroyer of the liberties of a people is he who first gives them bounties and largesses. At Rome the mischief seems to have stolen secretly in, and by little and little, not being at once discerned and taken notice of. It is not certainly known

who the man was that there first either bribed the citizens or corrupted the courts; whereas in Athens, Anytus the son of Anthemion is said to have been the first that gave money to the judges, when on his trial, toward the latter end of the Peloponnesian war, for letting the fort of Pylos fall into the hands of the enemy,—in a period while the pure and golden race of men were still in possession of the Roman forum.

Marcius, therefore, as the fashion of candidates was, showing the scars and gashes that were still visible on his body, from the many conflicts in which he had signalized himself during a service of seventeen years together,—they were, so to say, put out of countenance at this display of merit, and told one another that they ought in common modesty to create him consul. But when the day of election was now come, and Marcius appeared in the forum with a pompous train of senators attending him, and the patricians all manifested greater concern and seemed to be exerting greater efforts than they had ever done before on the like occasion, the commons then fell off again from the kindness they had conceived for him, and in the place of their late benevolence, began to feel something of indignation and envy; passions assisted by the fear they entertained, that if a man of such aristocratic temper, and so influential among the patricians, should be invested with the power which that office would give him, he might employ it to deprive the people of all that liberty which was yet left them. In conclusion they rejected Marcius. Two other names were announced, to the great mortification of the senators, who felt as if the indignity reflected rather upon themselves than on Marcius. He for his part could not bear the affront with any patience. He had always indulged his temper, and had regarded the proud and contentious element of human nature as a sort of nobleness and magnanimity; reason and discipline had not imbued him with that solidity and equanimity which enters so largely into the virtues of the statesman. He had never learned how essential it is for any one who undertakes public business, and desires to deal with mankind, to avoid above all things that self-will, which, as Plato says, belongs to the family of solitude; and to pursue above all things that capacity so generally ridiculed, of submission to ill-treatment. Marcius, straightforward and direct, and possessed with the idea that to vanquish and overbear all opposition is the true part of bravery, and never imagining that it was the weakness and womanishness

of his nature that broke out, so to say, in these ulcerations of anger, retired, full of fury and bitterness against the people. The young patricians too,—all that were proudest and most conscious of their noble birth—had always been devoted to his interest; and adhering to him now, with a fidelity that did him no good, aggravated his resentment with the expression of their indignation and condolence. He had been their captain, and their willing instructor in the arts of war when out upon expeditions, and their model in that true emulation and love of excellence which makes men extol, without envy or jealousy, each other's brave achievements. . . .

There was a man of Antium called Tullus Aufidius, who for his wealth and bravery and the splendor of his family had the respect and privilege of a king among the Volscians; but whom Marcius knew to have a particular hostility to himself, above all other Romans. Frequent menaces and challenges had passed in battle between them; and those exchanges of defiance to which their hot and eager emulation is apt to prompt young soldiers had added private animosity to their national feelings of opposition. Yet for all this, considering Tullus to have a certain generosity of temper, and knowing that no Volscian so much as he desired an occasion to requite upon the Romans the evils they had done, he did what much confirms the saying that—

> «Hard and unequal is with wrath the strife,
> Which makes us buy its pleasures with our life.»

Putting on such a dress as would make him appear to any whom he might meet most unlike what he really was, thus, like Ulysses,—

> «The town he entered of his mortal foes.»

His arrival at Antium was about evening, and though several met him in the streets, yet he passed along without being known to any, and went directly to the house of Tullus; and entering undiscovered, went up to the fire-hearth, and seated himself there without speaking a word, covering up his head. Those of the family could not but wonder, and yet they were afraid either to raise or question him, for there was a certain air of majesty both in his posture and silence; but they recounted to Tullus, being then at supper, the strangeness of this accident. He immediately rose from table and came in, and asked who he was, and for

what business he came thither; and then Marcius, unmuffling himself and pausing awhile, "If," said he, "you cannot call me to mind, Tullus, or do not believe your eyes concerning me, I must of necessity be my own accuser. I am Caius Marcius, the author of so much mischief to the Volscians; of which, were I seeking to deny it, the surname of Coriolanus I now bear would be a sufficient evidence against me. The one recompense I received for all the hardships and perils I have gone through was the title that proclaims my enmity to your nation, and this is the only thing which is still left me. Of all other advantages I have been stripped and deprived by the envy and outrage of the Roman people, and the cowardice and treachery of the magistrates and those of my own order. I am driven out as an exile, and become a humble suppliant at your hearth, not so much for safety and protection (should I have come hither, had I been afraid to die?) as to seek vengeance against those that expelled me; which methinks I have already obtained by putting myself into your hands. If therefore you have really a mind to attack your enemies, come then, make use of that affliction which you see me in to assist the enterprise, and convert my personal infelicity into a common blessing to the Volscians; as indeed I am likely to be more serviceable in fighting for than against you, with the advantage which I now possess of knowing all the secrets of the enemy that I am attacking. But if you decline to make any further attempts, I am neither desirous to live myself, nor will it be well in you to preserve a person who has been your rival and adversary of old, and now, when he offers you his service, appears unprofitable and useless to you."

Tullus on hearing this was extremely rejoiced, and giving him his right hand, exclaimed, "Rise, Marcius, and be of good courage: it is a great happiness you bring to Antium, in the present you make us of yourself; expect everything that is good from the Volscians." He then proceeded to feast and entertain him with every display of kindness; and for several days after, they were in close deliberation together on the prospects of a war. . . .

Tullus called a general assembly of the Volscians; and the vote passing for a war, he then proposed that they should call in Marcius, laying aside the remembrance of former grudges, and assuring themselves that the services they should now receive from him as a friend and associate would abundantly outweigh any harm or damage he had done them when he was their

enemy. Marcius was accordingly summoned; and having made his entrance, and spoken to the people, won their good opinion of his capacity, his skill, counsel, and boldness, not less by his present words than by his past actions. They joined him in commission with Tullus to have full power as general of their forces in all that related to the war. And he, fearing lest the time that would be requisite to bring all the Volscians together in full preparation might be so long as to lose him the opportunity of action, left order with the chief persons and magistrates of the city to provide other things; while he himself, prevailing upon the most forward to assemble and march out with him as volunteers without staying to be enrolled, made a sudden inroad into the Roman confines, when nobody expected him, and possessed himself of so much booty that the Volscians found they had more than they could either carry away or use in the camp. The abundance of provision which he gained, and the waste and havoc of the country which he made, however, were of themselves and in his account the smallest results of that invasion: the great mischief he intended, and his special object in all, was to increase at Rome the suspicions entertained of the patricians, and to make them upon worse terms with the people. With this view, while spoiling all the fields and destroying the property of other men, he took special care to preserve their farms and land untouched, and would not allow his soldiers to ravage there, or seize upon anything which belonged to them.

But when the whole strength of the Volscians was brought together in the field, with great expedition and alacrity, it appeared so considerable a body that they agreed to leave part in garrison, for the security of their towns, and with the other part to march against the Romans.

All at Rome was in great disorder; they were utterly averse from fighting, and spent their whole time in cabals and disputes and reproaches against each other: until news was brought that the enemy had laid close siege to Lavinium, where were the images and sacred things of their tutelar gods, and from whence they derived the origin of their nation; that being the first city which Æneas built in Italy. These tidings produced a change as universal as it was extraordinary in the thoughts and inclinations of the people. . . .

It was therefore unanimously agreed by all parties that ambassadors should be dispatched, offering Coriolanus return to his

country, and desiring he would free them from the terrors and distresses of the war. The persons sent by the Senate with this message were chosen out of his kindred and acquaintance, who naturally expected a very kind reception at their first interview, upon the score of that relation and their old familiarity and friendship with him; in which, however, they were much mistaken. Being led through the enemy's camp, they found him sitting in state amidst the chief men of the Volscians, looking insupportably proud and arrogant. He bade them declare the cause of their coming, which they did in the most gentle and tender terms, and with a behavior suitable to their language. When they had made an end of speaking, he returned them a sharp answer, full of bitterness and angry resentment, as to what concerned himself and the ill usage he had received from them: but as general of the Volscians, he demanded restitution of the cities and the lands which had been seized upon during the late war, and that the same rights and franchises should be granted them at Rome which had been before accorded to the Latins; since there could be no assurance that a peace would be firm and lasting without fair and just conditions on both sides. He allowed them thirty days to consider and resolve. . . .

But when the thirty days were expired, and Marcius appeared again with his whole army, they sent another embassy to beseech him that he would moderate his displeasure, and would withdraw the Volscian army, and then make any proposals he thought best for both parties: the Romans would make no concessions to menaces, but if it were his opinion that the Volscians ought to have any favor shown them, upon laying down their arms they might obtain all they could in reason desire.

The reply of Marcius was, that he should make no answer to this as general of the Volscians: but in the quality still of a Roman citizen, he would advise and exhort them as the case stood, not to carry it so high, but think rather of just compliance, and return to him before three days were at an end, with a ratification of his previous demands; otherwise they must understand that they could not have any further freedom of passing through his camp upon idle errands.

When the ambassadors were come back, and had acquainted the Senate with the answer, seeing the whole State now threatened as it were by a tempest, and the waves ready to overwhelm them, they were forced, as we say in extreme perils, to let down the

sacred anchor. A decree was made that the whole order of their priests — those who initiated in the mysteries or had the custody of them, and those who, according to the ancient practice of the country, divined from birds — should all and every one of them go in full procession to Marcius with their pontifical array, and the dress and habit which they respectively used in their several functions, and should urge him as before to withdraw his forces, and then treat with his countrymen in favor of the Volscians. He consented so far, indeed, as to give the deputation an admittance into his camp, but granted nothing at all, nor so much as expressed himself more mildly; but without capitulating or receding, bade them once for all choose whether they would yield or fight, since the old terms were the only terms of peace. When this solemn application proved ineffectual, the priests too returning unsuccessful, they determined to sit still within the city and keep watch about their walls, intending only to repulse the enemy should he offer to attack them, and placing their hopes chiefly in time and in extraordinary accidents of fortune; as to themselves, they felt incapable of doing anything for their own deliverance; mere confusion and terror and ill-boding reports possessed the whole city, till at last a thing happened not unlike what we so often find represented — without, however, being generally accepted as true — in Homer. . . . In the perplexity I have described, the Roman women went, some to other temples, but the greater part, and the ladies of highest rank, to the altar of Jupiter Capitolinus. Among these suppliants was Valeria, sister to the great Poplicola, who did the Romans eminent service both in peace and war. Poplicola himself was now deceased, as is told in the history of his life; but Valeria lived still, and enjoyed great respect and honor at Rome, her life and conduct noway disparaging her birth. She, suddenly seized with the sort of instinct or emotion of mind which I have described, and happily lighting, not without divine guidance, on the right expedient, both rose herself and bade the others rise, and went directly with them to the house of Volumnia, the mother of Marcius. And coming in and finding her sitting with her daughter-in-law, and with her little grandchildren on her lap, — Valeria, surrounded by her female companions, spoke in the name of them all: —

"We that now make our appearance, O Volumnia, and you, Vergilia, are come as mere women to women, not by direction of the Senate, or an order from the consuls, or the appointment

of any other magistrate; but the divine being himself, as I conceive, moved to compassion by our prayers, prompted us to visit you in a body, and request a thing on which our own and the common safety depends, and which, if you consent to it, will raise your glory above that of the daughters of the Sabines, who won over their fathers and their husbands from mortal enmity to peace and friendship. Arise and come with us to Marcius; join in our supplication, and bear for your country this true and just testimony on her behalf: that notwithstanding the many mischiefs that have been done her, yet she has never outraged you, nor so much as thought of treating you ill, in all her resentment, but does now restore you safe into his hands, though there be small likelihood she should obtain from him any equitable terms."

The words of Valeria were seconded by the acclamations of the other women, to which Volumnia made answer:—

"I and Vergilia, my countrywomen, have an equal share with you all in the common miseries; and we have the additional sorrow, which is wholly ours, that we have lost the merit and good fame of Marcius, and see his person confined, rather than protected, by the arms of the enemy. Yet I account this the greatest of all misfortunes, if indeed the affairs of Rome be sunk to so feeble a state as to have their last dependence upon us. For it is hardly imaginable he should have any consideration left for us, when he has no regard for the country which he was wont to prefer before his mother and wife and children. Make use, however, of our service; and lead us, if you please, to him: we are able, if nothing more, at least to spend our last breath in making suit to him for our country."

Having spoken thus, she took Vergilia by the hand, and the young children, and so accompanied them to the Volscian camp. So lamentable a sight much affected the enemies themselves, who viewed them in respectful silence. Marcius was then sitting in his place, with his chief officers about him, and seeing the party of women advance toward them, wondered what might be the matter; but perceiving at length that his mother was at the head of them, he would fain have hardened himself in his former inexorable temper: but overcome by his feelings, and confounded at what he saw, he did not endure they should approach him sitting in state, but came down hastily to meet them; saluting his mother first, and embracing her a long time, and then his wife and children; sparing neither tears nor caresses, but

suffering himself to be borne away and carried headlong, as it were, by the impetuous violence of his passion.

When he had satisfied himself, and observed that his mother Volumnia was desirous to say something, the Volscian council being first called in, he heard her to the following effect:—"Our dress and our very persons, my son, might tell you, though we should say nothing ourselves, in how forlorn a condition we have lived at home since your banishment and absence from us; and now consider with yourself, whether we may not pass for the most unfortunate of all women, to have that sight, which should be the sweetest that we could see, converted through I know not what fatality, to one of all others the most formidable and dreadful,—Volumnia to behold her son, and Vergilia her husband, in arms against the walls of Rome. Even prayer itself, whence others gain comfort and relief in all manner of misfortunes, is that which most adds to our confusion and distress: since our best wishes are inconsistent with themselves, nor can we at the same time petition the gods for Rome's victory and your preservation; but what the worst of our enemies would imprecate as a curse is the very object of our vows. Your wife and children are under the sad necessity, that they must either be deprived of you or of their native soil. As for myself, I am resolved not to wait till war shall determine this alternative for me; but if I cannot prevail with you to prefer amity and concord to quarrel and hostility, and to be the benefactor to both parties rather than the destroyer of one of them, be assured of this from me, and reckon steadfastly upon it,—that you shall not be able to reach your country unless you trample first upon the corpse of her that brought you into life. For it will be ill in me to wait and loiter in the world till the day come when I shall see a child of mine either led in triumph by his own countrymen, or triumphing over them. Did I require you to save your country by ruining the Volscians, then, I confess, my son, the case would be hard for you to solve. It is base to bring destitution on our fellow-citizens; it is unjust to betray those who have placed their confidence in us. But as it is, we do but desire a deliverance equally expedient for them and us; only more glorious and honorable on the Volscian side, who as superior in arms, will be thought freely to bestow the two greatest of blessings, peace and friendship, even when they themselves receive the same. If we obtain these, the common thanks will be chiefly due to you as

the principal cause; but if they be not granted, you alone must expect to bear the blame from both nations. The chance of all war is uncertain; yet thus much is certain in the present,—that you, by conquering Rome, will only get the reputation of having undone your country; but if the Volscians happen to be defeated under your conduct, then the world will say that to satisfy a revengeful humor, you brought misery on your friends and patrons."

Marcius listened to his mother while she spoke, without answering her a word; and Volumnia, seeing him stand mute also for a long time after she had ceased, resumed:—"O my son," said she, "what is the meaning of this silence? Is it a duty to postpone everything to a sense of injuries, and wrong to gratify a mother in a request like this? Is it the characteristic of a great man to remember wrongs that have been done him, and not the part of a great and good man to remember benefits such as those that children receive from parents, and to requite them with honor and respect? You, methinks, who are so relentless in the punishment of the ungrateful, should not be more careless than others to be grateful yourself. You have punished your country already; you have not yet paid your debt to me. Nature and religion, surely, unattended by any constraint, should have won your consent to petitions so worthy and so just as these; but if it must be so, I will even use my last resource." Having said this, she threw herself down at his feet, as did also his wife and children; upon which Marcius, crying out, "O mother! what is it you have done to me!" raised her up from the ground, and pressing her right hand with more than ordinary vehemence, "You have gained a victory," said he, "fortunate enough for the Romans, but destructive to your son; whom you, though none else, have defeated." After which, and a little private conference with his mother and his wife, he sent them back again to Rome, as they desired of him.

The next morning he broke up his camp, and led the Volscians homeward, variously affected with what he had done: some of them complaining of him and condemning his act; others, who were inclined to a peaceful conclusion, unfavorable to neither. A third party, while much disliking his proceedings, yet could not look upon Marcius as a treacherous person, but thought it pardonable in him to be thus shaken and driven to surrender at last under such compulsion. . . .

When Marcius came back to Antium, Tullus, who thoroughly hated and greatly feared him, proceeded at once to contrive how he might immediately dispatch him; as, if he escaped now, he was never likely to give him such another advantage. Having therefore got together and suborned several partisans against him, he required Marcius to resign his charge, and give the Volscians an account of his administration. . . .

Tullus began to dread the issue of the defense he was going to make for himself; for he was an admirable speaker, and the former services he had done the Volscians had procured and still preserved for him greater kindness than could be outweighed by any blame for his late conduct. Indeed, the very accusation itself was a proof and testimony of the greatness of his merits; since people could never have complained or thought themselves wronged because Rome was not brought into their power, but that by his means they had come so near to taking it. For these reasons the conspirators judged it prudent not to make any further delays, nor to test the general feeling; but the boldest of their faction, crying out that they ought not to listen to a traitor, nor allow him still to retain office and play the tyrant among them, fell upon Marcius in a body, and slew him there, none of those that were present offering to defend him. But it quickly appeared that the action was in no wise approved by the majority of the Volscians, who hurried out of their several cities to show respect to his corpse; to which they gave honorable interment, adorning his sepulchre with arms and trophies, as the monument of a noble hero and a famous general. When the Romans heard tidings of his death, they gave no other signification of either honor or of anger towards him, but simply granted the request of the women, that they might put themselves into mourning and bewail him for ten months, as the usage was upon the loss of a father or a son or a brother; that being the period fixed for the longest lamentation by the laws of Numa Pompilius, as is more amply told in the account of him.

Marcius was no sooner deceased but the Volscians felt the need of his assistance. They . . . were defeated by the Romans in a pitched battle, where not only Tullus lost his life, but the principal flower of their whole army was cut in pieces: so that they were forced to submit and accept of peace upon very dishonorable terms,—becoming subjects of Rome, and pledging themselves to submission.

PLUTARCH ON HIMSELF

From biography of Demosthenes, in the 'Lives of Illustrious Men.' Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

WHOEVER it was, Sosius, that wrote the poem in honor of Alcibiades, upon his winning the chariot race at the Olympian Games,—whether it were Euripides, as is most commonly thought, or some other person,—he tells us that to a man's being happy, it is in the first place requisite he should be born in "some famous city." But for him that would attain to true happiness, which for the most part is placed in the qualities and disposition of the mind, it is in my opinion of no other disadvantage to be of a mean, obscure country, than to be born of a small or plain-looking woman. For it were ridiculous to think that Iulis, a little part of Ceos, which itself is no great island, and Ægina, which an Athenian once said ought to be removed, like a small eye-sore, from the port of Piræus, should breed good actors and poets,* and yet should never be able to produce a just, temperate, wise, and high-minded man. Other arts, whose end it is to acquire riches or honor, are likely enough to wither and decay in poor and undistinguished towns; but virtue, like a strong and durable plant, may take root and thrive in any place where it can lay hold of an ingenuous nature, and a mind that is industrious. I for my part shall desire that for any deficiency of mine in right judgment or action, I myself may be as in fairness held accountable, and shall not attribute it to the obscurity of my birthplace.

But if any man undertake to write a history that has to be collected from materials gathered by observation and the reading of works not easy to be got in all places, nor written always in his own language, but many of them foreign and dispersed in other hands,—for him, undoubtedly, it is in the first place and above all things most necessary to reside in some city of good note, addicted to liberal arts, and populous; where he may have plenty of all sorts of books, and upon inquiry may hear and inform himself of such particulars as, having escaped the pens of writers, are more faithfully preserved in the memories of men, lest his work be deficient in many things, even those which it can least dispense with.

* Simonides, the lyric poet, was born at Iulis in Ceos: and Polus, the celebrated actor, was a native of Ægina.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

From a Painting by H. Picou

But for me, I live in a little town, where I am willing to continue, lest it should grow less; and having had no leisure, while I was in Rome and other parts of Italy, to exercise myself in the Roman language, on account of public business and of those who came to be instructed by me in philosophy, it was very late, and in the decline of my age, before I applied myself to the reading of Latin authors. Upon which that which happened to me may seem strange, though it be true; for it was not so much by the knowledge of words that I came to the understanding of things, as by my experience of things I was enabled to follow the meaning of words. But to appreciate the graceful and ready pronunciation of the Roman tongue, to understand the various figures and connection of words, and such other ornaments in which the beauty of speaking consists, is, I doubt not, an admirable and delightful accomplishment; but it requires a degree of practice and study which is not easy, and will better suit those who have more leisure, and time enough yet before them for the occupation.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

From the 'Lives of Illustrious Men.' Reprinted with the approval of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

With the better class and with all well-conducted people his [Antony's] general course of life made him, as Cicero says, absolutely odious; utter disgust being excited by his drinking bouts at all hours, his wild expenses, his gross amours, the day spent in sleeping or walking off his debauches, and the night in banquets and at theatres, and in celebrating the nuptials of some comedian or buffoon. . . .

But it was his character in calamities to be better than at any other time. Antony in misfortune was most nearly a virtuous man. It is common enough for people when they fall into great disasters to discern what is right, and what they ought to do: but there are few who in such extremities have the strength to obey their judgment, either in doing what it approves or avoiding what it condemns; and a good many are so weak as to give way to their habits all the more, and are incapable of using their minds. Antony on this occasion was a most wonderful example to his soldiers. He who had just quitted so

much luxury and sumptuous living, made no difficulty now of drinking foul water and feeding on wild fruits and roots. Nay, it is related they ate the very bark of trees; and in passing over the Alps, lived upon creatures that no one before had ever been willing to touch. . . .

Whilst Cæsar in Rome was wearing out his strength amidst seditions and wars, Antony, with nothing to do amidst the enjoyments of peace, let his passions carry him easily back to the old course of life that was familiar to him. A set of harpers and pipers, Anaxenor and Xuthus, the dancing-man Metrodorus, and a whole Bacchic rout of the like Asiatic exhibitors, far outdoing in license and buffoonery the pests that had followed out of Italy, came in and possessed the court; the thing was past patience, wealth of all kinds being wasted on objects like these. The whole of Asia was like the city in Sophocles, loaded at one time

> "—with incense in the air,
> Jubilant songs, and outcries of despair."

When he made his entry into Ephesus, the women met him dressed up like Bacchantes, and the men and boys like Satyrs and Fauns; and throughout the town nothing was to be seen but spears wreathed about with ivy, harps, flutes, and psalteries, while Antony in their songs was Bacchus the Giver of Joy and the Gentle. And so indeed he was to some, but to far more the Devourer and the Savage; for he would deprive persons of worth and quality of their fortunes to gratify villains and flatterers, who would sometimes beg the estates of men yet living, pretending they were dead, and, obtaining a grant, take possession. He gave his cook the house of a Magnesian citizen, as a reward for a single highly successful supper; and at last, when he was proceeding to lay a second whole tribute on Asia, Hybreas, speaking on behalf of the cities, took courage, and told him broadly, but aptly enough for Antony's taste, "If you can take two yearly tributes, you can doubtless give us a couple of summers, and a double harvest-time:" and put it to him in the plainest and boldest way, that Asia had raised two hundred thousand talents for his service; "If this has not been paid to you, ask your collectors for it; if it has, and is all gone, we are ruined men." These words touched Antony to the quick, he being simply ignorant of most things that were done in his name: not that he was so indolent as he was prone to trust frankly in all about him. For

there was much simplicity in his character: he was slow to see his faults, but when he did see them, was extremely repentant, and ready to ask pardon of those he had injured; prodigal in his acts of reparation, and severe in his punishments, but his generosity was much more extravagant than his severity; his raillery was sharp and insulting, but the edge of it was taken off by his readiness to submit to any kind of repartee; for he was as well contented to be rallied, as he was pleased to rally others. And this freedom of speech was indeed the cause of many of his disasters. He never imagined that those who used so much liberty in their mirth would flatter or deceive him in business of consequence; not knowing how common it is with parasites to mix their flattery with boldness, as confectioners do their sweetmeats with something biting, to prevent the sense of satiety. Their freedoms and impertinences at table were designed expressly to give to their obsequiousness in council the air of being not complaisance, but conviction.

Such being his temper, the last and crowning mischief that could befall him came in the love of Cleopatra, to awaken and kindle to fury passions that as yet lay still and dormant in his nature, and to stifle and finally corrupt any elements that yet made resistance in him, of goodness and a sound judgment. . . .

She was to meet Antony in the time of life when women's beauty is most splendid, and their intellects are in full maturity. She made great preparations for her journey, of money, gifts, and ornaments of value, such as so wealthy a kingdom might afford; but she brought with her her surest hopes in her own magic arts and charms.

She received several letters, both from Antony and from his friends, to summon her, but she took no account of these orders; and at last, as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along, under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture; and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight. The market-place

was quite emptied, and Antony at last was left alone sitting upon the tribunal; while the word went through all the multitude that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her; so, willing to show his good-humor and courtesy, he complied, and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights; for on a sudden there was let down altogether so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equaled for beauty.

The next day Antony invited her to supper, and was very desirous to outdo her as well in magnificence as contrivance; but he found he was altogether beaten in both, and was so well convinced of it, that he was himself the first to jest and mock at his poverty of wit and his rustic awkwardness. She, perceiving that his raillery was broad and gross, and savored more of the soldier than the courtier, rejoined in the same taste, and fell into it at once, without any sort of reluctance or reserve. For her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it: but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible; the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another: so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Æthiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others, whose language she had learnt: which was all the more surprising, because most of the kings her predecessors scarcely gave themselves the trouble to acquire the Egyptian tongue, and several of them quite abandoned the Macedonian.

Antony was so captivated by her, that while Fulvia his wife maintained his quarrels in Rome against Cæsar by actual force of arms, and the Parthian troops commanded by Labienus (the king's generals having made him commander-in-chief) were assembled in Mesopotamia and ready to enter Syria, he could yet

suffer himself to be carried away by her to Alexandria, there to keep holiday like a boy in play and diversion, squandering and fooling away in enjoyments what Antiphon calls that most costly of all valuables, time. They had a sort of company, to which they gave a particular name, calling it that of the Inimitable Livers. The members entertained one another daily in turn, with an extravagance of expenditure beyond measure or belief. Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time a student of medicine in Alexandria, used to tell my grandfather Lamprias that having some acquaintance with one of the royal cooks, he was invited by him, being a young man, to come and see the sumptuous preparations for supper. So he was taken into the kitchen, where he admired the prodigious variety of all things; but particularly, seeing eight wild boars roasting whole, says he, "Surely you have a great number of guests." The cook laughed at his simplicity, and told him there were not above twelve to sup, but that every dish was to be served up just roasted to a turn; and if anything was but one minute ill-timed, it was spoiled. "And," said he, "maybe Antony will sup just now, maybe not this hour; maybe he will call for wine, or begin to talk, and will put it off. So that," he continued, "it is not one, but many suppers must be had in readiness, as it is impossible to guess at his hour." . . .

[After the desertion of Antony's fleet and cavalry to Octavianus, and the defeat of his infantry, in the contest before Alexdria,] he retired into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him to the enemies he had made for her sake. She, being afraid lest in his fury and despair he might do her a mischief, fled to her monument, and letting down the falling doors, which were strong with bars and bolts, she sent messengers who should tell Antony she was dead. He believing it cried out, "Now, Antony, why delay longer? Fate has snatched away the only pretext for which you could say you desired yet to live." Going into his chamber, and there loosening and opening his coat of armor, "I am not troubled, Cleopatra," said he, "to be at present bereaved of you, for I shall soon be with you; but it distresses me that so great a general should be found of a tardier courage than a woman." He had a faithful servant, whose name was Eros; he had engaged him formerly to kill him when he should think it necessary, and now he put him to his promise. Eros drew his sword, as designing to kill him, but suddenly

turning round, he slew himself. And as he fell dead at his feet, "It is well done, Eros," said Antony, "you show your master how to do what you had not the heart to do yourself:" and so he ran himself in the belly, and laid himself upon the couch. The wound, however, was not immediately mortal; and the flow of blood ceasing when he lay down, presently he came to himself, and entreated those that were about him to put him out of his pain; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and struggling, until Diomede, Cleopatra's secretary, came to him, having orders from her to bring him into the monument.

When he understood she was alive, he eagerly gave order to the servants to take him up, and in their arms was carried to the door of the building. Cleopatra would not open the door, but looking from a sort of window, she let down ropes and cords, to which Antony was fastened; and she and her two women, the only persons she had allowed to enter the monument, drew him up. Those who were present say that nothing was ever more sad than this spectacle,—to see Antony, covered all over with blood and just expiring, thus drawn up, still holding up his hands to her, and lifting up his body with the little force he had left. As indeed it was no easy task for the women; and Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope and straining with her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up, while those below encouraged her with their cries, and joined in all her effort and anxiety. When she had got him up, she laid him on the bed, tearing all her clothes, which she spread upon him; and beating her breasts with her hands, lacerating herself, and disfiguring her own face with the blood from his wounds, she called him her lord, her husband, her emperor, and seemed to have pretty nearly forgotten all her own evils, she was so intent upon his misfortunes. Antony, stopping her lamentations as well as he could, called for wine to drink; either that he was thirsty, or that he imagined that it might put him the sooner out of pain. When he had drunk, he advised her to bring her own affairs, so far as might be honorably done, to a safe conclusion, and that among all the friends of Cæsar, she should rely on Proculeius; that she should not pity him in this last turn of fate, but rather rejoice for him in remembrance of his past happiness, who had been of all men the most illustrious and powerful, and in the end had fallen not ignobly, a Roman by a Roman overcome. . . .

There was a young man of distinction among Cæsar's companions, named Cornelius Dolabella. He was not without a certain tenderness for Cleopatra; and sent her word privately, as she had besought him to do, that Cæsar was about to return through Syria, and that she and her children were to be sent on within three days. When she understood this, she made her request to Cæsar that he would he pleased to permit her to make oblations to the departed Antony; which being granted, she ordered herself to be carried to the place where he was buried, and there, accompanied by her women, she embraced his tomb with tears in her eyes, and spoke in this manner:—"Dearest Antony," said she, "it is not long since that with these hands I buried you: then they were free; now I am a captive, and pay these last duties to you with a guard upon me, for fear that my just griefs and sorrows should impair my servile body, and make it less fit to appear in their triumph over you. No further offerings or libations expect from me; these are the last honors that Cleopatra can pay your memory, for she is to be hurried away far from you. Nothing could part us whilst we lived, but death seems to threaten to divide us. You, a Roman born, have found a grave in Egypt; I, an Egyptian, am to seek that favor, and none but that, in your country. But if the gods below, with whom you now are, either can or will do anything (since those above have betrayed us), suffer not your living wife to be abandoned; let me not be led in triumph to your shame, but hide me and bury me here with you: since amongst all my bitter misfortunes, nothing has afflicted me like this brief time I have lived away from you."

Having made these lamentations, crowning the tomb with garlands and kissing it, she gave orders to prepare her a bath, and coming out of the bath, she lay down and made a sumptuous meal. And a country fellow brought her a little basket, which the guards intercepting and asking what it was, the fellow put the leaves which lay uppermost aside, and showed them it was full of figs; and on their admiring the largeness and beauty of the figs, he laughed, and invited them to take some, which they refused, and suspecting nothing, bade him carry them in. After her repast, Cleopatra sent to Cæsar a letter which she had written and sealed; and putting everybody out of the monument but her two women, she shut the doors. Cæsar, opening her letter, and finding pathetic prayers and entreaties that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony, soon guessed what was

doing. At first he was going himself in all haste, but changing his mind, he sent others to see. The thing had been quickly done. The messengers came at full speed, and found the guards apprehensive of nothing; but on opening the doors, they saw her stone-dead, lying upon a bed of gold, set out in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women, lay dying at her feet; and Charmion, just ready to fall, scarce able to hold up her head, was adjusting her mistress's diadem. And when one that came in said angrily, "Was this well done of your lady, Charmion?" "Extremely well," she answered, "and as became the descendant of so many kings;" and as she said this, she fell down dead by the bedside.

Some relate that an asp was brought in amongst those figs and covered with the leaves, and that Cleopatra had arranged that it might settle on her before she knew; but when she took away some of the figs and saw it, she said, "So here it is," and held out her bare arm to be bitten. Others say that it was kept in a vase, and that she vexed and pricked it with a golden spindle till it seized her arm. But what really took place is known to no one. For it was also said that she carried poison in a hollow bodkin, about which she wound her hair; yet there was not so much as a spot found, or any symptom of poison upon her body, nor was the asp seen within the monument; only something like the trail of it was said to have been noticed on the sand by the sea, on the part towards which the building faced and where the windows were. Some relate that two faint puncture-marks were found on Cleopatra's arm, and to this account Cæsar seems to have given credit; for in his triumph there was carried a figure of Cleopatra, with an asp clinging to her. Such are the various accounts. But Cæsar, though much disappointed by her death, yet could not but admire the greatness of her spirit, and gave order that her body should be buried by Antony with royal splendor and magnificence. Her women, also, received honorable burial by his directions. Cleopatra had lived nine-and-thirty years, during twenty-two of which she had reigned as queen, and for fourteen had been Antony's partner in his empire. Antony, according to some authorities, was fifty-three, according to others fifty-six years old. His statues were all thrown down, but those of Cleopatra were left untouched, for Archibius, one of her friends, gave Cæsar two thousand talents to save them from the fate of Antony's.

LETTER TO HIS WIFE ON THEIR DAUGHTER'S DEATH

From Plutarch's 'Miscellanies and Essays': Copyrighted. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers

As for the messenger you dispatched to tell me of the death of my little daughter, it seems he missed his way as he was going to Athens. But when I came to Tanagra, I heard of it by my niece. I suppose by this time the funeral is over. I wish that whatever has been done may create you no dissatisfaction, as well now as hereafter. But if you have designedly let anything alone, depending upon my judgment, thinking better to determine the point if I were with you, I pray let it be without ceremony and timorous superstition, which I know are far from you.

Only, dear wife, let you and me bear our affliction with patience. I know very well and do comprehend what loss we have had; but if I should find you grieve beyond measure, this would trouble me more than the thing itself. For I had my birth neither from a stock nor a stone; and you know it full well, I having been assistant to you in the education of so many children, which we brought up at home under our own care. This daughter was born after four sons, when you were longing to bear a daughter; which made me call her by your own name. Therefore I know she was particularly dear to you. And grief must have a peculiar pungency in a mind tenderly affectionate to children, when you call to mind how naturally witty and innocent she was, void of anger, and not querulous. She was naturally mild, and compassionate to a miracle. And her gratitude and kindness not only gave us delight, but also manifested her generous nature; for she would pray her nurse to give suck, not only to other children, but to her very playthings, as it were courteously inviting them to her table, and making the best cheer for them she could.

Now, my dear wife, I see no reason why these and the like things, which delighted us so much when she was alive, should upon remembrance of them afflict us when she is dead. But I also fear lest, while we cease from sorrowing, we should forget her: as Clymene said—

> «I hate the handy horned bow,
> And banish youthful pastimes now,»—

because she would not be put in mind of her son by the exercises he had been used to. For nature always shuns such things as are troublesome. But since our little daughter afforded all our senses the sweetest and most charming pleasure, so ought we to cherish her memory, which will conduce in many ways — or rather manyfold — more to our joy than our grief. And it is but just that the same arguments which we have ofttimes used to others should prevail upon ourselves at this so seasonable a time, and that we should not supinely sit down and overwhelm the joys which we have tasted with a multiplicity of new griefs.

Moreover, they who were present at the funeral report this with admiration, — that you neither put on mourning, nor disfigured yourself or any of your maids; neither were there any costly preparations nor magnificent pomp; but all things were managed with silence and moderation in the presence of our relatives alone. And it seems not strange to me that you, who never used richly to dress yourself for the theatre or other public solemnities, esteeming such magnificence vain and useless even in matters of delight, have now practiced frugality on this sad occasion. For a virtuous woman ought not only to preserve her purity in riotous feasts, but also to think thus with herself: that the tempest of the mind in violent grief must be calmed by patience, which does not encroach on the natural love of parents towards their children, as many think, but only struggles against the disorderly and irregular passions of the mind. For we allow this love of children to discover itself in lamenting, wishing for, and longing after them when they are dead. But the excessive inclination to grief, which carries people on to unseemly exclamations and furious behavior, is no less culpable than luxurious intemperance. Yet reason seems to plead in its excuse; because, instead of pleasure, grief and sorrow are ingredients of the crime. What can be more irrational, I pray, than to check excessive laughter and joy, and yet to give a free course to rivers of tears and sighs, which flow from the same fountain? or as some do, quarrel with their wives for using artificial helps to beauty, and in the mean time suffer them to shave their heads, wear the mournful black, sit disconsolate, and lie in pain? and (which is worst of all) if their wives at any time chastise their servants or maids immoderately, to interpose and hinder them, but at the same time suffer them to torment and punish

themselves most cruelly, in a case which peculiarly requires their greatest tenderness and humanity?

But between us, dear wife, there never was any occasion for such contests, nor I think will there ever be. For there is no philosopher of our acquaintance who is not in love with your frugality, both in apparel and diet; nor a citizen to whom the simplicity and plainness of your dress is not conspicuous, both at religious sacrifices and public shows in the theatre. Formerly also you discovered on the like occasion a great constancy of mind, when you lost your eldest son; and again when the lovely Chæron left us. For I remember, when the news was brought me of my son's death, as I was returning home with some friends and guests who accompanied me to my house, when they beheld all things in order and observed a profound silence everywhere,—as they afterwards declared to others,—they thought no such calamity had happened, but that the report was false. So discreetly had you settled the affairs of the house at that time, when no small confusion and disorder might have been expected. And yet you gave this son suck yourself, and endured the lancing of your breast, to prevent the ill effects of a contusion. These are things worthy of a generous woman, and one that loves her children.

Whereas we see most other women receive their children in their hands as playthings, with a feminine mirth and jollity; and afterwards, if they chance to die, they will drench themselves in the most vain and excessive sorrow. Not that this is any effect of their love, for that gentle passion acts regularly and discreetly; but it rather proceeds from a desire of vainglory, mixed with a little natural affection, which renders their mourning barbarous, brutish, and extravagant. Which thing Æsop knew very well, when he told the story of Jupiter's giving honors to the gods; for it seems Grief also made her demands, and it was granted that she should be honored, but only by those who were willing of their own accord to do it. And indeed, this is the beginning of sorrow. Everybody first gives her free access; and after she is once rooted and settled and become familiar, she will not be forced thence with their best endeavors. Therefore she must be resisted at her first approach: nor must we surrender the fort to her by any exterior signs, whether of apparel, or shaving the hair, or any other such-like symptoms of mournful weakness; which happening daily, and wounding us by degrees with a kind of

foolish bashfulness, at length do so enervate the mind, and reduce her to such straits, that, quite dejected and besieged with grief, the poor timorous wretch dare not be merry, or see the light, or eat and drink in company. This inconvenience is accompanied by a neglect of the body: carelessness of anointing and bathing, with whatsoever relates to the elegancy of human life. Whereas on the contrary the soul, when it is disordered, ought to receive aid from the vigor of a healthful body. For the sharpest edge of the soul's grief is rebated and slacked when the body is in tranquillity and ease, like the sea in a calm. But where, from an ill course of diet, the body becomes dry and hot, so that it cannot supply the soul with commodious and serene spirits, but only breathes forth melancholy vapors and exhalations, which perpetually annoy her with grief and sadness, there it is difficult for a man (though never so willing and desirous) to recover the tranquillity of his mind, after it has been disturbed with so many evil affections.

But that which is most to be dreaded in this case does not at all affright me,—to wit, the visits of foolish women, and their accompanying you in your tears and lamentations; by which they sharpen your grief, not suffering it either of itself or by the help of others to fade and vanish away. For I am not ignorant how great a combat you lately entered, when you assisted the sister of Theon, and opposed the women who came running in with horrid cries and lamentations, bringing fuel as it were to her passion. Assuredly, when men see their neighbor's house on fire, every one contributes his utmost to quench it; but when they see the mind inflamed with furious passion, they bring fuel to nourish and increase the flame. When a man's eye is in pain, he is not suffered to touch it, though the inflammation provoke him to it; nor will they that are near him meddle with it. But he who is galled with grief sits and exposes his distemper to every one, like waters that all may poach in; and so that which at first seemed a light itching or trivial smart, by much fretting and provoking becomes a great and almost incurable disease. But I know very well that you will arm yourself against these inconveniences.

THE WIFE OF PYTHES

From the Discourse 'Concerning the Virtues of Women' in Plutarch's 'Miscellanies and Essays': Copyrighted. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

It is reported that the wife of Pythes, who lived at the time of Xerxes, was a wise and courteous woman. Pythes, as it seems, finding by chance some gold mines, and falling vastly in love with the riches got out of them, was insatiably and beyond measure exercised about them: and he brought down likewise the citizens, all of whom alike he compelled to dig or carry or refine the gold, doing nothing else; many of them dying in the work, and all being quite worn out. Their wives laid down their petition at his gate, addressing themselves to the wife of Pythes. She bade them all depart and be of good cheer; but those goldsmiths which she confided most in she required to wait upon her, and confining them commanded them to make up golden loaves, all sorts of junkets and summer fruits, all sorts of fish and flesh meats, in which she knew Pythes was most delighted. All things being provided, Pythes coming home then (for he happened to go a long journey) and asking for his supper, his wife set a golden table before him, having no edible food upon it, but all golden. Pythes admired the workmanship for its imitation of nature. When however he had sufficiently fed his eyes, he called in earnest for something to eat; but his wife, when he asked for any sort, brought it of gold. Whereupon being provoked, he cried out, "I am an hungered." She replied, "Thou hast made none other provisions for us: every skillful science and art being laid aside, no man works in husbandry; but neglecting sowing, planting, and tilling the ground, we delve and search for useless things, killing ourselves and our subjects." These things moved Pythes, but not so as to give over all his works about the mine; for he now commanded a fifth part of the citizens to that work, the rest he converted to husbandry and manufactures. But when Xerxes made an expedition into Greece, Pythes, being most splendid in his entertainments and presents, requested a gracious favor of the King,—that since he had many sons, one might be spared from the camp to remain with him, to cherish his old age. At which Xerxes in a rage slew this son only which he desired, and cut him in two pieces, and commanded the army to march between the two parts of the corpse. The rest he took along

with him, and all of them were slain in the wars. At which Pythes fell into a despairing condition, so that he fell under the like suffering with many wicked men and fools. He dreaded death, but was weary of his life; yea, he was willing not to live, but could not cast away his life. He had this project. There was a great mound of earth in the city, and a river running by it which they called Pythopolites. In that mound he prepared him a sepulchre, and diverted the stream so as to run just by the side of the mound, the river lightly washing the sepulchre. These things being finished, he enters into the sepulchre, committing the city and all the government thereof to his wife: commanding her not to come to him, but to send his supper daily laid on a sloop, till the sloop should pass by the sepulchre with the supper untouched; and then she should cease to send, as supposing him dead. He verily passed in this manner the rest of his life; but his wife took admirable care of the government, and brought in a reformation of all things amiss among the people.

THE TEACHING OF VIRTUE

From the Discourse 'That Virtue may be Taught,' in Plutarch's 'Miscellanies and Essays': Copyrighted. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

MEN deliberate and dispute variously concerning virtue, whether prudence and justice and the right ordering of one's life can be taught. Moreover, we marvel that the works of orators, shipmasters, musicians, carpenters, and husbandmen are infinite in number, while good men are only a name, and are talked of like centaurs, giants, and the Cyclops: and that as for any virtuous action that is sincere and unblamable, and manners that are without any touch and mixture of bad passions and affections, they are not to be found; but if nature of its own accord should produce anything good and excellent, so many things of a foreign nature mix with it (just as wild and impure productions with generous fruit) that the good is scarce discernible. Men learn to sing, dance, and read, and to be skillful in husbandry and good horsemanship; they learn how to put on their shoes and their garments; they have those that teach them

how to fill wine, and to dress and cook their meat; and none of these things can be done as they ought, unless they be instructed how to do them. And will ye say, O foolish men! that the skill of ordering one's life well (for the sake of which are all the rest) is not to be taught, but to come of its own accord, without reason and without art?

Why do we, by asserting that virtue is not to be taught, make it a thing that does not at all exist? For if by its being learned it is produced, he that hinders its being learned destroys it. And now, as Plato says, we never heard that because of a blunder in metre in a lyric song, therefore one brother made war against another, nor that it put friends at variance, nor that cities hereupon were at such enmity that they did to one another and suffered one from another the extremest injuries. Nor can any one tell us of a sedition raised in a city about the right accenting or pronouncing of a word,—as whether we are to say Τελχῖνας or Τέλχινας,—nor that a difference arose in a family betwixt man and wife about the woof and the warp in cloth. Yet none will go about to weave in a loom or to handle a book or a harp, unless he has first been taught, though no great harm would follow if he did, but only the fear of making himself ridiculous (for as Heraclitus says, it is a piece of discretion to conceal one's ignorance); and yet a man without instruction presumes himself able to order a family, a wife, or a commonwealth, and to govern very well. Diogenes, seeing a youth devouring his victuals too greedily, gave his tutor a box on the ear, and that deservedly, as judging it the fault of him that had not taught, not of him that had not learned, better manners. And what! is it necessary to begin from a boy to learn how to eat and drink handsomely in company,—as Aristophanes expresses it,

> "Not to devour their meat in haste, nor giggle,
> Nor awkwardly their feet across to wriggle,"—

and yet are men fit to enter into the fellowship of a family, city, married estate, private conversation, or public office, and to manage it without blame, without any previous instruction concerning good behavior in conversation?

When one asked Aristippus this question, What, are you everywhere? he laughed and said, I throw away the fare of the waterman if I am everywhere. And why canst not thou also answer, that the salary given to tutors is thrown away and lost

if none are the better for their discipline and instruction? But as nurses shape and form the body of a child with their hands, so these masters, when the nurses have done with them, first receive them into their charge, in order to the forming of their manners and directing their steps into the first tracks of virtue.

THE NEED OF GOOD SCHOOLMASTERS

From 'A Discourse on the Training of Children,' in Plutarch's 'Miscellanies and Essays': Copyrighted. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

We are to look after such masters for our children as are blameless in their lives, not justly reprovable for their manners, and of the best experience in teaching. For the very spring and root of honesty and virtue lies in the felicity of lighting on good education. And as husbandmen are wont to set forks to prop up feeble plants, so do honest schoolmasters prop up youth by careful instructions and admonitions, that they may duly bring forth the buds of good manners. But there are certain fathers nowadays who deserve that men should spit on them in contempt, who, before making any proof of those to whom they design to commit the teaching of their children, intrust them — either through unacquaintance, or as it sometimes falls out, through bad judgment — to men of no good reputation, or it may be such as are branded with infamy. They are not altogether so ridiculous, if they offend herein through bad judgment; but it is a thing most extremely absurd, when, as oftentimes it happens, though they know and are told beforehand by those who understand better than themselves, both of the incapacity and rascality of certain schoolmasters, they nevertheless commit the charge of their children to them, sometimes overcome by their fair and flattering speeches, and sometimes prevailed on to gratify friends who entreat them. This is an error of like nature with that of the sick man who to please his friends, forbears to send for the physician that might save his life by his skill, and employs a mountebank that quickly dispatcheth him out of the world; or of him who refuses a skillful shipmaster, and then at his friend's entreaty commits the care of his vessel to one that is therein much his inferior. In the name of Jupiter and all the gods, tell me how can that man deserve

the name of a father, who is more concerned to gratify others in their requests than to have his children well educated? Or is not that rather fitly applicable to this case which Socrates, that ancient philosopher, was wont to say,— that if he could get up to the highest place in the city, he would lift up his voice and make this proclamation thence: "What mean you, fellow-citizens, that you thus turn every stone to scrape wealth together, and take so little care of your children, to whom one day you must relinquish it all?" — to which I would add this, that such parents do like him that is solicitous about his shoe, but neglects the foot that is to wear it. And yet many fathers there are, who care so much for their money and so little for their children, that lest it should cost them more than they are willing to spare to hire a good schoolmaster for them, they rather choose such persons to instruct their children as are of no worth; thereby beating down the market, that they may purchase ignorance cheap. It was therefore a witty and handsome jeer which Aristippus bestowed on a stupid father, who asked him what he would take to teach his child. He answered, a thousand drachms. Whereupon the other cried out: O Hercules, what a price you ask! for I can buy a slave at that rate. Do so, then, said the philosopher, and thou shalt have two slaves instead of one,— thy son for one, and him thou buyest for another.

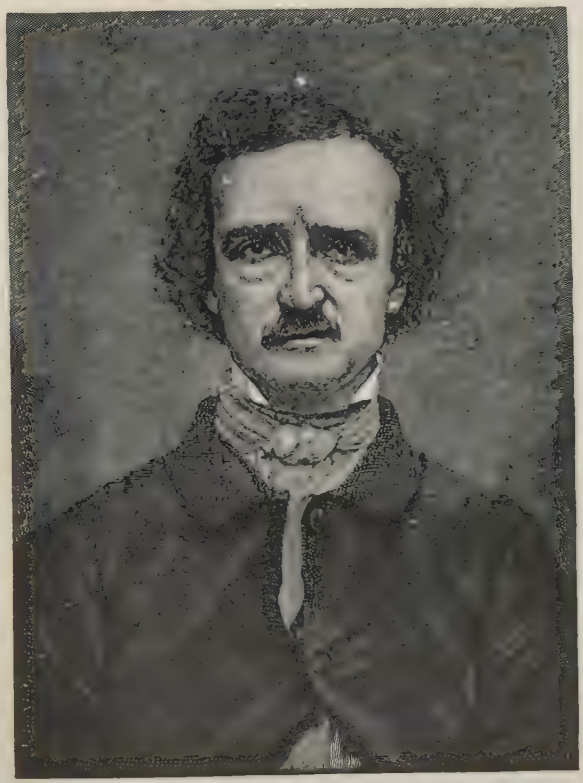
MOTHERS AND NURSES

From 'A Discourse on the Training of Children,' in Plutarch's 'Miscellanies and Essays': Copyrighted. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

THE next thing that falls under our consideration is the nursing of children, which in my judgment the mothers should do themselves, giving their own breasts to those they have borne. For this office will certainly be performed with more tenderness and carefulness by natural mothers; who will love their children intimately, as the saying is, from their tender nails. Whereas both wet and dry nurses who are hired, love only for their pay, and are affected to their work as ordinarily those that are substituted and deputed in the place of others are. Yea, even Nature seems to have assigned the suckling and nursing of the issue to those that bear them; for which cause she

hath bestowed upon every living creature that brings forth young, milk to nourish them withal. And in conformity thereto, Providence hath also wisely ordered that women should have two breasts, that so, if any of them should happen to bear twins, they might have two several springs of nourishment ready for them. Though if they had not that furniture, mothers would still be more kind and loving to their own children. And that not without reason; for constant feeding together is a great means to heighten the affection mutually betwixt any persons. Yea, even beasts, when they are separated from those that have grazed with them, do in their way show a longing for the absent. Wherefore, as I have said, mothers themselves should strive to the utmost to nurse their own children. But if they find it impossible to do it themselves, either because of bodily weakness (and such a case may fall out), or because they are apt to be quickly with child again, then are they to choose the honestest nurses they can get, and not to take whomsoever they have offered them. And the first thing to be looked after in this choice is, that the nurses be bred after the Greek fashion. For as it is needful that the members of children be shaped aright as soon as they are born, that they may not afterwards prove crooked and distorted, so it is no less expedient that their manners be well fashioned from the very beginning. For childhood is a tender thing, and easily wrought into any shape. Yea, and the very souls of children readily receive the impressions of those things that are dropped into them while they are yet but soft; but when they grow older they will, as all hard things are, be more difficult to be wrought upon And as soft wax is apt to take the stamp of the seal, so are the minds of children to receive the instructions imprinted on them at that age.

All the above citations from the 'Morals' are from a translation edited by W. W. Goodwin



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809–1849)

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

EDGAR ALLAN POE has on two grounds a saving claim to the inclusion of specimens of his work in an American collection of 'The World's Best Literature.' His first claim is historical; arising from his position among the earliest distinguished writers of the great American branch of English-speaking folk. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum"* may be said now by the Western as well as by the Eastern world; and a man whom the United States count among their intellectual ancestry could have no better vantage-ground for enduring fame.

Poe's second claim to representation in this world-famous group must rest mainly, I think, upon a narrow ground; namely, the strange beauty of a few lines of his verse. How strong that claim will be with true verse-lovers I must presently try to show. First, however, a few words must be said on his prose writings. Poe's historical position has been, perhaps inevitably, regarded as a reason for reprinting many volumes of his prose; but it is only on some few tales that his admirers will wish to linger. He wrote often actually for bread; often to gratify some mere personal feeling; sometimes (as in 'Eureka') with a kind of schoolboy exultation over imaginary discoveries, which adds a pang to our regret that so open and eager a spirit should have missed its proper training. With some of the tales of course the case is very different. A good many of them, indeed, are too crude, or too repulsive, or too rhetorical for our modern taste. But the best are veritable masterpieces; and have been, if not actually the prototypes, at least the most ingenious and effective models of a whole *genre* of literature which has since sprung up in rich variety. Growing science has afforded a wider basis for these strange fantasies; and modern literary art has invested with fresh realism many a wild impossible story. But Poe's best tales show a certain intensity which perhaps no successor has reached; not only in his conception of the play of weird passions in weird environments, but in a still darker mood of mind which must keep its grim

*"The world's judgment is beyond appeal."

attractiveness so long as the mystery of the Universe shall press upon the lives of men.

Fear was the primitive temper of the human race. It lies deep in us still; and in some minds of high development the restless dread, the shuddering superstition, of the savage have been sublimed into a new kind of cosmic terror. «Je ne vois qu'Infini par toutes les fenêtres,»* said Baudelaire; and the Infinite which he felt encompassing him was nothing else than hell. Poe, whom Baudelaire admired and translated, was a man born like Baudelaire to feel this terror; born to hear—

> «Time flowing in the middle of the night,
> And all things moving toward a day of doom»;

born to behold all sweet and sacred emotion curdling, as it were, on the temple floor into supernatural horror;

> «—latices nigrescere sacros,
> Fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem.»†

To transmit this thrill without undue repulsion needs more of art than either Poe or Baudelaire could often give. Poe had not Baudelaire's cruel and isolating lust, but he dwelt even more than Baudelaire upon the merely loathsome; upon aspects of physical decay. «Soft may the worms about her creep!» is his requiem over a maiden motionless in death: «this cheek where the worm never dies» is his metaphor for the mourner's sorrow. Such phrases do not justify the claim sometimes made for Poe of *goût exquis*, of infallible artistic instinct. Yet this cosmic terror in the background of his thought gives to some of his prose pages a constraining power; and in some rare verses it is so fused with beauty that it enters the heart with a poignancy that is delight as well as pain.

The charm of poetry can be created for us by but few men; but Poe in a few moments was one of these few. His poems, indeed, have been very variously judged; and their merit is of a *virtuoso* type which needs special defense from those who keenly feel it.

Few verse-writers, we must at once admit, have been more barren than Poe of any serious «message»; more unequal to any «criticism of life»; narrower in range of thought, experience, emotion. Few verse-writers whom we can count as poets have left so little verse, and of that little so large a proportion which is indefensibly bad. On some dozen short pieces alone can Poe's warmest admirers rest his poetic repute. And how terribly open to criticism some of even

*«I see only the Infinite through every window.»

†«To behold the sacral waters turning black, and the outpoured wine transformed into foul blood.»

those pieces are! To analyze 'Ulalume,' for instance, would be like breaking a death's-head moth on the wheel. But nevertheless, a dozen solid British poets of the Southey type would to my mind be well bartered for those few lines of Poe's which after the sternest sifting must needs remain.

To justify this preference I must appeal, as I have said, to a kind of *virtuoso* standard, which is only too apt to degenerate into mere pose and affectation. But in truth, besides and apart from — if you will, below — that nobler view of poets as prophets, message-bearers, voices of the race, there does exist a very real aspect of all verse-makers as a vast band of persons playing a game something like 'Patience' *in excelsis:* a game in which words are dealt round as counters, and you have to arrange your counters in such a pattern that rivals and spectators alike shall vote you a prize; one prize only being awarded for about ten thousand competitors in the game. Poe has won a prize with a few small patterns which no one in his generation could exactly beat.

> «Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,
> On its roof did float and flow, —
> This — all this — was in the olden
> Time long ago.»

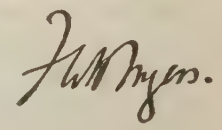
These lines contain no particular idea; and the last two of them consist literally of a story-teller's formula as old as folk-lore. But who before Poe made this egg stand on its end? What inward impulse struck the strong note of *Banners*, and marshaled those long vowels in deepening choir, and interjected the intensifying pause — *all this*, and led on through air to the melancholy *olden*, and hung in the void of an unknown eternity the diapason of *Time long ago?* Or, to take a simple test, can you quote, say, from Byron one single stanza of like haunting quality; — can you quote *many* such stanzas from whomsoever you will?

Such verbal criticism as this should not, as I have said, be pushed too far. I will conclude with the most definite praise which I can find for Poe; and this same poem, 'The Haunted Palace,' suggests the theme.

The most appealing verses of many poets have been inspired by their own life's regret or despair. Burns is at his best in his 'Epitaph,' Cowper in his 'Castaway,' Shelley in his 'Stanzas Written in Dejection,' Keats in his 'Drear-Nighted December,' Mrs. Browning in 'The Great God Pan.' In 'The Haunted Palace' Poe allegorizes the same theme. We cannot claim for Poe the gravity of Cowper, nor the manliness of Burns, nor the refinement of Mrs. Browning, nor the ethereality of Shelley, nor the lovableness of Keats. Our

sympathy, our sense of kinship, go forth to one of these other poets rather than to him. Yet to me at least none of these poems comes home so *poignantly* as Poe's; none quivers with such a sense of awful issues, of wild irreparable ill.

'Εκ μικρῶν ὀλίγιστα.* Little indeed of Poe's small poetic output can stand the test of time. Call him, if you will, the least of the immortals: but let us trust that immortal he shall be; that the ever-gathering wind which bears down to us odors of the Past shall carry always a trace of the bitter fragrance crushed out from this despairing soul.



[Biographical Note.— Both Poe's parents were actors, and he was born while the itinerant company was playing in Boston, January 19th, 1809. Within three years both parents died, and the boy was adopted by John Allan, a merchant of Richmond, Virginia. The family lived in England from 1815 to 1820. In 1827 young Poe, after a single brilliant but disastrous year at the University of Virginia, made a still prompter failure in Mr. Allan's counting-room, deserted his too indulgent foster-parents, printed a volume of verse in Boston, —and enlisted there as a private soldier! Rising from the ranks, he in 1830 secured a cadetship at West Point. "Riding for a fall," he was dismissed for failure in his studies, March 1831.

From this time Poe led a roving and precarious life, as author and editor, in Baltimore, Richmond, and finally for the most part in New York. His intemperate habits embittered his personal quarrels and hastened his business failures. He married his cousin Virginia Clemm in 1835 or 1836. Her prolonged illness, and her death in January 1847, gave the *coup de grâce* to Poe's shattered constitution. He died forlorn in a Baltimore hospital, October 7th, 1849.

The best biography of Poe is that by Prof. George E. Woodberry in the 'American Men of Letters' Series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston); and the authoritative and complete edition of his works is that in ten volumes, edited by Mr. E. C. Stedman and Prof. Woodberry, and published by Stone & Kimball, New York.]

*Very little even of the little.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but about three years past there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man,—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of,—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. You suppose me a *very* old man, but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves so that I tremble at the least exertion and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide; "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned, and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye.

"We are now," he continued in that particularizing manner which distinguished him,—"we are now close upon the Norwegian coast—in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude—in the great province of Nordland—and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the

Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher — hold on to the grass if you feel giddy — so — and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horribly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against it its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking forever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small bleak-looking island; or more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean in the space between the more distant island and the shore had something very unusual about it. Although at the time so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry cross-dashing of water in every direction — as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Islesen, Hotholm, Keildhelm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off — between Moskoe and Vurrgh — are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Stockholm. These are the true names of the places; but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, — to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke I became

aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the *chopping* character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed — to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury, but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion: heaving, boiling, hissing; gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools one by one disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly — very suddenly — this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I at length to the old man, — "this *can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelström."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary accounts of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence or of the horror of the scene, or of the wild bewildering sense of *the novel* which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time; but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but on the other side, toward Ver [Vurrgh], this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel, without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equaled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts,—the noise being heard several leagues off: and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently that whales come too near the stream and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine-trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the

flux and reflux of the sea,—it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the centre of the Moskoe-ström must be unmeasurably greater. . . . Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears; for it appeared to me a self-evident thing that the largest ships of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon—some of which, I remember, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal—now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Ferroe Islands, "have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises, the deeper must the fall be; and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments." These are the words of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Kircher and others imagine that in the centre of the channel of the Maelstrom is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part,—the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was the one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and mentioning it to the guide, I was rather surprised to hear him say that although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As to the former notion, he confessed his inability to comprehend it: and here I agreed with him; for however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the old man; "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burthen, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation: the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming,—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return; and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently, that at length we fouled our anchor and dragged it), if it had not been that we drifted into one of the

innumerable cross-currents,—here to-day and gone to-morrow,—which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where by good luck we brought up.

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the ground,'—it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather: but we made shift always to run the gantlet of the Moskoe-ström itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it at starting; and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance in such times, in using the sweeps as well as afterward in fishing; but somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger—for after all said and done, it *was* a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th of July, 18—; a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P. M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish; which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind at our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger; for indeed, we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual; something that had never happened to us: and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could

make no headway at all for the eddies; and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the mean time the breeze that had headed us off fell away; and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew, it is folly to attempt to describe. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off — the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow; and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once; for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done; for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, I say; and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself in some measure of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother,— and my heart leaped for joy, for I had

made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror,—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word '*Moskoe-ström!*'

"No one will ever know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack,—there is some little hope in that;' but in the moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it much as we scudded before it; but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch; but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky,—as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue,—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but O God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother; but in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say, '*Listen!*'

"At first I could not make out what he meant; but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her — which appears very strange to a landsman; and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose — up — up — as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around; and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead; but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström, than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek; such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss — down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange,— but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth: I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a

manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity — and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation — for as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances; just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit, he let go his hold upon this and made for the ring, from which in the agony of his terror he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it — a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have

the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel — only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them; while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel, — that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom, but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our further descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept; not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious, for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears;' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all,—this fact, the fact of my invariable miscalculation, set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory,

and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way,—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters; but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now, I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed;* that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or from some reason had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came,—or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might be thus whirled up again to the level of the ocean without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made also three important observations. The first was, that as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was in fact the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments; and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty, than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account: and this was, that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of the vessel; while many of those things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

«I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ringbolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay: and so with a bitter struggle I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

«The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale,—as you see that I *did* escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour or thereabout after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström *had been*. It was the hour of the slack; but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up,—exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed)

speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions; but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say too that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you;* and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

Son cœur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne.
—De Béranger.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me — upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees — with an utter depression of soul, which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler upon opium — the bitter lapse into every-day life — the hideous dropping of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart — an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it, I paused to think, — what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me

as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while beyond doubt there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene,—of the details of the picture,—would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression; and acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder more thrilling than before—upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which in its wildly importunate nature had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness; of a mental disorder which oppressed him; and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said,—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request,—which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although as boys we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament; displaying itself through long ages in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned too the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth at no period

any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other,—it was this deficiency perhaps of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had at length so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher,"—an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy; a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity; an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn; a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual

stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which had rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet of stealthy step thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me — while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy, — while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this, — I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality,—of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance, convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely molded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity,—these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded; and as in its wild gossamer texture it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence—an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome a habitual trepidancy—an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-

sounding enunciation — that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered at some length into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy; — a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although perhaps the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses: the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish, in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have indeed no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect, — in terror. In this unnerved — in this pitiable condition, I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together, in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR."

I learned moreover at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence for many years he had never ventured forth — in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated — an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had (by dint of long sufferance, he said) obtained over his spirit — an effect which the *physique* of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into

which they all looked down, had at length brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin; to the severe and long-continued illness — indeed, to the evidently approaching dissolution — of a tenderly beloved sister, his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers." While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread; and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door at length closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the usual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain — that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility

of all attempts at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies or of the occupations in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphurous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered,—the more thrillingly because I shuddered knowing not why; from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least — in the circumstances then surrounding me — there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was

perhaps the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his impromptus could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was perhaps the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because in the under or mystic current of its meaning I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled 'The Haunted Palace,' ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:—

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago;)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While like a rapid, ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's, which I mention not so much on account of its novelty (for other men have thought thus) as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones; in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around; above all, in the long-

undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence — the evidence of the sentience — was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had molded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him — what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books — the books which for years had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid — were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the 'Ververt et Chartreuse' of Gresset; the 'Belphegor' of Machiavelli; the 'Heaven and Hell' of Swedenborg; the 'Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klim,' by Holberg; the 'Chiromancy' of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the 'Journey into the Blue Distance' of Tieck; and the 'City of the Sun' of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the 'Directorium Inquisitorium,' by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Œgipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic, — the manual of a forgotten church, — the 'Vigiliæ Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ.'

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight (previously to its final interment) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical man, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on

the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep; and in later days as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance,—as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door of massive iron had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining perhaps my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead; for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid; and having secured the door of iron, made our way with toil into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor

of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue; but the luminousness of his eye had entirely gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times again I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness; for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified — that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was especially upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch, while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much if not all of what I felt was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room, — of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened — I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me — certain low and indefinite sounds which came through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped

with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan; but moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes, and evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me; but anything was preferable to the solitude which had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence,—"you have not then seen it?—but stay! you shall." Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was indeed a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity: for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the lifelike velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this; yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not—you shall not behold this!" said I shudderingly to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. "These appearances which bewilder you are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon; or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement: the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen; and so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the 'Mad Trist' of Sir Launcelot Canning: but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for in truth there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It

was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus:—

"And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who in sooth was of an obstinate and maliceful turn: but feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and with blows, made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked and ripped and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest."

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me) — it appeared to me that from some very remote portion of the mansion, there came indistinctly to my ears what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was beyond doubt the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound in itself had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story:—

"But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the maliceful hermit: but in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon

the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten:—

> "'Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;
> Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.'

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard."

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement; for there could be no doubt whatever that in this instance I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded, I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound,—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although assuredly a strange alteration had during the last few minutes taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast; yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea; for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:—

"And now the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and

approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than — as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver — I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic and clamorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips, and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it? — yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long — long — long — many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it — yet I dared not — oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! — I dared not — I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I now tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them — many, many days ago — yet I dared not — *I dared not speak!* And now — to-night — Ethelred — ha! ha! — the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield! — say rather the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!" — here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul — "*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell — the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back upon the instant their ponderous ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust; but then, without those doors there *did* stand the lofty

and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold; then, with a low, moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death agonies bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terror he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened; there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind; the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight; my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder; there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters — and the deep and dark tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher.*"

FOR ANNIE

THANK Heaven! the crisis —
The danger — is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last —
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length;
But no matter! — I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,

That any beholder
Might fancy me dead,—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart;—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness, the nausea,
The pitiless pain,
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain—
With the fever called "Living"
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures,
That torture the worst
Has abated,—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst;—
I have drank of a water
That quenches all thirst:

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy,
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,

Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses,—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses.

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies,—
A rosemary odor
Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie,—
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast,—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm,—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly
Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love,)
That you fancy me dead;—
And I rest so contentedly
Now, in my bed,
(With her love at my breast,)
That you fancy me dead,—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many

Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie;
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie,—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

SONG FROM 'THE ASSIGNATION'

THOU wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine:
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers;
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
"Onward!"—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute—motionless—aghast!

For alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o'er.
"No more—no more—no more"
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
"Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!"

Now all my hours are trances;
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances
And where thy footstep gleams,
In what ethereal dances,
By what Italian streams.

Alas for that accursed time
They bore thee o'er the billow,
From Love to titled age and crime,
And an unholy pillow!—
From me, and from our misty clime,
Where weeps the silver willow.

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door:
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me—with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,—
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice:
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed
he:
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no
craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore.
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door—
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered:
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown be-
fore!
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before!"
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store;
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and
door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,—
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted, —
On this home by horror haunted, — tell me truly, I implore,
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me! tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil! —
By that heaven that bends above us, — by that God we both adore, —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting.
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

THE BELLS

I

HEAR the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,—
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human:
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls,
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls a pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

ANNABEL LEE

IT WAS many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love,—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me:
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we:
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

ULALUME

THE skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crispèd and sere,—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir,—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul,—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll—
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek,
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,—
Our memories were treacherous and sere:
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year;—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here),—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn,—
As the star-dials hinted of morn,—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent,
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said, "She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs,—
She revels in a region of sighs:

She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies,—
To the Lethean peace of the skies,—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes,—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Sadly this star I mistrust,—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Oh, hasten! oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust,—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied, "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibylic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night;
See! it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright.
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche, and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,—
And conquered her scruples and gloom:
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied, "Ulalume!—Ulalume!—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,—
As the leaves that were withering and sere:
And I cried, "It was surely October,—
On *this* very night of last year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,—
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On this night, of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know now this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid-region of Weir,—
Well I know now this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

POLYBIUS

(204–122 B. C.)

BY B. PERRIN

POLYBIUS of Megalopolis in Arcadia must rank as the third Greek historian, Herodotus and Thucydides being first and second. He was also an eminent soldier, statesman, and diplomat. He took the most active part in the conduct of the great Achæan League from 181 B. C. to 168 B. C., as his father Lycortas had done before him, and as Philopœmen had done before Lycortas. By inheritance and by actual experience, Polybius was better qualified than any one else to tell of the great era of Greek federation, and he is our chief authority for this period. When Greek federation also yielded to the irresistible advance of the Roman power, Polybius had such an altogether exceptional experience that he was justified in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the best of his countrymen, in allying himself prominently with the Roman power. This exceptional experience was an enforced residence at Rome for seventeen years. During these seventeen years he won his way into public esteem, and enjoyed intimate, even affectionate intercourse with some of the most influential Romans of the age, such as Æmilius Paulus, and Scipio Africanus the Younger. He lived in the house of the former, as the instructor of his sons Fabius and Scipio. He stood by the latter's side at the final destruction of Carthage in 147–6 B. C. One year later he returned to his native country, which in his absence and against his advice had rashly revolted from Rome. His influence with prominent Romans mitigated somewhat the horrors of the sack of Corinth by Mummius. His last political task was one intrusted to him by the Roman conquerors. It was that of reconciling his conquered countrymen to their defeat, and to the Roman rule. He accomplished this delicate task in such a way as to retain the confidence of the Romans without forfeiting the gratitude of the Greeks. This closed his active career.

POLYBIUS

It had especially qualified him to write of four great subjects with a knowledge absolutely unsurpassed. These four great subjects were: The Achæan League, or Hellenic Federations; The Roman Power of the Second Century B. C.; The Roman Conquest of Carthage; The Roman Conquest of Greece. He devoted the rest of his life to the composition of the history which finally included these four themes, and died at the good old age of eighty-two.

His experience in public life is unique in many ways, as is also the history which is his imperishable monument. It was a marvelous combination of events which enabled a leading Greek to become practically a leading Roman, without hearing from either side the charge of treachery. But Polybius was compelled to go to Rome, and only the force and dignity of his character prevented his seventeen years of exile from being what they were to his fellow exiles, a prolonged imprisonment. As adviser and officer of the Achæan League, which included at last all Peloponnesus, the policy of Polybius was to conform loyally to all actual agreements of the League with Rome, but yet to maintain the dignity of the League, and to guard jealously all the independence and power still left it. Polybius, that is, was a Nationalist. But there was a party of Romanizers in the Achæan League. These were willing, for the sake of private gain, to further a more rapid advance of Roman interests, a more speedy absorption of Greece by the Roman Empire. The political situation was not unlike that of the previous century, when Demosthenes fought a losing fight for Hellenic as opposed to Macedonian nationalism. Polybius had a sturdier and more philosophical nature than Demosthenes, and his antagonists were not so disinterested as was Phocion, the greatest opponent of Demosthenes. But in other respects the political situations were similar. Rome is merely to be substituted for Macedon, and Macedon is to be ranged along with Athens and Sparta as a subject power. For in 168 Rome had conquered Macedon; and soon after, ten Roman commissioners had appeared in Achaia to establish more firmly there the Roman power. They went as far as they could go without actual conquest, aided by the Romanizing party in the League. One thousand of the most influential Achæans of the Nationalist party were arrested and deported to Italy, to be tried there for their lives.

Polybius was of course one of these. His companions were never brought to trial, but distributed about for imprisonment in the small towns of Italy. After seventeen years of deferred justice, the three hundred surviving exiles were contemptuously sent home by the Roman Senate. Cato, brutal even in his mercy, had said that "the only question that remained was whether the undertakers of Italy or of Greece were to have the burying of them." But Polybius had

obtained permission to reside during those long years at Rome, doubtless through the influence of Æmilius Paulus, who, as proconsul of Macedonia, had disbelieved the charges brought against the exiles. Polybius even entered the family of the greatest Roman of his age, and became the teacher, counselor, and beloved friend of his greater son Scipio Africanus the Younger. His seventeen years of exile brought him, therefore, unsurpassed opportunities to become acquainted with the Roman State. He was free from perplexing political turmoil, free also from all the restraints of a prisoner. The highest circles of Roman society were open to him, and the liberality of Scipio enabled him to devote himself to historical studies.

So when his exile also was closed by decree of the Senate, he was specially qualified to take the part of mediator between Rome and his own distracted country. Fervor of loyalty, romantic patriotism, might have led him to a forlorn-hope attempt to stay the advance of Roman power. But Polybius had neither fervor nor romance. He was eminently practical by nature, a Roman by temperament rather than a Greek; and his long residence in Rome, among the chief Romans, had only emphasized his natural tendencies. He seems to have been especially gifted and trained by Providence to be an acceptable guide for the Eastern world in its transition from Greek to Roman sway.

The history of Polybius was in forty books. Of these only the first five have come down to us intact. Of the rest we have more or less generous fragments. But the plan of the whole is clear. The main part, Books iii.–xxx., covers the events of those wonderful fifty-three years, 220–168 B. C., during which the Romans subdued the world. "Can any one," he asks at the outset, "be so indifferent or idle as not to care to know by what means, and under what kind of polity, almost the whole inhabited world was conquered and brought under the dominion of the single city of Rome, and that too within a period of not quite fifty-three years?" This was an event, as Polybius thought, for which the past afforded no precedent, and to which the future could show no parallel. Books i. and ii. are introductory to this main body of the work, giving a sketch of the earlier history of Rome, and of contemporary events in Greece and Asia. The last ten books gave a history of the manner in which Rome exercised her vast power, until Carthage was annihilated and the Achæan league finally shattered,—the history of the years 168–146.

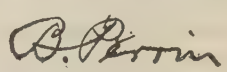
Polybius had the highest possible standard of the calling and duties of the historian. The true historian, he says, will be a man of action, versed in political and military affairs. He will not confine himself to the study of documents and monuments merely, although he will not neglect these. He will study carefully and in person the

topography of the actions he describes. He will ask questions of as many people as possible who were connected in any way with the events or places which he is describing, and he will believe those most worthy of credit, and show critical sagacity in judging all their reports. He will be a man of dignity and good sense. When he resolves to retaliate upon a personal enemy, he will think first, not what that enemy deserves, but what it is becoming in himself to do to that enemy, what his self-respect will allow him to say of that enemy.

Two aims distinguish his history from that of all his predecessors: first its comprehensiveness, second its philosophical nature. He aims to give a general view of the events of the civilized world within the limits of the period chosen for treatment, and he aims to trace events to their causes, and show why things happened, as well as what happened. And what catastrophic events fall within the limits which he sets for himself! The devastations of Hannibal, the annihilation of Carthage, the sack of Corinth! Surely in matter his work can never fail to interest. His spirit also is eminently truthful and sincere. He labors to be impartial, and succeeds far better than most of his predecessors. Only in method and form is he disappointing. As he had no romance or fervor, so he had no grace. His literary style is absolutely tedious. He carries to the utmost extreme that revolt against mere grace of form and style which had been instituted, not without some justification, by Thucydides as against Herodotus. But he has not the severe control of Thucydides in his very severity. His sense of proportion is false,—or wanting entirely. He is inclined to be unjust toward his predecessors. He devotes a whole book, for instance, to a laborious and repetitious attack upon Timæus, the historian of Sicily. Besides this, he is forever preaching and moralizing. To sum up, he treats a grand period capably but tediously.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the great critic of the Augustan age, said that Polybius so neglected the graces of style that no one was patient enough to read his works through to the end. And one of the best modern estimates of the historian—that of Strachan-Davidson in Abbott's 'Hellenica'—begins thus: "No ancient writer of equal interest and importance finds fewer readers than Polybius." No better example of painstaking, conscientious, but wearisome fidelity, as compared with brilliant, graceful, artistic invention, can be found than the accounts of the Hannibalic wars as given by Polybius and Livy. For the ultimate facts we go of course to Polybius. But for the indescribable charm which brings tears to the eyes of the poor Latin tutor in the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' we go to Livy.

The best and most accessible text of Polybius is that of Hultsch (Berlin, Weidmann, Vols. i. and ii., 1888, 1892; Vols. iii., iv., 1870, 1872). The best English translation — and a very good one too, with admirable introduction — is that of E. S. Shuckburgh (2 vols., Macmillan & Co., 1889.



SCOPE OF POLYBIUS'S HISTORY

From the 'Histories' of Polybius

We shall best show how vast and marvelous our subject is, by comparing the most famous empires which preceded, and which have been the favorite themes of historians, and measuring them with the superior greatness of Rome. There are but three that deserve even to be so compared and measured, and they are the following. The Persians for a certain length of time were possessed of a great empire and dominion. But every time they ventured beyond the limits of Asia, they found not only their empire but their own existence in danger. The Lacedæmonians, after contending many generations for supremacy in Greece, held it without dispute for barely twelve years when they did get it. The Macedonians obtained dominion in Europe from the lands bordering on the Adriatic to the Danube, — which after all is but a small fraction of this continent, — and by the destruction of the Persian empire they afterwards added to that the dominion of Asia. And yet, though they had the credit of having made themselves masters of a larger number of countries and States than any people had ever done, they still left the greater half of the inhabited world in the hands of others. They never so much as thought of attempting Sicily, Sardinia, or Libya; and as to Europe, to speak the plain truth, they never even knew of the most warlike tribes of the West. The Roman conquest, on the other hand, was not partial. Nearly the whole inhabited world was reduced by them to obedience; and they left behind them an empire not to be paralleled in the past or rivaled in the future. Students will gain from my narrative a clearer view of the whole story, and of the numerous and important advantages offered by such exact record of events.

There is this analogy between the plan of my history and the marvelous spirit of the age with which I have to deal. Just as Fortune made almost all the affairs of the world incline in one direction, and forced them to converge upon one and the same point, so it is my task as a historian to put before my readers a compendious view of the part played by Fortune in bringing about the general catastrophe. It was this peculiarity which originally challenged my attention, and determined me on undertaking this work. And combined with this was the fact that no other writer of our time has undertaken a general history. Had any one done so, my ambition in this direction would have been much diminished. But in point of fact, I notice that by far the greater number of historians concern themselves with isolated wars and the incidents that accompany them; while as to a general and comprehensive scheme of events,—their date, origin, and catastrophe,—no one as far as I know has undertaken to examine it.

I thought it therefore distinctly my duty neither to pass by myself, nor allow any one else to pass by, without full study, a characteristic specimen of the dealings of Fortune, at once brilliant and instructive in the highest degree. For fruitful as Fortune is in change, and constantly as she is producing dramas in the life of men, yet never assuredly before this did she work such a marvel, or act such a drama, as that which we have witnessed. And of this we cannot obtain a comprehensive view from writers of mere episodes. It would be as absurd to expect to do so, as for a man to imagine that he has learnt the shape of the whole world, its entire arrangement and order, because he has visited one after the other the most famous cities in it; or perhaps merely examined them in separate pictures. That would be indeed absurd; and it has always seemed to me that men who are persuaded that they get a competent view of universal from episodical history, are very like persons who should see the limbs of some body, which had once been living and beautiful, scattered and remote; and should imagine that to be quite as good as actually beholding the activity and beauty of the living creature itself. But if some one could there and then reconstruct the animal once more, in the perfection of its beauty and the charm of its vitality, and could display it to the same people, they would beyond doubt confess that they had been far

from conceiving the truth, and had been little better than dreamers. For indeed some idea of a whole may be got from a part, but an accurate knowledge and clear comprehension cannot. Wherefore we must conclude that episodical history contributes exceedingly little to the familiar knowledge and secure grasp of universal history: while it is only by the combination and comparison of the separate parts of the whole,—by observing their likeness and their difference,—that a man can attain his object; can obtain a view at once clear and complete, and thus secure both the profit and the delight of history.

POLYBIUS AND THE SCIPIOS

From the 'Histories'

I WISH to carry out fully, for the sake of students, what was left as a mere promise in my previous book. I promised then that I would relate the origin and manner of the rise and unusually early glory of Scipio's reputation in Rome; and also how it came about that Polybius became so attached to and intimate with him, that the fame of their friendship and constant companionship was not merely confined to Italy and Greece, but became known to more remote nations also. We have already shown that the acquaintance began in a loan of some books and the conversation about them. But as the intimacy went on, and the Achæan *détenus* were being distributed among the various cities, Fabius and Scipio, the sons of Lucius Æmilius Paulus, exerted all their influence with the prætor that Polybius might be allowed to remain in Rome. This was granted; and the intimacy was becoming more and more close, when the following incident occurred:—

One day, when they were all three coming out of the house of Fabius, it happened that Fabius left them to go to the Forum, and that Polybius went in another direction with Scipio. As they were walking along, Scipio said, in a quiet and subdued voice, and with the blood mounting to his cheeks: "Why is it, Polybius, that though I and my brother eat at the same table, you address all your conversation and all your questions and explanations to him, and pass me over altogether? Of course you too have the same opinion of me as I hear the rest of the city has. For I am considered by everybody, I hear, to be a mild effete

person, and far removed from the true Roman character and ways, because I don't care for pleading in the law courts. And they say that the family I come of requires a different kind of representative, and not the sort that I am. That is what annoys me most."

Polybius was taken aback by the opening words of the young man's speech (for he was only just eighteen), and said, "In heaven's name, Scipio, don't say such things, or take into your head such an idea. It is not from any want of appreciation of you, or any intention of slighting you; that I have acted as I have done: far from it! It is merely that, your brother being the elder, I begin and end my remarks with him, and address my explanations and counsels to him, in the belief that you share the same opinions. However, I am delighted to hear you say now that you appear to yourself to be somewhat less spirited than is becoming to members of your family; for you show by this that you have a really high spirit, and I should gladly devote myself to helping you to speak or act in any way worthy of your ancestors. As for learning, to which I see you and your brother devoting yourselves at present with so much earnestness and zeal, you will find plenty of people to help you both; for I see that a large number of such learned men from Greece are finding their way into Rome at the present time. But as to the points which you say are just now vexing you, I think you will not find any one more fitted to support and assist you than myself."

While Polybius was still speaking, the young man seized his right hand with both of his own, and pressing it warmly, said, "Oh that I might see the day on which you would devote your first attention to me, and join your life with mine. From that moment I shall think myself worthy both of my family and my ancestors." Polybius was partly delighted at the sight of the young man's enthusiasm and affection, and partly embarrassed by the thought of the high position of his family and the wealth of its members. However, from the hour of this mutual confidence the youth never left the side of Polybius, but regarded his society as his first and dearest object.

From that time forward they continually gave each other practical proof of an affection which recalled the relationship of father and son, or of kinsmen of the same blood.

THE FALL OF CORINTH

From the 'Histories'

THE incidents of the capture of Corinth were melancholy. The soldiers cared nothing for the works of art and the consecrated statues. I saw with my own eyes, pictures thrown on the ground and soldiers playing dice on them.

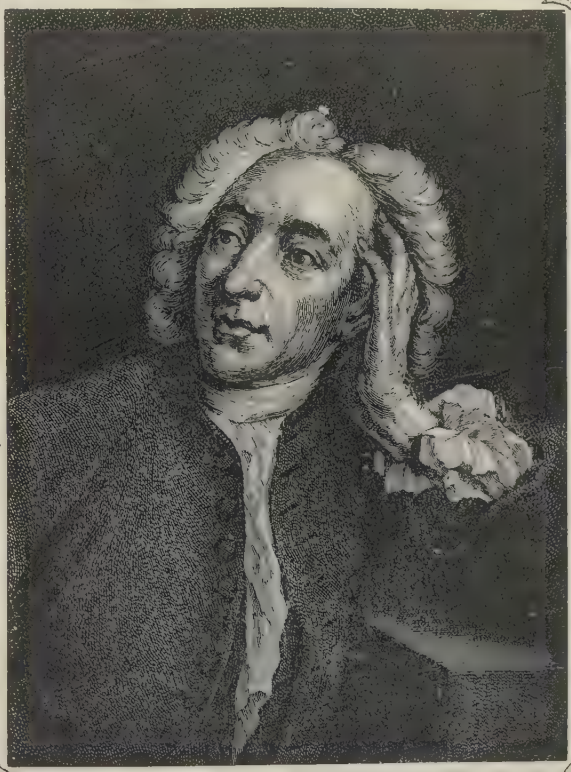
Owing to the popular reverence for the memory of Philopœmen, they did not take down the statues of him in the various cities. So true is it, as it seems to me, that every genuine act of virtue produces in the mind of those who benefit by it an affection which it is difficult to efface. . . .

There were many statues of Philopœmen, and many erections in his honor, voted by the several cities; and a Roman, at the time of the disaster which befell Greece at Corinth, wished to abolish them all, and to formally indict him, laying an information against him, as though he were still alive, as an enemy and ill-wisher to Rome. But after a discussion, in which Polybius spoke against this sycophant, neither Mummius nor the commissioners would consent to abolish the honors of an illustrious man. . . .

Polybius, in an elaborate speech, conceived in the spirit of what has just been said, maintained the cause of Philopœmen. His arguments were that "this man had indeed been frequently at variance with the Romans on the matter of their injunctions, but he only maintained his opposition so far as to inform and persuade them on points in dispute; and even that he did not do without serious cause. He gave a genuine proof of his loyal policy and gratitude by a test as it were of fire, in the periods of the wars with Philip and Antiochus. For, possessing at those times the greatest influence of any one in Greece, from his personal power as well as that of the Achæans, he preserved his friendship for Rome with the most absolute fidelity; having joined in the vote of the Achæans in virtue of which, four months before the Romans crossed from Italy, they levied a war from their own territory upon Antiochus and the Ætolians, when nearly all the other Greeks had become estranged from the Roman friendship." Having listened to this speech, and approved of the speaker's view, the ten commissioners granted that the complimentary erections to Philopœmen in the several cities

should be allowed to remain. Acting on this pretext, Polybius begged of the consul the statues of Achæus, Aratus, and Philopœmen, though they had already been transported to Acarnania from the Peloponnesus: in gratitude for which action, people set up a marble statue of Polybius himself. . . .

After the settlement made by the ten commissioners in Achaia, they directed the quæstor, who was to superintend the selling of Diæus's property, to allow Polybius to select anything he chose from the goods and present it to him as a free gift, and to sell the rest to the highest bidders. But so far from accepting any such present, Polybius urged his friends not to covet anything whatever of the goods sold by the quæstor anywhere;—for he was going a round of the cities, and selling the property of all those who had been partisans of Diæus, as well as of those who had been condemned, except such as left children or parents. Some of these friends did not take his advice; but those who did follow it earned a most excellent reputation among their fellow-citizens.



ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688–1744)

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

ALEXANDER POPE, the foremost English poet of the eighteenth century, was born in Lombard Street, London, on May 21st, 1688, and died at Twickenham, May 30th, 1744. In our literature he is the earliest man of letters pure and simple. With that pursuit previous writers had mingled other avocations, if indeed literature itself had not been with them an avocation amid the distraction of other pursuits. Chaucer was a soldier and a diplomatist. Spenser was a government official. Shakespeare was an actor, besides being connected with the management of the company of which he was a member. Milton was an eager and earnest participant in the fierce religious and political strife of his time. Even Dryden held a position in the civil service. But Pope was never anything else than a man of letters. That career he had chosen from the first; and to it he remained faithful to the last.

It was mainly due to choice; partly it was a result of necessity. He was the son of a linen-draper who was a Roman Catholic; and Pope, though almost a latitudinarian in matters of religion, stood stanchly to the end by the faith of his parents. His creed accordingly shut him out of all the posts of profit and sinecures with which it was then not uncommon to reward literary merit. Even had it been otherwise, it is not likely that he would have been turned aside from his choice by the attraction of any other pursuit. In his case the Muse cannot be said to have been ungrateful. To him in a most unusual sense poetry was its own exceeding great reward. It lifted him to a station such as no man of letters before his time had ever attained, and few have attained since,—and this too in spite of obstacles that it might seem would have put an effectual bar in the way of success. A member of a proscribed religious body, with no advantages of birth and fortune, with every disadvantage of personal appearance, he raised himself by the sheer force of genius to a position of equality with the highest of the land. Unplaced, untitled, he became the companion and friend of nobles and ministers of State, without in a single instance sacrificing his personal self-respect, or appearing even to his bitterest foes in the light of a dependent upon the favor of the great.

In one way this extraordinary success was due to good fortune. Pope saw the beginning of the end of the system of patronage, and was to profit more than any one else by the method of publication by subscription — which to some extent took its place in the transition that was going on to the system of publication now in force. Before his time authors generally relied for their support, not on the sale of their works, but upon the gifts received from the wealthy and powerful. To them they dedicated their productions, usually in terms of fulsome eulogy; from them they received a reward varying with the feelings and character of the bestower. The extravagant praise given to ordinary men in these dedications by Pope's great predecessor has cast something of a stain upon the reputation of Dryden; though all that can be justly said against him was that in the general daubing which every patron at that time received, his was the hand that laid on the plaster with most skill and most effectiveness. But Pope was reduced to no such sad necessity. The publication by subscription of his translation of the Iliad, completed when he was but little over thirty years old, with the subsequent translation of the Odyssey, brought out in a similar way, made him pecuniarily independent. He was never forced in consequence to resort for his subsistence to any of those shifts and mean devices — as they appear at least from the modern point of view — to which many of his most eminent contemporaries betook themselves either from choice or from necessity. Not merely his example, but also his precepts, tended to bring the whole system of patronage into disrepute. All these feelings about the early adverse conditions which had surrounded him, and the success with which he had triumphed over them, came to his mind when late in life — it was in the year 1737 — he brought out his imitation of the second epistle of the second book of Horace. In these following lines, possessed of special biographic interest, he recalled the disabilities under which he and his parents had suffered, and expressed his joy in the right he had earned to boast that Homer had made him independent of the favor of the powerful: —

> «Bred up at home, full early I begun
> To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus's son.
> Besides, my father taught me from a lad
> The better art to know the good from bad
> (And little sure imported to remove,
> To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove):
> But knottier points we knew not half so well
> Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;
> And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
> Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
> Hopes after hopes of pious Papists failed
> While mighty William's thundering arm prevailed.

For right hereditary taxed and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me the Muses helped to undergo it:
Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble rather than repose.
Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turned ten thousand verses, now stands still?»

In many respects Pope's life was peculiarly uneventful in the usually uneventful life of an author. His father quitted his business while the son was still a child, and took up his residence at Binfield in Berkshire, on the northern border of Windsor Forest. From that place he went in 1716 to Chiswick. In October of the following year he died. Early in 1718 Pope left Chiswick, and removed with his mother to Twickenham, about twelve miles from the centre of the city of London proper. There he leased a house surrounded with five acres on the banks of the Thames. On the adornment and improvement of these grounds he spent henceforth time, thought, and money. Through them ran the highway from Hampton Court to London, and the two portions of his property were connected by a tunnel under the road. This underground passage, styled a grotto, possessed a spring; and was adorned with shells, corals, crystals, and in general with an assortment of natural curiosities, to which Dr. Johnson in his life of the poet applies the name of «fossil bodies.» This grotto became noted; and references to it are by no means unfrequent in the literature of the day. Twickenham remained henceforth Pope's home, and his residence in it made it even during his lifetime classic ground. From that place he ruled with almost undisputed sway over English letters, making and unmaking reputations by the praise or blame he bestowed in a single line.

Pope had almost from his infancy been devoted to literature. He never really knew what it was to be a boy. His health, always delicate, would not have endured the close confinement and hard application of any rigid system of training. As he was a Catholic, he could not have attended a public school had he so wished. That deprivation was to him however no misfortune. Sickly and deformed, precocious and sensitive, he would have been little at home in that

brutal boy-world, which spares the feelings of no comrade on the ground of personal or mental defects. Accordingly he was thrown from his earliest years upon the society of books and of his elders. Taught mainly by private tutors and schoolmasters more or less incapable, his education was mainly of a desultory character; and for the best part of it he was indebted to himself. For his purposes it was probably none the worse on that account. Living a secluded life in the country, he early manifested all the tastes and aspirations of the born man of letters. While yet a mere boy he made translations into verse, he wrote an epic, he wrote a tragedy; and long before he reached his majority, he had displayed powers which attracted the attention of men prominent in the social and literary world.

His active career as a man of letters began with the publication of his 'Pastorals.' These appeared in 1709 in the sixth volume of Tonson's Miscellany. Never was there a kind of literature more unreal and conventional than that to which they belonged, though our ancestors persuaded themselves, or affected to believe, that it was a return to the simplicity of nature. The poetical pieces of the character then written are the most artificial products of an artificial age. At their best no inhabitant of either city or country ever talked or felt in real life as did those who are represented as bearing a part in their dialogue; at their worst they were so expressionless as to resemble much more the bleating of sheep than the song of shepherds. Yet they had been made a fashion. Those of Pope were received with great contemporary applause, which, so far as the melody of the numbers was concerned, was fully deserved. Following these on not altogether dissimilar lines was the descriptive poem 'Windsor Forest,' which came out in 1712. At a later period Pope apparently learned to despise the taste which had inspired these productions. "Who could take offense," he said, referring to them,

"While pure description took the place of sense?"

A far more worthy and substantial success was achieved by the 'Essay on Criticism,' which appeared in 1711. Pope was but twenty-three years old at the time of its publication. The production, however, is a remarkable one in many ways. The rules and maxims are indeed little more than commonplaces; but the skill with which they are expressed makes this poem, considering its character and the youth of its writer, one of the most signal illustrations of precocity which our literature furnishes. In it in particular occur a number of those pointed lines which have contributed to render Pope, with the single exception of Shakespeare, the most frequently quoted author in our speech. To "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,"

and «Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,» are perhaps the most familiar of the numerous sayings, which, occurring originally in this poem, are now heard from the lips of everybody. But these, as has been indicated, are far from being the only ones; while the following comparison of the increasing difficulties that invariably wait upon effort to reach the highest place has always been justly admired:—

«So pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky;
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.»

The greatest success, however, of Pope's early career was his mock-heroic poem of the 'Rape of the Lock.' This appeared in its original form in 1712, but its present much enlarged form belongs to 1714. The poem stands by itself in our literature. There is none like it; and it may not be too much to say that in no literature is there anything of the kind equaling it. The productions already mentioned, with the 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady' and the epistle of 'Eloïsa to Abélard,' constitute the most important contributions that Pope made to English literature before he had completed his version of the Iliad. They stand largely distinct in spirit and in matter from the work of his later years. Some of them address the emotional side of our nature, as contrasted with the appeal to the purely intellectual side which is the distinguishing note of everything written after the publication of the translation of the Odyssey. To use his own words, he thenceforward

«Stooped to truth, and moralized his song»;

though this is a line which expresses his own belief rather than his actual performance. These early productions brought him general reputation, and the personal friendship of men eminent in the world of society and of letters. The good opinion of all was confirmed by the publication of his translation of the Iliad, the first installment of which was published in 1715, and the last as late as 1720.

It was this work which at that time established Pope's reputation and fortune on a secure basis. To some extent it was necessity that led him to undertake it, rather than strong desire or special qualification. His father's fortune, whatever it was, had been reduced by investments that turned out unfortunately. His own original work had been paid for on a scale which the pettiest author of the present

age would deem beggarly. For the 'Rape of the Lock,' for instance, in its first form, he had received but seven pounds; for the additions to it, nearly tripling its length, fifteen pounds was the sum paid. But the publication of the translation of the Iliad netted him over five thousand pounds; and the subsequent translation of the Odyssey, after paying his fellow-workers, Brome and Fenton, added to this amount the further sum of three thousand pounds. Henceforth he was pecuniarily independent. Even far greater was the accession to his literary reputation. The translation of the Iliad, when completed, placed him at the undisputed headship of English men of letters then living. The subsequent fortunes of his version may be thought to justify the enthusiasm with which it was received. There had been three other translations of Homer before his own; those that have followed, or are to follow, are as the sands of the sea for number. Yet during the whole period that has elapsed since its publication, Pope's version has never ceased to hold its place. Other translations may more accurately reflect the spirit of the original; other translations may be more faithful to the sense: the one executed by him has the supreme distinction of being readable.

The publication of his version of the two Homeric epics was followed by his edition of the works of Shakespeare. This came out in 1725. It was a task Pope had no business to undertake; for his time was too precious to be spent in text-correction and annotation, and he had neither the leisure nor the taste to engage in that minute and painstaking research which makes such correction or annotation of real and permanent value. The edition was a general disappointment. In the year after its appearance Theobald (or Tibbald, as the name is sometimes spelled) brought out a critical treatise with the not altogether conciliatory title of 'Shakspear restored; or a Specimen of The Many Errors committed as well as unamended by Mr. Pope in his late edition of this Poet.' Yet in spite of these somewhat suggestive words, the reviewer expressed a good deal of respect for the poet, though it was for him as a poet and not as a commentator. Even in the latter capacity, he cannot fairly be deemed to have exceeded the legitimate province of that criticism which is always held to justify an exultant yell over a real or fancied blunder made by another scholar. But the comparative moderation of Theobald did him no good. Of all the irritable race of authors, Pope was the one least disposed to forget or forgive. This particular treatise was the occasion of his bringing out, what he had long had in mind, an attack on the whole body of minor authors, with whose venomous but vigorous mediocrity his own sensitiveness had brought him into conflict. Accordingly in 1728 appeared the 'Dunciad,' in three books, with Theobald for hero as the supreme dunce.

It shows the influence of a man of genius both over contemporaries and posterity, that the reputation of Theobald has never recovered from the effects of this blow. He was undoubtedly a very ordinary poet, and as a critic the best that can be said of him is that he was as poor as the average members of that fraternity. But as an editor there had been none before to compare with him, and there have been very few since, amid the countless number who have attacked the text of the great dramatist. His edition of Shakespeare, which came out in 1733, effectually put Pope's in the shade then, and has been ever since the storehouse upon which later commentators have drawn for their readings, even while engaged in depreciating the man to whom they owe the corrections they have adopted. For Theobald was on the whole one of the acutest as well as one of the most painstaking of textual critics. Yet in consequence of Pope's attack he was held up at the time as one of the dullest of mortals, and is often termed so now by men who are duller than he ever conceived of any one's being. One of the last acts of Pope's life was to dethrone him from the position to which he had been raised. The proceeding was eminently characteristic of the poet. His publication of the fourth book of the 'Dunciad' in 1742 led to a pamphlet, in the shape of a letter addressed to him, by Colley Cibber. So stung was he by the laureate's attack that he recast the whole 'Dunciad' in 1743, with the fourth book added; and in place of Theobald put his later antagonist, whose qualities and attainments were almost exactly the reverse of those of his original hero.

The publication of the 'Dunciad' marks the turning-point in Pope's literary career. Henceforth his writings were of a philosophical cast, like the 'Essay on Man,' which came out in four parts from 1732 to 1734; or semi-philosophical and semi-satirical, as in the 'Moral Essays'; or mainly satirical, as in the 'Imitations of Horace.' These imitations were wonderful exhibitions of ingenuity and skill. Pope took particular satires and epistles of the Latin poet, and cleverly applied to contemporary characters and to modern times and conditions the sentiments expressed by his model. In the composition of them his peculiar powers shone out at their best. One or two of these pieces are in a measure autobiographical. An offshoot of the 'Imitations' — the 'Prologue to the Satires,' printed below — is especially marked by this characteristic, and on the whole is the most striking of all. It labors at present, as indeed all satirical work must eventually labor, under the general ignorance that has come to prevail about facts and persons once widely known; and the sting that once caused keen pain to the victim and keener delight to contemporaries, is now not appreciated by the mass of even educated readers. Still the point and venom are there; and so long as fuller

knowledge is accessible, change of time or circumstance can never destroy the pungency and force of the lines, however much they may impair belief in the justice of the attack. The picture, for instance, of Addison under the name of Atticus, found in this prologue, may be as grossly unfair as his partisans maintain; but while letters live, that cruel characterization will never be dissociated from his memory, and will always suggest doubt even when it does not carry conviction.

The greatness of Addison has made this portrait familiar, and its references easily understood. There are in Pope's works plenty of similar passages, almost if not quite as powerful in their way; but the subtle irony of personalities, that once made them widely read and keenly enjoyed, now falls unheeded, save by the few who have taken the pains to become fully acquainted with the minor characters and events of the time. The satirist, in truth, must always sacrifice to some extent the future to the present. If Pope himself appreciated the fact, he must have felt that for the coming loss he was receiving some compensation in the actual terror he inspired. About the extent of that there can be no question. He was dreaded as no author before or since has been dreaded, and he exulted in the consciousness of the power he wielded. "Yes, I am proud," he said in the 'Epilogue to the Satires,'—

> "—I must be proud, to see
> Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
> Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
> Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

It was an obvious answer to all this,—and Pope did not fail to have his attention called to it,—that a somewhat similar statement could be made about a mad dog. Nor at the time could the possession of this power conduce to a really enviable reputation, outside of the comparatively limited circle with which he was closely connected, and which naturally shared in his sentiments and prejudices. During his life it is plain that suspicions were entertained, even by many most disposed to admire him, that he was not as attractive in his character as he was in his writings. In spite of the respect paid to its sting, a hornet is not a creature to which any popular sympathy clings. This feeling about him has increased since the devious course he often pursued has been in these later times completely exposed.

The character of Pope is indeed the most peculiar and puzzling of that of any author of our literature. His impatience under attack was excessive; and when his hostility was once aroused, the virulence of his dislike or hatred seemed thenceforth never to experience abatement. Occasionally too he expressed himself with a ferocity

that bore a close resemblance to malignity. The violence of his language, indeed, not unfrequently impaired the effectiveness of his invective. It certainly sometimes exceeded the bounds of decency and sense. The terms in which he came to speak of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to whom he had once professed something more than friendship, were simply unpardonable, no matter what the real or fancied injury he may have suffered. There is something to be said in palliation of his course, in fact something in the case of certain persons which approaches justification. The age was a coarse one; and literary combatants used towards each other the coarsest language. Pope himself had early been subjected to contumely out of all proportion to the provocation he had given. By Dennis in his remarks upon the 'Essay on Criticism' he had been styled a "humpbacked toad." Comments upon his personal deformities — and such were not infrequent — he took deeply to heart; and these he not only never forgave, he took care to repay in kind the abuse of which he had been made the object. But on every side he was thin-skinned. It was his abnormal sensitiveness to criticism that led to the long war he carried on with the petty writers of the time, whom he classed together under the general name of dunces. The contest was only saved from being wholly ignoble by the marvelous ability he brought to the work of waging it. But outside of any pretexts furnished by the action of his opponents, he loved personalities for their own sake. "Touch me," he wrote, "and no minister so sore." He adds:—

> "Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
> Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
> Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
> And the sad burthen of some merry song."

The most singular thing about his character was, that while in his controversies he was at times moved by some of the meanest passions that can stir the heart, he sincerely regarded himself as actuated by the purest and loftiest motives. It was, to use his own words, the strong antipathy of good to bad, that led him to attack those who had incurred his dislike, either on social, or political, or literary grounds. It is needless to add that in his opinion those who had incurred his dislike were invariably contemptible and vile. In this matter he may or may not have imposed upon others; but there is little reason to doubt that he imposed upon himself. No one was ever more under the influence of that pleasing self-flattery which tempts a man to give to his ill-nature the name of virtuous indignation. According to his own account he was engaged in a holy war against vice, in whatever station of life it presented itself. Nor is

this all. He himself was, if anything, more fond of the reputation of being a good than a great man; and in order to secure the name of it, stood constantly ready to sacrifice the thing. His life was largely made up of a series of strategic devices to persuade the public that he was by nature incapable of the very acts he was engaged in perpetrating. If these things contributed to the benefit of his reputation with his contemporaries, they have damaged him irretrievably with posterity, now that his devious tracks have been fully explored.

This characteristic was most fully exemplified in his epistolary correspondence,—both in its matter and the means he took to secure its publication. His letters are not really letters; they are rather little essays, short and somewhat tedious moral discourses. In fact, Pope, when he wrote prose, wrote with his left hand. The difference between it and his verse is everywhere plainly marked, but nowhere more so than in the correspondence, which was brought out under his own supervision. Never were letters more artificial. They are particularly distinguished for the lofty moral sentiments they contain. The impression they give of him is of a man animated by the most exalted feelings that belong to humanity. Yet we know now that they were never written as they were published. The correspondence he carried on in his youth with Wycherley was so altered that the parts the two writers played were completely reversed; and until a recent period all biographers and literary historians have been deceived by the mutilations of the originals then made. It was even worse in the subsequent publication of his correspondence. He had recalled the letters he wrote; and when time had made it safe, he brought them out with dates changed, with contents dismembered, and addressed to eminent persons then dead who had never had the pleasure of receiving them while living. The elaborate scheme he planned and carried out so as to appear in the light of being forced for his own protection to publish this correspondence, reads like the plot of a cheap and particularly villainous melodrama. For us the effect of all these elaborate devices has been rendered absolutely nugatory by the accidental discovery, in the middle of this century, of transcripts of the original letters made before they were returned.

It is the barest act of justice to Pope to state that there was much in his surroundings to explain these peculiarities in his proceedings, though it is impossible to condone them. His family professed a persecuted religion; and in the anti-Catholic reaction that followed the expulsion of James II., their situation must often have been disagreeable. The boy was necessarily brought up in that atmosphere of evasion and intrigue by which the weak strive to protect themselves from the strong, seeking to secure by trickery what could not be wrested from law. It was not a school to encourage the development

of openness and manliness. Indirection to those thus nurtured tends to become a second nature. Besides this, there were bodily defects which probably exerted an influence of their own upon the poet's nature. His life was, as he himself said, a long disease; and his personal appearance was such that his enemies delighted to call him a monster. Deformity of the body sometimes reacts upon the character; and Pope seems to have been one to whom this principle in a measure applies. On the other hand, there is a good deal to be said in his favor. In many respects he was an example to even good men. Never was there a more pious and devoted son. He constantly interested himself in behalf of the unfortunate who had gained his sympathy or had engaged his respect. Furthermore, he early secured the esteem of a number of persons whose friendship was always an honor and was sometimes fame; and there must have been much in his character to inspire respect and affection, or he could not have earned a regard which was never given lightly, and would have been withdrawn had there not existed qualities to retain it.

From Pope the man it is much more satisfactory to turn to Pope the writer. The first thing that here arrests the attention is the estimate in which he was held by his own generation. No poet of any previous period in English literature ever attained like success, perhaps no poet of any period. The critical attitude of the nineteenth century is so different from the attitude of the eighteenth, that so far from the former being able to sympathize with the sentiments of the latter, it is hardly able to understand them. The view taken of Pope by his contemporaries and immediate successors is something ordinarily incomprehensible to the modern man. In their eyes he was not merely a great poet; there was no greater English poet. Some were disposed to reckon him the greatest. He was our English Homer, not merely because he translated him, but because he stood in the same lofty relation to English poetry that Homer did to Greek. While there were some who denied, and a few who scoffed at, this enrollment, theirs was not the prevailing opinion. That was expressed by Dr. Johnson in his comment on the delay which took place in the publication of the second volume of Joseph Warton's 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.' The first had appeared in 1756. In this, Warton had maintained that Pope did not stand at the head of his profession; that he was indeed superior to all other men in the kind of poetry in which he excelled, but that that in which he excelled was not poetry of the highest kind. Heresy of this sort was not palatable; at any rate, for some reason the second volume was not published until 1782. When Boswell in 1763 asked Johnson why Warton did not bring out the continuation, the latter gave as the probable reason that the delay was due to the writer's

disappointment at his inability to persuade the world to be of his opinion in regard to Pope.

Certainly no English author, with the possible exception of Chaucer, so profoundly influenced the men of his own generation and of those immediately succeeding. No author so impressed his peculiarities of style and diction upon his followers. There is scarcely a poet of the eighteenth century, outside of one or two of the first class, in whose writings the imitation of Pope, conscious or unconscious, cannot be found upon every page. Most of these authors have now sunk into oblivion, or are known only to the special student; but their number was legion, and several of them had in their day a good deal of repute. It was comparatively easy to catch Pope's manner, or rather mannerisms,—the careful balancing of the two divisions of the line, the antithesis of clause and of meaning, the almost monotonous melody of the measure: but what was not easy to any, and to most was impossible, was to impart to the verse the vigor which attracted to it attention, and the point which riveted it in the memory; the curious felicity of expression which gave to the obvious the aspect of the striking; and more than all, the occasional loftiness of sentiment and diction which lifted the numbers from the region of artifice, where so many of them belonged, into the atmosphere of creative art.

As there was no justification for Pope's title to supremacy among English poets, the reaction against the unreasonable claims set up in his behalf brought him in the course of time into undeserved depreciation. The revolt against his methods and style, which began in the latter half of the last century, led to an undervaluation of his achievement as undue as had been the exaggerated estimate previously taken. So far from his being deemed the greatest of English poets, it became a matter of dispute whether he was a poet at all. The literary tournament as to his merits and defects that went on in the first quarter of the present century, in which Bowles, Byron, and Campbell took part, is the most celebrated, though by no means the only one, of the controversies started by the discussion as to his position. The wits of Blackwood's Magazine felicitated themselves in consequence with the thought that there was one subject for critical disquisition that could never be exhausted. This inestimable treasure was the question as to whether Pope was a poet. It would assuredly be a very arbitrary and narrow definition of the word that would reject him from the class. Still there is no doubt that the reaction was, at one time at least, powerful enough to cause him to be widely depreciated. Derogatory opinion of his work is indeed still frequently expressed by men who have clearly not gone through that preliminary preparation for judging his writings which consists in reading

them; and who often in condemning him resort to the very phrases he originated, to express their own scanty ideas.

But no writer continues to remain a classic to successive generations without having very substantial claims to the position he has achieved. Over a large number of men Pope will always exercise a peculiar attraction. These are those to whom the poetry of the understanding is dear, as contrasted with the poetry of high spiritual intuitions. Within this limited and lower field Pope is uniformly excellent, and in many ways unsurpassed. Take him in respect to the matter of diction. Not even Milton himself was his superior in the extraordinary technical skill with which the manner is made to correspond to the matter. His ability in this line was exhibited in his very first work of importance,—the 'Essay on Criticism,' written while he was a mere boy. The passage may serve for an illustration, where he exemplifies the faults he censures in his remarks upon poetical numbers. The monotony of constantly recurring open vowels, the insertion of expletives to fill out the verse, the use of feeble words, and the employment of the Alexandrine, are not only pointed out, but are exhibited, in the following lines:—

> «These equal syllables alone require,
> Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
> While expletives their feeble aid do join,
> And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. . . .
> A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
> That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.»

But the correspondence of sound to sense is even more skillfully shown in the passage immediately following, in the same poem, in which the line moves slowly or rapidly, harshly or smoothly, in accordance with the idea sought to be conveyed:—

> «'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense,—
> The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
> Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
> And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
> But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
> The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar:
> When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
> The line too labors, and the words move slow;
> Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
> Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.»

Again, in the effect wrought by the apt use of antithesis, Pope has no superior; it may not be amiss to say he never had a rival. The description of Addison as Atticus, already referred to, and that of Lord Hervey under the title of Sporus, both occurring in the 'Prologue to the Satires,' are conspicuous instances of his ability in the

use of this rhetorical device. Still, the most brilliant illustrations of his skill in this particular are to be found in the 'Rape of the Lock.' Here the anticlimax often lends its aid to the effect; but in many passages the latter is in no way dependent upon the former. Has, indeed, a finer tribute ever been paid to the universal attraction of a beautiful woman than in the following antithetical lines, which celebrate the heroine of the poem as she appeared upon the Thames?

> «On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
> Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
> Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
> Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
> Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
> Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
> Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
> And like the sun, they shine on all alike.
> Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
> Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.»

It is easy now to decry Pope; but where in any poet have more exquisite compliments been put into so few words? To examples of a similar character though of different subject — and such are numerous — we must add the power of pointed expression, which has converted so large a number of his lines into the cheap currency of common quotation; furthermore, the constant recurrence of witty observation in its most condensed form, — such, for illustration, as can be seen in the latter half of a couplet like the following, describing a gossiping conversation: —

> «A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
> At every word a reputation dies.»

Such passages will easily explain the attraction Pope has to men of keen intellectual aptitudes, and to periods in which men of this character abound. He is never likely to be a favorite of those individuals to whom poetry is mainly a source of spiritual comfort, or of spiritual exaltation. But there are all sorts of tastes in the world; and in the ever-changing revolution of literary fashions, Pope will always be sure of a high place, varying in importance with the feelings prevalent at the time, though it is hardly possible that he will ever regain the position he held in the eighteenth century.

Thomas R. Lounsbury.

FROM THE 'ESSAY ON CRITICISM'

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is th' offense
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose:
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches,—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share:
Both must alike from heaven derive their light,—
These born to judge as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill coloring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools;
In search of wit these lose their common-sense,
And then turn critics in their own defense;
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or a eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write. . . .

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride,—the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful pride.

For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits swelled with wind;
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense:
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend — and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,—
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear:
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors must the less commit,—
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays;
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part;
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice. . . .

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,—
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still, The style is excellent;
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,—
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court. . . .
But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees";
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep";
Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

. . . . . .

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense:
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

. . . . . .

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;

They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men. . . .
The vulgar thus through imitation err,
As oft the learned by being singular:
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damned for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress used,—
This hour she's idolized, the next abused;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. . . .

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy:
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please:
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavored well:
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus's lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!

Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost!
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine. . . .
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true:
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding, truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved. . . .
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad abandoned critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learnèd lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's 'Fables' down to Durfey's 'Tales.'
With him most authors steal their works, or buy:
Garth did not write his own 'Dispensary.'
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;
Nay, showed his faults, but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

THE GAME OF CARDS

From 'The Rape of the Lock'

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court:
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes:
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;

Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand;
And particolored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skillful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears:
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed;
The rest his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
And mowed down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroidered King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye:

The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered State)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive Queen;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected and too soon elate.
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed forever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide;
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus's injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:

So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear:
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought:
As, on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again).
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine"
(The victor cried): "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!"

What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!

Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

FROM THE 'ESSAY ON MAN'

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never Is, but always To Be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way:
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence:
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,—
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust,—
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.
Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No" ('tis replied), "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws:
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?" why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.
What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature, to these without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned:
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state:
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason: man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?

Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass,—
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier,
Forever separate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied:
What thin partitions sense from thought divide;
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;

Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole:
The least confusion but in one,—not all
That system only, but the whole, must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!
What if the foot ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul:
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent:
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;

Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear,—Whatever is, is right. . . .

Order is Heaven's first law: and, this confest,
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common-sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defense or who defend,
In him who is or him who finds a friend;
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possest
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope and these in fear:
Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse. . . .

Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good. . . .

The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell:
If Calvin feel heaven's blessing or its rod,
This cries there is, and that there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest;
Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blessed? who chained his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?
"But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit: 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"
Add health and power, and every earthly thing.
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?" . . .
Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part,—there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,—
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
"What differ more" (you cry) "than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend,—a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunello.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings;
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the Flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
«Where but among the heroes and the wise?»
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes;
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,—
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat:
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates,—that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath;
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death;
Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown
The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends:
To all beside as much an empty shade,
A Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resigned
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. . . .
Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
«Virtue alone is happiness below;»

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blessed in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequaled if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain;
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed.

FROM THE 'EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT'

WHY did I write? What sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink,—my parents' or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed.
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved, to bear.
But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise;
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read;
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.
Soft were my numbers: who could take offense,
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill:
I wished the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret:
I never answered,—I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad,—
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretense,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,—
Even such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry, I excused them too:
Well might they rage—I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind.
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,—
This, who can gratify? for who can *guess?*
The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He who, still wanting though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
And he who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bade *translate,*
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus* were he?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.
But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace,
Insults fallen worth or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet, absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honor, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at canons what was never there;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction, lie:
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus† tremble— A. What! that thing of silk?
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

*Addison. †Lord Hervey.

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies:
His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshiper nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman nor ambition's tool,
Not proud nor servile;—be one poet's praise,
That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralized his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit or fearing to be hit;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
The libeled person and the pictured shape;

Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear;—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the *last!*

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state:
Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling scribbler or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear or lose his own.
Of gentle blood (part shed in honor's cause,
While yet in Britain honor had applause)
Each parent sprung— A. What fortune, pray?—P. Their own,
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innoxious through his age.
Nor courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant and without a groan.
Oh, grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a Queen.
A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right; the rest belongs to Heaven.

THE GODDESS OF DULLNESS IS ADDRESSED ON EDUCATION

From the 'Dunciad'

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present their first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beavered brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood and mother's tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled: Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place;
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus:—"Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province; words we teach alone.
When reason, doubtful like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,—
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit and double chain on chain;
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er designed,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall;
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Wyndham every Muse gave o'er;
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!

How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reached the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that masterpiece of man."
"Oh" (cried the Goddess) "for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a grammar school!
For sure, if Dullness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
Oh! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king,—
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall or reign:
May you, may Cam and Isis, preach it long!—
'The right divine of kings to govern wrong.'"
Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.
Each stanch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dashed through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them marched that awful Aristarch:
Plowed was his front with many a deep remark;
His hat, which never vailed to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bowed the rest; He, kingly, did but nod:
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.

Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better,—
Author of something yet more great than letter;
While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply;
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hashed before,
Or chewed by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit;
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

"Ah, think not, mistress! more true dullness lies
In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity, without a *Νους*.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoiled the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labors till it clouds itself all o'er.

"What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid every science, run through every school? . . .

We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse;
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce;
Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off and get out the man."

THE TRIUMPH OF DULLNESS

Closing Lines of the 'Dunciad'

IN VAIN, in vain,—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls; the Muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus's eyes, by Hermes's wand opprest,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest:
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defense,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confined
To know but this,—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,—
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,—
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round;

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied
Or aught thy goodness lent,

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not:
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise,
All nature's incense rise!

ODE: THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL

A pleasing form; a firm yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resigned:
Honor unchanged, a principle profest,
Fixed to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Filled with the sense of Age, the fire of Youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was; who now from earth removed,
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

MESSIAH

A Sacred Eclogue in Imitation of Virgil's 'Pollio'

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more;—O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The Ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descend the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,—
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See, spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!—
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Savior comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day;
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms,—
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idumè's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

(1802–1839)

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED was born in London, in 1802. His father was an eminent barrister, and the son was sent to Eton at the age of twelve. He remained at Eton till his twentieth year; and while an upper-class man was instrumental, in collaboration with Walter Blunt and Henry Nelson Coleridge, in founding the Etonian, which under his management had more claims to be considered literature than any other undergraduate magazine ever published. From Eton he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. At the university he was the friend of Macaulay and Austin, and was distinguished both for brilliant scholarship and for skill in versification. He took his degree in 1825, and having prepared himself for the law, he was admitted to the bar in 1829. While at the university he was the principal contributor to Knight's Quarterly, and his verse appeared in periodicals with considerable regularity during his life. He seemed eminently fitted for English political life, and obtained a seat in Parliament in 1830; but unfortunately lost his health from pulmonary troubles, and died in 1839 at the age of thirty-seven.

WINTHROP M. PRAED

Shakespeare is not more unmistakably the first dramatist than Praed is the first writer of society verse. It is true that he did not write anything of the flawless accuracy and dainty precision of form of Austin Dobson's 'Avis,' nor anything quite as gay and *insouciant* as 'La Marquise'; but Dobson is too much of a littérateur and a lover of eighteenth-century bric-a-brac, to be regarded primarily as a writer of *vers de société*. The subject-matter of this sub-department of poetry grows out of the superficial social relations among persons of leisure and culture. In form it should be light and unconsciously graceful, and in tone good-humored and well-bred; its satire not rising much above pleasantry, and its morality kindly rather than righteous. It is more germane to the Celtic than to the Germanic side of our compound national spirit, and has more affinity with the

urbane, sententious Horace than with any of the great originals of our national literature; though the frank paganism of the Roman must be tempered with a delicate flavor of chivalric gallantry. The cavalier poets Suckling and Lovelace display in their verse some of the spirit of this *genre*. Pope's 'Rape of the Lock' is too affected and artificial to come precisely into the category. Prior's charming verses 'To Chloe' have the true tone of careless persiflage; but the eighteenth century was as a rule too formal and academic for this dainty exotic. Praed's verse embodies that good-humored interest in trifles, that necessity of never being insistent or tiresome or officious, that gracious submergement of the personal for the entertainment of others, and the well-bred ease of expression, which is the note of good society. If it be objected that these characteristics, with the exception of the first, are never found in "good society," it may be answered that they can be found nowhere else, for they make society good. "Good society," like everything else, has its ideal, by which we define it, as we define Christianity by something which it does not practically reach. This ideal is embodied in the verse of Praed.

Few men have ever been more careless of literary reputation than he, and it was not till after his death that any collection of his verse was made. In fact, no comprehensive edition of his work was published in England till 1864, though several had appeared in the United States. Thirty years ago it would not have been considered good form to cultivate literary notoriety in the modern manner; and Praed was precisely the opposite of what is conveyed in that expressive word of English slang, "cad." He wrote one poem, 'The Red Fisherman,' which for imaginative force, and a certain element of poetic vision, is distinguished from the rest; but 'Every-day Characters,' 'Private Theatricals,' 'School and Schoolfellows,' 'A Letter of Advice,' 'Our Ball,' 'My Partner,' and 'My Little Cousins,'—and the list might be extended,—are as good of their kind as anything can be. There is the apparent spontaneity, the correspondence between form and sentiment, and the fine workmanship, which are so rare and so satisfying. No one, not even the Brownings, excelled Praed in the easy use of the trochaic or feminine rhyme. His rhymes and even his puns seem inevitable, as if the language had been constructed for that very purpose.

Praed is an artist in light verse: and art is a realization of the excellent; perfection is an absolute matter. The subject of the epic may be weightier than that of light verse, but the beauty of the short verse may be not inferior to the beauty of the great poem, and it is much more easily apprehended. The beauty of the humming-bird is not less than the beauty of the eagle; and besides, the humming-

bird is darting about the vines of the porch, and the eagle is on the top of a mountain or up in the clouds, where it is not easy to get at him. Light verse like Praed's is art; for the function of art is to charm as well as to elevate. When the Muse drops the great questions, and discourses about every-day matters, she does not become the gossip nor the newspaper reporter. She does not lay aside her delicate tact nor her keen vision: her words are still literature; the literature of a class, perhaps, but still aiming at the ideal representation of a mood, and reaching excellence as often as the greater literature of humanity. The heroic, the philosophic, the devotedly Christian are *motifs* beyond the aim of light verse, but it is not on that account hostile to them. In reaching perfection of form as Praed did, he put light verse in sympathy with nature, which finishes little things; and in so doing is following a great principle, which makes beauty universal, and therefore divine.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE

«Rien n'est changé, mes amis.»—CHARLES X.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter;
The Old Year went with mourning by—
The New came dancing after!
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle;
Mutes to wait on the funeral state;
Pages to pour the wine:
A requiem for Twenty-Eight,
And a health to Twenty-Nine!

Alas for human happiness!
Alas for human sorrow!
Our yesterday is nothingness,
What else will be our morrow?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses;
Still cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses;
While sages prate and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine:

And the world, as it rolled through Twenty-Eight,
Must roll through Twenty-Nine.

Some king will come, in Heaven's good time,
To the tomb his father came to;
Some thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to;
Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her;
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine:
And much where we were in Twenty-Eight,
We shall be in Twenty-Nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the Rent,
And Kenyon to sink the Nation;
And Sheil will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association;
And the thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-chancellors merry;
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
And throats in the County Kerry;
And writers of weight will speculate
On the Cabinet's design:
And just what it did in Twenty-Eight
It will do in Twenty-Nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
And the God of Cups his orgies;
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's;
And mendicants will sup like kings,
And lords will swear like lackeys;
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes;
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
In a dialect all divine,—
Alas! they married in Twenty-Eight,
They will part in Twenty-Nine.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older,

How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of Friendship colder;
But still I shall be what I have been,
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
And fond of talking treason;
I shall buckle my skate, and leap my gate,
And throw and write my line:
And the woman I worshiped in Twenty-Eight
I shall worship in Twenty-Nine.

THE VICAR

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveler up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
"Our master knows you — you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow:
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—

If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveler was to blame,
And not the vicarage, nor the vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror:
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished truth, or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome or from Athanasius;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords—and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking;

And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage;
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learnt the Rule of Three,
Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus;*
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! In vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
"*Hic jacet* GVLIELMVS BROWN,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru."

THE BELLE OF THE BALL

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;
Years, years ago, while all my joys
Were in my fowling-piece and filly,—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball;
There, when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star,
And when she danced—O heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white,
Her voice was exquisitely tender,
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows:
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,
Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,
Of daggers or of dancing bears,
Of battles or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle,—
If these bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
My mother laughed,—I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frowned;—but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,
And mortgages and great relations,
And India bonds and tithes and rents,—
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

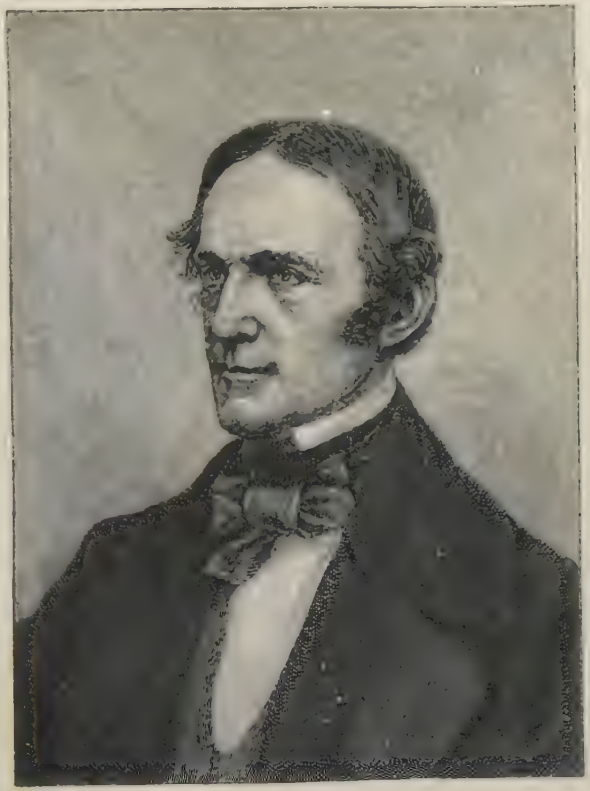
She sketched — the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized — I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Handel — it was grand,
She made the Catalina jealous;
She touched the organ — I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

And she was flattered, worshiped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laughed — and every heart was glad
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned — and every look was sad
As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun —
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one,
Her heart had thought of for a minute
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely molded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves:
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And 'Fly not Yet' upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows — and then we parted.

We parted — months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh,
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mrs. — Something — Rogers.



W. H. PRESCOTT.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

(1796–1859)

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE

PRESCOTT had been at work on his 'Ferdinand and Isabella' about four years when he adopted the plan that distinguishes all his histories. To this he was led by his confidence in Mably, author of 'Étude de l'Histoire,' of whom he made this record:—"I like particularly his notion of the necessity of giving an interest as well as utility to history, by letting events tend to some obvious point or moral; in short, by paying such attention to the development of events tending to this leading result as one would in the construction of a romance or a drama." All the world knows the success of the plan: Prescott is read as freely as the great novelists and dramatists. A critical, rather than a creative, age has charged him with being more interesting than accurate. This is the old charge against Herodotus, and against Thucydides; it is the charge made against Prescott's great English contemporary, Macaulay. What critic of either of these has won an equal place in literature? It would be gratifying, though difficult, to explain why an interesting history provokes suspicion. Each generation revises the record. Learned specialists who venture to become critics, condemn an entire work because of a fault in relating an episode. The story of Philip the Second has been retold by one whose genius Prescott recognized and encouraged, just as his own had been recognized and encouraged by Washington Irving. The Spanish-American story has been retold by Sir Arthur Helps, by Markham, and by John Fiske.

A history is variously judged. One reader estimates it by its authorities; another by its style. Of literary virtues, style is the first to be cultivated and the last to be formed.

"With regard to the style of this work," wrote Prescott of his 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' seven years after its completion, "I will only remark that most of the defects, such as they are, may be comprehended in the words *trop soigné*. At least they may be traced to this source. The only rule is, to write with freedom and nature, even with homeliness of expression occasionally, and with alternation of long and short sentences; for such variety is essential to harmony. But after all it is not the construction of the sentence, but

the tone of the coloring, which produces the effect. If the sentiment is warm, lively, forcible, the reader will be carried along without much heed to the arrangement of the periods, which differs exceedingly in different standard writers. Put life into the narrative, if you would have it take. Elaborate and artificial fastidiousness in the form of expression is highly detrimental to this. A book may be made up of perfect sentences and yet the general impression be very imperfect. In fine, be engrossed with the thought and not with the fashion of expressing it.»

His plan and his style harmonize, and are principal causes of the popularity of his books. There is another cause: the fortunes of the men and women whose lives are depicted on his pages become of personal interest to the reader. Emerson would call this making history subjective,—«doing away with this wild, savage, and preposterous Then or There, and introducing in its place the Here and the Now;» banishing the *not-me* and supplying the *me*. All this Prescott has done. Children are lost in his 'Mexico' and 'Peru' even more quickly than in Shakespeare or Scott. The dramatist is suddenly philosophical; the novelist now and then technical: but the historian takes them straight on from embarkation through shipwreck, battle, siege, conquest, and retreat, and all as real as the sights in the street. Here is a miracle like that Bunyan wrought, and even a greater; for it is the rare miracle of reality. Few are the historians who let us forget that their page is a paraphrase; their story, second-hand; their battles, sieges, and fortunes, only words.

Prescott's life, like his books, was a development of events tending to a leading result. Yet this result was due to an accident while at Harvard, a junior in his seventeenth year. A piece of bread thoughtlessly thrown at random by a fellow student instantly destroyed the sight of one eye. The other speedily became affected, and he was never again able to use it, except at rare intervals and for a short time. Till the day of his death, forty-seven years after the accident, he suffered almost constantly. His life, without warning, became a strict construction of the law of compensation. He belonged to a distinguished family. His grandfather was that Captain Prescott who commanded at Bunker Hill. His father was an eminent lawyer, among whose closer friends were John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster. His mother, from whom he inherited a large share of his hopeful temperament and generous affection, was a woman possessed of the qualities of Abigail Adams. He had wealth; he had rare physical beauty. The mental man was complete. He lacked only that which he had lost by accident. He completed his college course; spent some time in search of relief in Europe, and returned to Salem, his home and his native place. At twenty-four he married; at twenty-six he decided on a literary life. Other men had eyes. Could he

not accomplish, though slowly, as much as others less persevering? From the day of his decision his life followed a programme. It was method. His will made real what his wealth, his powers, made possible. But all followed resolutions, many of which a strong love of ease made almost useless. First he must prepare for work, then choose. He began a critical, exhaustive study of the English language and literature. Like studies of the French, the Italian, the Spanish, followed. He employed capable readers; and at twenty-eight, with many misgivings respecting his own powers, planned a history of Ferdinand and Isabella. Ten years of labor followed, and the three volumes were published at Christmas, 1837. They were printed at the Cambridge press at his own expense, a method he adhered to for all his books.

He was long in doubt whether to publish the history. His father's judgment decided his own. Bentley brought it out in England after it had been declined by two publishers. Its reception was an event in English literature, and time has not yet set aside the original verdict. He had found his work: Spain, new and old, at the height of its power. In 1839 he began reading for his 'Conquest of Mexico.' Four years later it was published. It had an unparalleled reception. Five thousand copies were sold in America in four months. This was only the beginning of a popularity which has been renewed by successive generations of readers. No history more perfectly illustrates the harmony of subject and style.

Early in 1844 he "broke ground," as he says, on Peru. In twelve months its 'Conquest' was written. It was nearly two years in press, and issued in 1847. Though most quickly done of his works, it sustained his reputation. Editions in French, German, Dutch, and Spanish, almost immediately appeared. No American book had before been so received. The 'Conquest of Peru' closed his contribution to American history. He was in his fifty-first year, and the most famed American scholar. The mantle of Irving had fallen upon him. His friendships were world-wide, and among the great scholars of the age. Through these he was largely enabled to collect his vast mass of material. As Sismondi wrote him, he had attained rich sources interdicted to European scholars. No other man, certainly no other historian of his day, possessed and used such resources. His library contained the best from the archives of Europe, usually in copy; often the original. In the summer of 1849 he began reading for his history of Philip the Second. Frequent and afflicting interruptions, that would have vanquished a less resolute mind, beset him. Age was creeping on. Domestic sorrow bowed his spirit. In 1850, after many urgent requests, he visited England. His reception remained unique in the annals of society for thirty years. The England he knew was like that England that received James Russell Lowell in

after years. The first volume of 'Philip' was completed in 1852; the second in 1854, when the two were published; and the third in 1858. A fourth was begun, but was carried no further than brief notes at the time of his sudden death at sixty-three.

Prescott never visited the scenes of his histories. For over forty years — his literary life — he divided his time between his three homes, all near his birthplace: the summer at Nahant; the autumn at Pepperell; the winter and spring in Boston, — for some years at the house on Bedford Street, but after 1845 at the Beacon Street home. Here was his great library, and here he died. His infirmity forbade travel. With his mind's eye he saw Mexico, Peru, and other regions in the vast Spanish empire, — all from the vantage-ground of his own library. Of his fidelity to his authorities no doubt has ever been hinted. He believed in foot-notes, and he spread his vouchers before the world. In later years some critics have doubted the value of his authorities, especially for the 'Mexico' and the 'Peru.' If they erred he erred. If they, for their own purposes, read European civilization into the institutions of the Aztecs, Prescott had no means of correcting their vision. He faithfully followed the canons of history, and trusted the evidence brought forward by the actors themselves. What he saw in their records, — duly corrected one by the other, — was that panorama of the New World which was spread before the eyes of Europe by its conquerors, and which the Old World believed, and still believes, true. No historian is responsible for not using undiscovered evidence. Prescott wrote from the archives of Europe, just as others have written before and after him, confident of the accuracy of their evidence. If he moved his Aztec world on too high a plane of civilization, he moved it by authority. Since his death, the world has turned traveler; men of critical skill have explored Mexico and Peru, and each has produced his pamphlet. A mass of ethnological and archæological knowledge has been collected, much of which corrects the angle of Spanish vision of the sixteenth century. But all this is from the American side. Prescott wrote his 'Mexico' and 'Peru' from the European side — of the time of Isabella, Charles, and Philip. If one cares to know how the Old World first understood the New, he will read Prescott. If he wishes to know how the New World of to-day interprets that New World of four centuries ago, he will read Markham and Fiske. Prescott's beautiful character is reflected in his style, and in his fidelity to his authorities. Archæology and ethnology may correct some of his descriptions; but as literature, his four histories will undoubtedly be read with pleasure as long as the English remains a living language.

Francis Newton Thorpe

«THE MELANCHOLY NIGHT»

From the 'Conquest of Mexico'

THERE was no longer any question as to the expediency of evacuating the capital. The only doubt was as to the time of doing so, and the route. The Spanish commander called a council of officers to deliberate on these matters. It was his purpose to retreat on Tlascala, and in that capital to decide, according to circumstances, on his future operations. After some discussion, they agreed on the causeway of Tlacopan as the avenue by which to leave the city. It would indeed take them back by a circuitous route, considerably longer than either of those by which they had approached the capital. But for that reason it would be less likely to be guarded, as least suspected; and the causeway itself, being shorter than either of the other entrances, would sooner place the army in comparative security on the main land.

There was some difference of opinion in respect to the hour of departure. The daytime, it was argued by some, would be preferable, since it would enable them to see the nature and extent of their danger, and to provide against it. Darkness would be much more likely to embarrass their own movements than those of the enemy, who were familiar with the ground. A thousand impediments would occur in the night, which might prevent their acting in concert, or obeying, or even ascertaining, the orders of the commander. But on the other hand, it was urged that the night presented many obvious advantages in dealing with a foe who rarely carried his hostilities beyond the day. The late active operations of the Spaniards had thrown the Mexicans off their guard, and it was improbable they would anticipate so speedy a departure of their enemies. With celerity and caution they might succeed, therefore, in making their escape from the town, possibly over the causeway, before their retreat should be discovered; and could they once get beyond that pass of peril, they felt little apprehension for the rest.

These views were fortified, it is said, by the counsels of a soldier named Botello, who professed the mysterious science of judicial astrology. He had gained credit with the army by some predictions which had been verified by the events,—those lucky hits which make chance pass for calculation with the credulous

multitude. This man recommended to his countrymen by all means to evacuate the place in the night, as the hour most propitious to them, although he should perish in it. The event proved the astrologer better acquainted with his own horoscope than with that of others. It is possible Botello's predictions had some weight in determining the opinion of Cortés. Superstition was the feature of the age; and the Spanish general, as we have seen, had a full measure of its bigotry. Seasons of gloom, moreover, dispose the mind to a ready acquiescence in the marvelous. It is, however, quite as probable that he made use of the astrologer's opinion, finding it coincided with his own, to influence that of his men, and inspire them with higher confidence. At all events, it was decided to abandon the city that very night.

The general's first care was to provide for the safe transportation of the treasure. Many of the common soldiers had converted their share of the prize, as we have seen, into gold chains, collars, or other ornaments, which they easily carried about their persons. But the royal fifth, together with that of Cortés himself, and much of the rich booty of the principal cavaliers, had been converted into bars and wedges of solid gold, and deposited in one of the strong apartments of the palace. Cortés delivered the share belonging to the Crown to the royal officers; assigning them one of the strongest horses, and a guard of Castilian soldiers, to transport it. Still, much of the treasure, belonging both to the Crown and to individuals, was necessarily abandoned, from the want of adequate means of conveyance. The metal lay scattered in shining heaps along the floor, exciting the cupidity of the soldiers. "Take what you will of it," said Cortés to his men. "Better you should have it than these Mexican hounds. But be careful not to overload yourselves. He travels safest in the dark night who travels lightest." His own more wary followers took heed to his counsel,—helping themselves to a few articles of least bulk, though it might be of greatest value. But the troops of Narvaez, pining for riches of which they had heard so much and hitherto seen so little, showed no such discretion. To them it seemed as if the very mines of Mexico were turned up before them; and rushing on the treacherous spoil, they greedily loaded themselves with as much of it, not merely as they could accommodate about their persons, but as they could stow away in wallets, boxes, or any other means of conveyance at their disposal.

Cortés next arranged the order of march. The van, composed of two hundred Spanish foot, he placed under the command of the valiant Gonzalo de Sandoval, supported by Diego de Ordaz, Francisco de Lujo, and about twenty other cavaliers. The rear-guard, constituting the strength of the infantry, was intrusted to Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon. The general himself took charge of the "battle," or centre, in which went the baggage, some of the heavy guns,—most of which, however, remained in the rear,—the treasure, and the prisoners. These consisted of a son and two daughters of Montezuma, Cacama the deposed lord of Tezcuco, and several other nobles, whom Cortés retained as important pledges in his future negotiations with the enemy. The Tlascalans were distributed pretty equally among the three divisions; and Cortés had under his immediate command a hundred picked soldiers, his own veterans most attached to his service, who, with Cristóval de Olid, Francisco de Morla, Alonso de Avila, and two or three other cavaliers, formed a select corps, to act wherever occasion might require.

The general had already superintended the construction of a portable bridge to be laid over the open canals in the causeway. This was given in charge to an officer named Magarino, with forty soldiers under his orders, all pledged to defend the passage to the last extremity. The bridge was to be taken up when the entire army had crossed one of the breaches, and transported to the next. There were three of these openings in the causeway, and most fortunate would it have been for the expedition if the foresight of the commander had provided the same number of bridges. But the labor would have been great, and time was short.

At midnight the troops were under arms, in readiness for the march. Mass was performed by Father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty through the awful perils of the night. The gates were thrown open; and on the first of July, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage.

The night was cloudy; and a drizzling rain, which fell without intermission, added to the obscurity. The great square before the palace was deserted, as indeed it had been since the fall of Montezuma. Steadily, and as noiselessly as possible, the Spaniards held their way along the great street of Tlacopan, which so

lately had resounded with the tumult of battle. All was now hushed in silence; and they were only reminded of the past by the occasional presence of some solitary corpse, or a dark heap of the slain, which too plainly told where the strife had been hottest. As they passed along the lanes and alleys which opened into the great street, or looked down the canals, whose polished surface gleamed with a sort of ebon lustre through the obscurity of night, they easily fancied that they discerned the shadowy forms of their foe lurking in ambush and ready to spring on them. But it was only fancy; and the city slept undisturbed even by the prolonged echoes of the tramp of the horses and the hoarse rumbling of the artillery and baggage trains. At length a lighter space beyond the dusky line of buildings showed the van of the army that it was emerging on the open causeway. They might well have congratulated themselves on having thus escaped the dangers of an assault in the city itself, and that a brief time would place them in comparative safety on the opposite shore. But the Mexicans were not all asleep.

As the Spaniards drew near the spot where the street opened on the causeway, and were preparing to lay the portable bridge across the uncovered breach which now met their eyes, several Indian sentinels who had been stationed at this, as at the other approaches to the city, took the alarm and fled, rousing their countrymen by their cries. The priests, keeping their night-watch on the summit of the *teocallis*, instantly caught the tidings and sounded their shells, while the huge drum in the desolate temple of the war-god sent forth those solemn tones, which, heard only in seasons of calamity, vibrated through every corner of the capital. The Spaniards saw that no time was to be lost. The bridge was brought forward and fitted with all possible expedition. Sandoval was the first to try its strength; and riding across, was followed by his little body of chivalry,—his infantry and Tlascalan allies, who formed the first division of the army. Then came Cortés and his squadrons, with the baggage, ammunition wagons, and a part of the artillery. But before they had time to defile across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard, like that of a mighty forest agitated by the winds. It grew louder and louder, while on the dark waters of the lake was heard a plashing noise, as of many oars. Then came a few stones and arrows striking at random among the hurrying troops. They fell every moment faster and more furious,

till they thickened into a terrible tempest; while the very heavens were rent with the yells and war-cries of myriads of combatants, who seemed all at once to be swarming over land and lake!

The Spaniards pushed steadily on through this arrowy sleet; though the barbarians, dashing their canoes against the sides of the causeway, clambered up and broke in upon their ranks. But the Christians, anxious only to make their escape, declined all combat except for self-preservation. The cavaliers, spurring forward their steeds, shook off their assailants and rode over their prostrate bodies; while the men on foot, with their good swords or the butts of their pieces, drove them headlong again down the sides of the dike.

But the advance of several thousand men, marching probably on a front of not more than fifteen or twenty abreast, necessarily required much time; and the leading files had already reached the second breach in the causeway before those in the rear had entirely traversed the first. Here they halted, as they had no means of effecting a passage; smarting all the while under unintermitting volleys from the enemy, who were clustered thick on the waters around this second opening. Sorely distressed, the vanguard sent repeated messages to the rear to demand the portable bridge. At length the last of the army had crossed; and Margarino and his sturdy followers endeavored to raise the ponderous framework. But it stuck fast in the sides of the dike. In vain they strained every nerve. The weight of so many men and horses, and above all of the heavy artillery, had wedged the timbers so firmly in the stones and earth that it was beyond their power to dislodge them. Still they labored amidst a torrent of missiles, until, many of them slain, and all wounded, they were obliged to abandon the attempt.

The tidings soon spread from man to man; and no sooner was their dreadful import comprehended than a cry of despair arose, which for a moment drowned all the noise of conflict. All means of retreat were cut off. Scarcely hope was left. The only hope was in such desperate exertions as each could make for himself. Order and subordination were at an end. Intense danger produced intense selfishness. Each thought only of his own life. Pressing forward, he trampled down the weak and the wounded, heedless whether it were friend or foe. The leading files, urged on by the rear, were crowded on the brink of the

gulf. Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other cavaliers dashed into the water. Some succeeded in swimming their horses across; others failed; and some who reached the opposite bank, being overturned in the ascent, rolled headlong with their steeds into the lake. The infantry followed pell-mell, heaped promiscuously on one another, frequently pierced by the shafts or struck down by the war-clubs of the Aztecs; while many an unfortunate victim was dragged half stunned on board their canoes, to be reserved for a protracted but more dreadful death.

The carnage raged fearfully along the length of the causeway. Its shadowy bulk presented a mark of sufficient distinctness for the enemy's missiles, which often prostrated their own countrymen in the blind fury of the tempest. Those nearest the dike, running their canoes alongside with a force that shattered them to pieces, leaped on the land, and grappled with the Christians until both came rolling down the side of the causeway together. But the Aztec fell among his friends, while his antagonist was borne away in triumph to the sacrifice. The struggle was long and deadly. The Mexicans were recognized by their white cotton tunics, which showed faint through the darkness. Above the combatants rose a wild and discordant clamor, in which horrid shouts of vengeance were mingled with groans of agony, with invocations of the saints and the blessed Virgin, and with the screams of women; for there were several women, both natives and Spaniards, who had accompanied the Christian camp. Among these, one named Maria de Estrada is particularly noticed for the courage she displayed, battling with broadsword and target like the stanchest of the warriors.

The opening in the causeway, meanwhile, was filled up with the wreck of matter which had been forced into it,—ammunition wagons, heavy guns, bales of rich stuffs scattered over the waters, chests of solid ingots, and bodies of men and horses,—till over this dismal ruin a passage was gradually formed, by which those in the rear were enabled to clamber to the other side. Cortés, it is said, found a place that was fordable; where, halting, with the water up to his saddle-girths, he endeavored to check the confusion, and lead his followers by a safer path to the opposite bank. But his voice was lost in the wild uproar; and finally, hurrying on with the tide, he pressed forwards with a few trusty cavaliers who remained near his person, to the van; but not before he had seen his favorite page, Juan de Salazar, struck down

a corpse by his side. Here he found Sandoval and his companions, halting before the third and last breach, endeavoring to cheer on their followers to surmount it. But their resolution faltered. It was wide and deep; though the passage was not so closely beset by the enemy as the preceding ones. The cavaliers again set the example by plunging into the water. Horse and foot followed as they could, some swimming, others with dying grasp clinging to the manes and tails of the struggling animals. Those fared best, as the general had predicted, who traveled lightest; and many were the unfortunate wretches who, weighed down by the fatal gold which they loved so well, were buried with it in the salt floods of the lake. Cortés, with his gallant comrades Olid, Morla, Sandoval, and some few others, still kept in the advance, leading his broken remnant off the fatal causeway. The din of battle lessened in the distance; when the rumor reached them that the rear-guard would be wholly overwhelmed without speedy relief. It seemed almost an act of desperation; but the generous hearts of the Spanish cavaliers did not stop to calculate danger when the cry for succor reached them. Turning their horses' bridles, they galloped back to the theatre of action, worked their way through the press, swam the canal, and placed themselves in the thick of the *mêlée* on the opposite bank.

The first gray of the morning was now coming over the waters. It showed the hideous confusion of the scene which had been shrouded in the obscurity of night. The dark masses of combatants, stretching along the dike, were seen struggling for mastery, until the very causeway on which they stood appeared to tremble, and reel to and fro, as if shaken by an earthquake; while the bosom of the lake, as far as the eye could reach, was darkened by canoes crowded with warriors, whose spears and bludgeons, armed with blades of "volcanic glass," gleamed in the morning light.

The cavaliers found Alvarado unhorsed, and defending himself with a poor handful of followers against an overwhelming tide of the enemy. His good steed, which had borne him through many a hard fight, had fallen under him. He was himself wounded in several places, and was striving in vain to rally his scattered column, which was driven to the verge of the canal by the fury of the enemy, then in possession of the whole rear of the causeway, where they were reinforced every hour by fresh combatants

from the city. The artillery in the earlier part of the engagement had not been idle; and its iron shower, sweeping along the dike, had mowed down the assailants by hundreds. But nothing could resist their impetuosity. The front ranks, pushed on by those behind, were at length forced up to the pieces, and pouring over them like a torrent, overthrew men and guns in one general ruin. The resolute charge of the Spanish cavaliers, who had now arrived, created a temporary check, and gave time for their countrymen to make a feeble rally. But they were speedily borne down by the returning flood. Cortés and his companions were compelled to plunge again into the lake,—though all did not escape. Alvarado stood on the brink for a moment, hesitating what to do. Unhorsed as he was, to throw himself into the water, in the face of the hostile canoes that now swarmed around the opening, afforded but a desperate chance of safety. He had but a second for thought. He was a man of powerful frame, and despair gave him unnatural energy. Setting his long lance firmly on the wreck which strewed the bottom of the lake, he sprung forward with all his might, and cleared the wide gap at a leap. Aztecs and Tlascalans gazed in stupid amazement, exclaiming, as they beheld the incredible feat, "This is truly the *Tonatiuh*,—the child of the Sun!" The breadth of the opening is not given. But it was so great that the valorous captain Diaz, who well remembered the place, says the leap was impossible to any man. Other contemporaries, however, do not discredit the story. It was beyond doubt matter of popular belief at the time; it is to this day familiarly known to every inhabitant of the capital; and the name of the Salto de Alvarado, "Alvarado's Leap," given to the spot, still commemorates an exploit which rivaled those of the demigods of Grecian fable.

Cortés and his companions now rode forward to the front, where the troops, in a loose, disorderly manner, were marching off the fatal causeway. A few only of the enemy hung on their rear, or annoyed them by occasional flights of arrows from the lake. The attention of the Aztecs was diverted by the rich spoil that strewed the battle-ground; fortunately for the Spaniards, who, had their enemy pursued with the same ferocity with which he had fought, would in their crippled condition have been cut off, probably, to a man. But little molested, therefore, they were allowed to defile through the adjacent village—or suburbs, it might be called—of Popotla.

The Spanish commander there dismounted from his jaded steed; and sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments dripping with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery,—all, in short, that constitutes the pride and panoply of glorious war,—forever lost. Cortés, as he looked wistfully on their thin and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through all the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or at least to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears which trickled down revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul.

THE SPANISH ARABS

From 'Ferdinand and Isabella'

NOTWITHSTANDING the high advances made by the Arabians in almost every branch of learning, and the liberal import of certain sayings ascribed to Mahomet, the spirit of his religion was eminently unfavorable to letters. The Koran, whatever be the merit of its literary execution, does not, we believe, contain a single precept in favor of general science. Indeed, during the first century after its promulgation, almost as little attention was bestowed upon this by the Saracens as in their "days of ignorance," as the period is stigmatized which preceded the advent of their apostle. But after the nation had reposed from its tumultuous military career, the taste for elegant pleasures, which naturally results from opulence and leisure, began to flow in upon it. It entered upon this new field with all its characteristic enthusiasm, and seemed ambitious of attaining the same pre-eminence in science that it had already reached in arms.

It was at the commencement of this period of intellectual fermentation that the last of the Omeyades, escaping into Spain, established there the kingdom of Cordova; and imported along

with him the fondness for luxury and letters that had begun to display itself in the capitals of the East. His munificent spirit descended upon his successors; and on the breaking up of the empire, the various capitals, Seville, Murcia, Malaga, Granada, and others, which rose upon its ruins, became the centres of so many intellectual systems, that continued to emit a steady lustre through the clouds and darkness of succeeding centuries. The period of this literary civilization reached far into the fourteenth century, and thus, embracing an interval of six hundred years, may be said to have exceeded in duration that of any other literature ancient or modern.

There were several auspicious circumstances in the condition of the Spanish Arabs which distinguished them from their Mahometan brethren. The temperate climate of Spain was far more propitious to robustness and elasticity of intellect than the sultry regions of Arabia and Africa. Its long line of coast and convenient havens opened to an enlarged commerce. Its numbers of rival States encouraged a generous emulation, like that which glowed in ancient Greece and modern Italy; and was infinitely more favorable to the development of the mental powers than the far-extended and sluggish empires of Asia. Lastly, a familiar intercourse with the Europeans served to mitigate in the Spanish Arabs some of the more degrading superstitions incident to their religion, and to impart to them nobler ideas of the independence and moral dignity of man than are to be found in the slaves of Eastern despotism.

Under these favorable circumstances, provisions for education were liberally multiplied; colleges, academies, and gymnasiums springing up spontaneously, as it were, not merely in the principal cities, but in the most obscure villages of the country. No less than fifty of these colleges or schools could be discerned scattered over the suburbs and populous plains of Granada. Seventy public libraries are enumerated in Spain by a contemporary, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Every place of note seems to have furnished materials for a literary history. The copious catalogues of writers still extant in the Escurial show how extensively the cultivation of science was pursued, even through its minutest subdivisions; while a biographical notice of blind men eminent for their scholarship in Spain proves how far the general avidity for knowledge triumphed over the most discouraging obstacles of nature.

The Spanish Arabs emulated their countrymen of the East in their devotion to natural and mathematical science. They penetrated into the remotest regions of Africa and Asia, transmitting an exact account of their proceedings to the national academies. They contributed to astronomical knowledge by the number and accuracy of their observations, and by the improvement of instruments and the erection of observatories, of which the noble tower of Seville is one of the earliest examples. They furnished their full proportion in the department of history; which, according to an Arabian author cited by D'Herbelot, could boast of thirteen hundred writers. The treatises on logic and metaphysics amount to one ninth of the surviving treasures of the Escurial; and to conclude this summary of naked details, some of their scholars appear to have entered upon as various a field of philosophical inquiry as would be crowded into a modern encyclopædia.

The results, it must be confessed, do not appear to have corresponded with this magnificent apparatus and unrivaled activity of research. The mind of the Arabians was distinguished by the most opposite characteristics, which sometimes indeed served to neutralize each other. An acute and subtile perception was often clouded by mysticism and abstraction. They combined a habit of classification and generalization with a marvelous fondness for detail; a vivacious fancy with a patience of application that a German of our day might envy; and while in fiction they launched boldly into originality, indeed extravagance, they were content in philosophy to tread servilely in the track of their ancient masters. They derived their science from versions of the Greek philosophers; but as their previous discipline had not prepared them for its reception, they were oppressed rather than stimulated by the weight of the inheritance. They possessed an indefinite power of accumulation, but they rarely ascended to general principles, or struck out new and important truths; at least this is certain in regard to their metaphysical labors.

Hence Aristotle, who taught them to arrange what they had already acquired rather than to advance to new discoveries, became the god of their idolatry. They piled commentary on commentary; and in their blind admiration of his system, may be almost said to have been more of Peripatetics than the Stagirite himself. The Cordovan Averroës was the most eminent of his Arabian commentators, and undoubtedly contributed more than any other individual to establish the authority of Aristotle

over the reason of mankind for so many ages. Yet his various illustrations have served, in the opinion of European critics, to darken rather than dissipate the ambiguities of his original, and have even led to the confident assertion that he was wholly unacquainted with the Greek language.

The Saracens gave an entirely new face to pharmacy and chemistry. They introduced a great variety of salutary medicaments into Europe. The Spanish Arabs, in particular, are commended by Sprengel above their brethren for their observations on the practice of medicine. But whatever real knowledge they possessed was corrupted by their inveterate propensity for mystical and occult science. They too often exhausted both health and fortune in fruitless researches after the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. Their medical prescriptions were regulated by the aspect of the stars. Their physics were debased by magic, their chemistry degenerated into alchemy, their astronomy into astrology.

In the fruitful field of history their success was even more equivocal. They seem to have been wholly destitute of the philosophical spirit, which gives life to this kind of composition. They were the disciples of fatalism, and the subjects of a despotic government. Man appeared to them only in the contrasted aspects of slave and master. What could they know of the finer moral relations, or of the higher energies of the soul, which are developed only under free and beneficent institutions? Even could they have formed conceptions of these, how would they have dared to express them? Hence their histories are too often mere barren chronological details, or fulsome panegyrics on their princes, unenlivened by a single spark of philosophy or criticism.

Although the Spanish Arabs are not entitled to the credit of having wrought any important revolution in intellectual or moral science, they are commended by a severe critic as exhibiting in their writings "the germs of many theories which have been reproduced as discoveries in later ages," and they silently perfected several of those useful arts which have had a sensible influence on the happiness and improvement of mankind. Algebra and the higher mathematics were taught in their schools, and thence diffused over Europe. The manufacture of paper, which, since the invention of printing, has contributed so essentially to the rapid circulation of knowledge, was derived through them. Casiri has discovered several manuscripts on cotton paper

in the Escurial as early as 1009, and of linen paper of the date of 1106; the origin of which latter fabric Tiraboschi has ascribed to an Italian of Trevigi, in the middle of the fourteenth century. Lastly, the application of gunpowder to military science, which has wrought an equally important revolution, though of a more doubtful complexion, in the condition of society, was derived through the same channel.

The influence of the Spanish Arabs, however, is discernible not so much in the amount of knowledge, as in the impulse which they communicated to the long-dormant energies of Europe. Their invasion was coeval with the commencement of that night of darkness which divides the modern from the ancient world. The soil had been impoverished by long, assiduous cultivation. The Arabians came like a torrent, sweeping down and obliterating even the landmarks of former civilization, but bringing with it a fertilizing principle, which as the waters receded gave new life and loveliness to the landscape. The writings of the Saracens were translated and diffused throughout Europe. Their schools were visited by disciples, who, roused from their lethargy, caught somewhat of the generous enthusiasm of their masters; and a healthful action was given to the European intellect, which, however ill directed at first, was thus prepared for the more judicious and successful efforts of later times.

It is comparatively easy to determine the value of the scientific labors of a people, for truth is the same in all languages; but the laws of taste differ so widely in different nations, that it requires a nicer discrimination to pronounce fairly upon such works as are regulated by them. Nothing is more common than to see the poetry of the East condemned as tumid, over-refined, infected with meretricious ornament and conceits, and in short, as everyway contravening the principles of good taste. Few of the critics who thus peremptorily condemn are capable of reading a line of the original. The merit of poetry, however, consists so much in its literary execution, that a person, to pronounce upon it, should be intimately acquainted with the whole import of the idiom in which it is written. The style of poetry, indeed of all ornamental writing, whether prose or verse, in order to produce a proper effect, must be raised or relieved, as it were, upon the prevailing style of social intercourse. Even where this is highly figurative and impassioned, as with the Arabians, whose

ordinary language is made up of metaphor, that of the poet must be still more so. Hence the tone of elegant literature varies so widely in different countries,— even in those of Europe, which approach the nearest to each other in their principles of taste,— that it would be found extremely difficult to effect a close translation of the most admired specimens of eloquence from the language of one nation into that of any other. A page of Boccaccio or Bembo, for instance, done into literal English, would have an air of intolerable artifice and verbiage. The choicest morsels of Massillon, Bossuet, or the rhetorical Thomas, would savor marvelously of bombast; and how could we in any degree keep pace with the magnificent march of the Castilian! Yet surely we are not to impugn the taste of all these nations, who attach much more importance, and have paid (at least this is true of the French and Italian) much greater attention to the mere beauties of literary finish than English writers.

Whatever may be the sins of the Arabians on this head, they are certainly not those of negligence. The Spanish Arabs, in particular, were noted for the purity and elegance of their idiom; insomuch that Casiri affects to determine the locality of an author by the superior refinement of his style. Their copious philological and rhetorical treatises, their arts of poetry, grammars, and rhyming dictionaries, show to what an excessive refinement they elaborated the art of composition. Academies, far more numerous than those of Italy, to which they subsequently served for a model, invited by their premiums frequent competitions in poetry and eloquence. To poetry, indeed, especially of the tender kind, the Spanish Arabs seem to have been as indiscriminately addicted as the Italians in the time of Petrarch; and there was scarcely a doctor in Church or State but at some time or other offered up his amorous incense on the altar of the Muse.

With all this poetic feeling, however, the Arabs never availed themselves of the treasures of Grecian eloquence which lay open before them. Not a poet or orator of any eminence in that language seems to have been translated by them. The temperate tone of Attic composition appeared tame to the fervid conceptions of the East. Neither did they venture upon what in Europe are considered the higher walks of the art, the drama, and the epic. None of their writers in prose or verse show much attention to the development or dissection of character. Their inspiration

exhaled in lyrical effusions, in elegies, epigrams, and idyls. They sometimes, moreover, like the Italians, employed verse as the vehicle of instruction in the grave and recondite sciences. The general character of their poetry is bold, florid, impassioned, richly colored with imagery, sparkling with conceits and metaphors, and occasionally breathing a deep tone of moral sensibility, as in some of the plaintive effusions ascribed by Condé to the royal poets of Cordova. The compositions of the golden age of the Abassides, and of the preceding period, do not seem to have been infected with the taint of exaggeration, so offensive to a European, which distinguishes the later productions in the decay of the empire.

Whatever be thought of the influence of the Arabic on European literature in general, there can be no reasonable doubt that it has been considerable on the Provençal and the Castilian. In the latter especially, so far from being confined to the vocabulary, or to external forms of composition, it seems to have penetrated deep into its spirit, and is plainly discernible in that affectation of stateliness and Oriental hyperbole which characterizes Spanish writers even at the present day; in the subtilties and conceits with which the ancient Castilian verse is so liberally bespangled; and in the relish for proverbs and prudential maxims, which is so general that it may be considered national.

A decided effect has been produced on the romantic literature of Europe by those tales of fairy enchantment so characteristic of Oriental genius, and in which it seems to have reveled with uncontrolled delight. These tales, which furnished the principal diversion of the East, were imported by the Saracens into Spain; and we find the monarchs of Cordova solacing their leisure hours with listening to their *rawis*, or novelists, who sang to them

«Of ladye-love and war, romance, and knightly worth.»

The same spirit, penetrating into France, stimulated the more sluggish inventions of the *trouvère;* and at a later and more polished period called forth the imperishable creations of the Italian Muse.

It is unfortunate for the Arabians, that their literature should be locked up in a character and idiom so difficult of access to European scholars. Their wild, imaginative poetry, scarcely capable of transfusion into a foreign tongue, is made known to us only through the medium of bald prose translation; while their scientific treatises have been done into Latin with an inaccuracy

which, to make use of a pun of Casiri's, merits the name of perversions rather than versions of the originals. How obviously inadequate, then, are our means of forming any just estimate of their merits! It is unfortunate for them, moreover, that the Turks, the only nation which, from an identity of religion and government with the Arabs, as well as from its political consequence, would seem to represent them on the theatre of modern Europe, should be a race so degraded; one which, during the five centuries that it has been in possession of the finest climate and monuments of antiquity, has so seldom been quickened into a display of genius, or added so little of positive value to the literary treasures descended from its ancient masters. Yet this people, so sensual and sluggish, we are apt to confound in imagination with the sprightly, intellectual Arab. Both indeed have been subjected to the influence of the same degrading political and religious institutions, which on the Turks have produced the results naturally to have been expected; while the Arabians, on the other hand, exhibit the extraordinary phenomenon of a nation, under all these embarrassments, rising to a high degree of elegance and intellectual culture.

The empire which once embraced more than half of the ancient world has now shrunk within its original limits; and the Bedouin wanders over his native desert as free, and almost as uncivilized, as before the coming of his apostle. The language which was once spoken along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and the whole extent of the Indian Ocean, is broken up into a variety of discordant dialects. Darkness has again settled over those regions of Africa which were illumined by the light of learning. The elegant dialect of the Koran is studied as a dead language, even in the birthplace of the prophet. Not a printing-press at this day is to be found throughout the whole Arabian peninsula. Even in Spain, in Christian Spain, alas! the contrast is scarcely less degrading. A death-like torpor has succeeded to her former intellectual activity. Her cities are emptied of the population with which they teemed in the days of the Saracens. Her climate is as fair, but her fields no longer bloom with the same rich and variegated husbandry. Her most interesting monuments are those constructed by the Arabs; and the traveler, as he wanders amid their desolate but beautiful ruins, ponders on the destinies of a people whose very existence seems now to have been almost as fanciful as the magical creations in one of their own fairy tales.

THE CAPTURE OF THE INCA

From the 'Conquest of Peru'

THE clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning,—the most memorable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the sixteenth of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza*, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors or vomitories opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions; one under his brother Hernando, the other under De Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery,—comprehending under this imposing name two small pieces of ordnance, called falconets,—he established in the fortress. All received orders to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their war-cries, to rush out in a body from their covert, and putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. The arrangement of the immense halls, opening on a level with the *plaza*, seemed to be contrived on purpose for a *coup de théâtre*. Pizarro particularly inculcated order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Everything depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

The chief next saw that their arms were in good order, and that the breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict. These arrangements being completed, mass was performed with great solemnity by the ecclesiastics who attended the expedition; the God of battles was invoked to spread his shield over the soldiers who were fighting to extend the empire of the Cross; and all joined with enthusiasm in the chant, "Exsurge, Domine,"—"Rise, O Lord! and judge thine own cause."

One might have supposed them a company of martyrs about to lay down their lives in defense of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers meditating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history! Yet, whatever were the vices of the Castilian cavalier, hypocrisy was not among the number. He felt that he was battling for the Cross; and under this conviction, exalted as it was at such a moment as this into the predominant impulse, he was blind to the baser motives which mingled with the enterprise. With feelings thus kindled to a flame of religious ardor, the soldiers of Pizarro looked forward with renovated spirits to the coming conflict; and the chieftain saw with satisfaction that in the hour of trial his men would be true to their leader and themselves.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible in the Peruvian camp, where much preparation was making to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahuallpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters the night preceding. This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or perhaps disclose in some measure his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the intelligence, assuring the Inca that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the Conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt; and Pizarro saw with surprise that Atahuallpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards

that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning.

This intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, waiting in silence the coming of the Inca. A profound stillness reigned throughout the town, broken only at intervals by the cry of the sentinel from the summit of the fortress, as he proclaimed the movements of the Indian army. Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying to the soldier as prolonged suspense, in a critical situation like the present; and he feared lest his ardor might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest soul at such a crisis, and which, if not fear, is near akin to it. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahuallpa, deprecating his change of purpose, and adding that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him that night to sup with him.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose; and striking his tents again, he resumed his march, first advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca. At the same time he ordered accommodations to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, the "House of the Serpent." No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him! The fanatical cavalier could not fail to discern in it the immediate finger of Providence.

It is difficult to account for this wavering conduct of Atahuallpa, so different from the bold and decided character which history ascribes to him. There is no doubt that he made his visit to the white men in perfect good faith; though Pizarro was probably right in conjecturing that this amiable disposition stood on a very precarious footing. There is as little reason to suppose that he distrusted the sincerity of the strangers; or he would not thus unnecessarily have proposed to visit them unarmed. His original purpose of coming with all his force was doubtless to display his royal state, and perhaps also to show greater respect for the Spaniards; but when he consented to accept their hospitality

and pass the night in their quarters, he was willing to dispense with a great part of his armed soldiery, and visit them in a manner that implied entire confidence in their good faith. He was too absolute in his own empire easily to suspect; and he probably could not comprehend the audacity with which a few men, like those now assembled in Caxamalca, meditated an assault on a powerful monarch in the midst of his victorious army. He did not know the character of the Spaniard.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials employed to clear the path of every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which in our ears," says one of the Conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, — larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain — they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahuallpa halted, and turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, —Pizarro's chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco,—came forward with his breviary, or as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other; and approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity; and ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Savior left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostles, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish Emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him,—the only one by which he could hope for salvation,—and furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahuallpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre, and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your Emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters: and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he

must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity,—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,—"my God still lives in the heavens and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held, as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done; exclaiming at the same time, "Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on, at once: I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them." It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners, all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and rider in all their terrors. They

made no resistance,—as indeed they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That the Indians did not do so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling around him, without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backward and forward; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might after all elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahuallpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca;" and stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on

the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more; and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete; and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.

THE PERSONAL HABITS OF PHILIP II.

From the 'History of Philip II.'

PHILIP, unlike most of his predecessors, rarely took his seat in the council of State. It was his maxim that his ministers would more freely discuss measures in the absence of their master than when he was there to overawe them. The course he adopted was for a *consulta*, or a committee of two or three members, to wait on him in his cabinet, and report to him the proceedings of the council. He more commonly, especially in the later years of his reign, preferred to receive a full report of the discussion, written so as to leave an ample margin for his own commentaries. These were eminently characteristic of the man, and were so minute as usually to cover several sheets of paper. Philip had a reserved and unsocial temper. He preferred to work alone in the seclusion of his closet rather than in the presence of others. This may explain the reason, in part, why he seemed so much to prefer writing to talking. Even with his private secretaries, who were always near at hand, he chose to communicate by writing; and they had as large a mass of his autograph notes in their possession as if the correspondence had been carried on from different parts of the kingdom. His thoughts too—at any rate his words—came slowly; and by writing he gained time for the utterance of them.

Philip has been accused of indolence. As far as the body was concerned, such an accusation was well founded. Even when young he had no fondness, as we have seen, for the robust and

chivalrous sports of the age. He never, like his father, conducted military expeditions in person. He thought it wiser to follow the example of his great-grandfather, Ferdinand the Catholic, who stayed at home and sent his generals to command his armies. As little did he like to travel,—forming too in this respect a great contrast to the Emperor. He had been on the throne before he made a visit to his great southern capital, Seville. It was a matter of complaint in Cortes that he thus withdrew himself from the eyes of his subjects. The only sport he cared for—not by any means to excess—was shooting with his gun or his crossbow such game as he could find in his own grounds at the Wood of Segovia, or Aranjuez, or some other of his pleasant country-seats, none of them at a great distance from Madrid. On a visit to such places, he would take with him as large a heap of papers as if he were a poor clerk earning his bread; and after the fatigues of the chase, he would retire to his cabinet and refresh himself with his dispatches.

It would indeed be a great mistake to charge him with sluggishness of mind. He was content to toil for hours, and long into the night, at his solitary labors. No expression of weariness or of impatience was known to escape him. A characteristic anecdote is told of him in regard to this. Having written a dispatch, late at night, to be sent on the following morning, he handed it to his secretary to throw some sand over it. This functionary, who happened to be dozing, suddenly roused himself, and snatching up the inkstand, emptied it on the paper. The King, coolly remarking that "it would have been better to use the sand," set himself down, without any complaint, to rewrite the whole of the letter. A prince so much addicted to the pen, we may well believe, must have left a large amount of autograph materials behind him. Few monarchs, in point of fact, have done so much in this way to illustrate the history of their reigns. Fortunate would it have been for the historian who was to profit by it, if the royal composition had been somewhat less diffuse, and the handwriting somewhat more legible.

Philip was an economist of time, and regulated the distribution of it with great precision. In the morning he gave audience to foreign ambassadors. He afterwards heard mass. After mass came dinner, in his father's fashion. But dinner was not an affair with Philip of so much moment as it was with Charles. He was exceedingly temperate both in eating and drinking; and

not unfrequently had his physician at his side to warn him against any provocative of the gout,—the hereditary disease which at a very early period had begun to affect his health. After a light repast he gave audience to such of his subjects as desired to present their memorials. He received the petitioners graciously, and listened to all they had to say with patience,—for that was his virtue. But his countenance was exceedingly grave,—which in truth was its natural expression; and there was a reserve in his deportment which made the boldest feel ill at ease in his presence. On such occasions he would say, "Compose yourself;"—a recommendation that had not always the tranquillizing effect intended. Once when a papal nuncio forgot, in his confusion, the address he had prepared, the King coolly remarked: "If you will bring it in writing, I will read it myself, and expedite your business." It was natural that men of even the highest rank should be overawed in the presence of a monarch who held the destinies of so many millions in his hands, and who surrounded himself with a veil of mystery which the most cunning politician could not penetrate.

The reserve, so noticeable in his youth, increased with age. He became more difficult of access. His public audiences were much less frequent. In the summer he would escape from them altogether, by taking refuge in some one of his country places. His favorite retreat was his palace monastery of the Escurial,—then slowly rising under his patronage, and affording him an occupation congenial with his taste. He seems, however, to have sought the country not so much from the love of its beauties as for the retreat it afforded him from the town. When in the latter he rarely showed himself to the public eye, going abroad chiefly in a close carriage, and driving late so as to return to the city after dark.

Thus he lived in solitude even in the heart of his capital, knowing much less of men from his own observation than from the reports that were made to him. In availing himself of these sources of information he was indefatigable. He caused a statistical survey of Spain to be prepared for his own use. It was a work of immense labor, embracing a vast amount of curious details, such as were rarely brought together in those days. He kept his spies at the principal European courts, who furnished him with intelligence; and he was as well acquainted with what was passing in England and in France as if he had resided on

the spot. We have seen how well he knew the smallest details of the proceedings in the Netherlands, sometimes even better than Margaret herself. He employed similar means to procure information that might be of service in making appointments to ecclesiastical and civil offices.

In his eagerness for information, his ear was ever open to accusations against his ministers; which, as they were sure to be locked up in his own bosom, were not slow in coming to him. This filled his mind with suspicions. He waited till time had proved their truth, treating the object of them with particular favor till the hour of vengeance had arrived. The reader will not have forgotten the terrible saying of Philip's own historian, "His dagger followed close upon his smile."

Even to the ministers in whom Philip appeared most to confide, he often gave but half his confidence. Instead of frankly furnishing them with a full statement of facts, he sometimes made so imperfect a disclosure that when his measures came to be taken, his counselors were surprised to find of how much they had been kept in ignorance. When he communicated to them any foreign dispatches, he would not scruple to alter the original, striking out some passages and inserting others, so as best to serve his purpose. The copy, in this garbled form, was given to the council. Such was the case with a letter of Don John of Austria, containing an account of the troubles of Genoa, the original of which, with its numerous alterations in the royal handwriting, still exists in the archives of Simancas.

But though Philip's suspicious nature prevented him from entirely trusting his ministers,— though with chilling reserve he kept at a distance even those who approached him nearest,— he was kind, even liberal, to his servants, was not capricious in his humors, and seldom if ever gave way to those sallies of passion so common in princes clothed with absolute power. He was patient to the last degree, and rarely changed his ministers without good cause. Ruy Gomez was not the only courtier who continued in the royal service to the end of his days.

Philip was of a careful, or to say truth, of a frugal disposition, which he may well have inherited from his father; though this did not, as with his father in later life, degenerate into parsimony. The beginning of his reign, indeed, was distinguished by some acts of uncommon liberality. One of these occurred at the close of Alva's campaigns in Italy, when the King presented

that commander with a hundred and fifty thousand ducats, greatly to the discontent of the Emperor. This was contrary to his usual policy. As he grew older, and the expenses of government pressed more heavily on him, he became more economical. Yet those who served him had no reason, like the Emperor's servants, to complain of their master's meanness. It was observed, however, that he was slow to recompense those who served him until they had proved themselves worthy of it. Still it was a man's own fault, says a contemporary, if he was not well paid for his services in the end.

In one particular he indulged in a most lavish expenditure. This was his household. It was formed on the Burgundian model,—the most stately and magnificent in Europe. Its peculiarity consisted in the number and quality of the members who composed it. The principal officers were nobles of the highest rank, who frequently held posts of great consideration in the State. Thus the Duke of Alva was chief major-domo; the Prince of Eboli was first gentleman of the bedchamber; the Duke of Feria was Captain of the Spanish Guard. There was the grand equerry, the grand huntsman, the chief muleteer, and a host of officers, some of whom were designated by menial titles, though nobles and cavaliers of family. There were forty pages, sons of the most illustrious houses in Castile. The whole household amounted to no less than fifteen hundred persons. The King's guard consisted of three hundred men; one-third of whom were Spaniards, one-third Flemings, and the remainder Germans.

The Queen had also her establishment on the same scale. She had twenty-six ladies-in-waiting, and among other functionaries, no less than four physicians to watch over her health.

The annual cost of the royal establishment amounted to full two hundred thousand florins. The Cortes earnestly remonstrated against this useless prodigality, beseeching the King to place his household on the modest scale to which the monarchs of Castile had been accustomed. And it seems singular that one usually so averse to extravagance and pomp should have so recklessly indulged in them here. It was one of those inconsistencies which we sometimes meet with in private life, when a man habitually careful of his expenses indulges himself in some whim which taste, or as in this case, early habits, have made him regard as indispensable. The Emperor had been careful to form the household of his son, when very young, on the Burgundian model;

and Philip, thus early trained, probably regarded it as essential to the royal dignity. . . .

It was a capital defect in Philip's administration that his love of power and his distrust of others made him desire to do everything himself,—even those things which could be done much better by his ministers. As he was slow in making up his own opinions, and seldom acted without first ascertaining those of his council, we may well understand the mischievous consequences of such delay. Loud were the complaints of private suitors, who saw month after month pass away without an answer to their petitions. The State suffered no less, as the wheels of government seemed actually to stand still under the accumulated pressure of the public business. Even when a decision did come, it often came too late to be of service; for the circumstances which led to it had wholly changed. Of this the reader has seen more than one example in the Netherlands. The favorite saying of Philip, that "time and he were a match for any other two," was a sad mistake. The time he demanded was his ruin. It was in vain that Granvelle, who at a later day came to Castile to assume the direction of affairs, endeavored in his courtly language to convince the King of his error; telling him that no man could bear up under such a load of business, which sooner or later must destroy his health, perhaps his life.

THE SPANISH MOORS PERSECUTED INTO REBELLION

From the 'History of Philip II.'

These impolitic edicts [forbidding the importation of African slaves by the Moors, and the possession of arms except under license] were but preludes to an ordinance of so astounding a character as to throw the whole country into a state of revolution. The apostasy of the Moriscoes,—or to speak more correctly, the constancy with which they adhered to the faith of their fathers,—gave great scandal to the old Christians, especially to the clergy; and above all to its head, Don Pedro Guerrero, archbishop of Granada. This prelate seems to have been a man of an uneasy, meddlesome spirit, and possessed of a full share of the bigotry of his time. While in Rome, shortly before this period, he had made such a representation to Pope Pius the Fourth as drew from that pontiff a remonstrance, addressed to the Spanish government, on the spiritual condition of

the Moriscoes. Soon after, in the year 1567, a memorial was presented to the government, by Guerrero and the clergy of his diocese, in which, after insisting on the manifold backslidings of the "New Christians," as the Moriscoes were termed, they loudly called for some efficacious measures to arrest the evil. These people, they said, whatever show of conformity they might make to the requisitions of the Church, were infidels at heart. When their children were baptized, they were careful, on returning home, to wash away the traces of baptism; and after circumcising them, to give them Moorish names. In like manner, when their marriages had been solemnized with Christian rites, they were sure to confirm them afterwards by their own ceremonies, accompanied with the national songs and dances. They continued to observe Friday as a holy day; and what was of graver moment, they were known to kidnap the children of the Christians and sell them to their brethren on the coast of Barbary, where they were circumcised, and nurtured in the Mahometan religion. This last accusation, however improbable, found credit with the Spaniards, and sharpened the feelings of jealousy and hatred with which they regarded the unhappy race of Ishmael.

The memorial of the clergy received prompt attention from the government, at whose suggestion, very possibly, it had been prepared. A commission was at once appointed to examine into the matter; and their report was laid before a junta consisting of both ecclesiastics and laymen, and embracing names of the highest consideration for talent and learning in the kingdom. Among its members we find the Duke of Alva, who had not yet set out on his ominous mission to the Netherlands. At its head was Diego de Espinosa, at that time the favorite minister of Philip. . . .

The man who was qualified for the place of grand inquisitor was not likely to feel much sympathy for the race of unbelievers. It was unfortunate for the Moriscoes that their destinies should be placed in the hands of such a minister as Espinosa. After due deliberation, the junta came to the decision that the only remedy for the present evil was to lay the axe to the root of it; to cut off all those associations which connected the Moriscoes with their earlier history, and which were so many obstacles in the way of their present conversion. It was recommended that they should be interdicted from employing the Arabic either in speaking or writing, for which they were to use only the Castilian. They were not even to be allowed to retain their family

names, but were to exchange them for Spanish ones. All written instruments and legal documents, of whatever kind, were declared to be void and of no effect unless in the Castilian. As time must be allowed for a whole people to change its language, three years were assigned as the period at the end of which this provision should take effect.

They were to be required to exchange their national dress for that of the Spaniards; and as the Oriental costume was highly ornamented, and often very expensive, they were to be allowed to wear their present clothes one year longer if of silk, and two years if of cotton,— the latter being the usual apparel of the poorer classes. The women, moreover, both old and young, were to be required, from the passage of the law, to go abroad with their faces uncovered,— a scandalous thing among Mahometans.

Their weddings were to be conducted in public, after the Christian forms; and the doors of their houses were to be left open during the day of the ceremony, that any one might enter and see that they did not have recourse to unhallowed rites. They were further to be interdicted from the national songs and dances with which they were wont to celebrate their domestic festivities. Finally, as rumors — most absurd ones — had got abroad that the warm baths which the natives were in the habit of using in their houses were perverted to licentious indulgences, they were to be required to destroy the vessels in which they bathed, and to use nothing of the kind thereafter.

These several provisions were to be enforced by penalties of the sternest kind. . . .

Such were the principal provisions of a law, which for cruelty and absurdity has scarcely a parallel in history. For what could be more absurd than the attempt by an act of legislation to work such a change in the long-established habits of a nation,— to efface those recollections of the past to which men ever cling most closely under the pressure of misfortune,— to blot out by a single stroke of the pen, as it were, not only the creed but the nationality of a people,— to convert the Moslem at once both into a Christian and into a Castilian? It would be difficult to imagine any greater outrage offered to a people than the provision compelling women to lay aside their veils,— associated as these were in every Eastern mind with the obligations of modesty; or that in regard to opening the doors of the houses, and exposing those within to the insolent gaze of every passer; or that in

relation to the baths,— so indispensable to cleanliness and comfort, especially in the warm climate of the south.

But the masterpiece of absurdity, undoubtedly, is the stipulation in regard to the Arabic language; as if by any human art a whole population, in the space of three years, could be made to substitute a foreign tongue for its own; and that too under circumstances of peculiar difficulty,— partly arising from the total want of affinity between the Semitic and the European languages, and partly from the insulated position of the Moriscoes, who in the cities had separate quarters assigned to them in the same manner as the Jews, which cut them off from intimate intercourse with the Christians. We may well doubt, from the character of this provision, whether the government had so much at heart the conversion of the Moslems as the desire to entangle them in such violations of the law as should afford a plausible pretext for driving them from the country altogether. One is strengthened in this view of the subject by the significant reply of Otadin, professor of theology at Alcalá, who, when consulted by Philip on the expediency of the ordinance, gave his hearty approbation of it by quoting the appalling Spanish proverb, "The fewer enemies the better." It was reserved for the imbecile Philip the Third to crown the disasters of his reign by the expulsion of the Moriscoes. Yet no one can doubt that it was a consummation earnestly desired by the great body of the Spaniards; who looked, as we have seen, with longing eyes to the fair territory which they possessed, and who regarded them with the feelings of distrust and aversion with which men regard those on whom they have inflicted injuries too great to be forgiven. . . .

On the appointed day the magistrates of the principal tribunals, with the corregidor of Granada at their head, went in solemn procession to the Albaicin, the quarter occupied by the Moriscoes. They marched to the sound of kettle-drums, trumpets, and other instruments; and the inhabitants, attracted by the noise and fond of novelty, came running from their houses to swell the ranks of the procession on its way to the great square of Bab el Bonat. This was an open space of large extent, where the people of Granada in ancient times used to assemble to celebrate the coronation of a new sovereign; and the towers were still standing from which the Moslem banners waved, on those days, over the heads of the shouting multitude. As the people

now gathered tumultuously around these ancient buildings, the public crier from an elevated place read, in audible tones and in the Arabic language, the royal ordinance. . . .

Some of the weaker sort gave way to piteous and passionate exclamations, wringing their hands in an agony of grief. Others, of sterner temper, broke forth into menaces and fierce invective, accompanied with the most furious gesticulations. Others again listened with that dogged, determined air which showed that the mood was not the less dangerous that it was a silent one. The whole multitude was in a state of such agitation that an accident might have readily produced an explosion which would have shaken Granada to its foundations. Fortunately there were a few discreet persons in the assembly, older and more temperate than the rest, who had sufficient authority over their countrymen to prevent a tumult. They reminded them that in their fathers' time the Emperor Charles the Fifth had consented to suspend the execution of a similar ordinance. At all events, it was better to try first what could be done by argument and persuasion. When these failed, it would be time enough to think of vengeance.

One of the older Moriscoes, a man of much consideration among his countrymen, was accordingly chosen to wait on the president and explain their views in regard to the edict. This he did at great length, and in a manner which must have satisfied any fair mind of the groundlessness of the charges brought against the Moslems, and the cruelty and impracticability of the measures proposed by the government. The president, having granted to the envoy a patient and courteous hearing, made a short and not very successful attempt to vindicate the course of the administration. He finally disposed of the whole question by declaring that "the law was too just and holy, and had been made with too much consideration, ever to be repealed; and that in fine, regarded as a question of interest, his Majesty estimated the salvation of a single soul as of greater price than all the revenues he drew from the Moriscoes." An answer like this must have effectually dispelled all thoughts of a composition such as had formerly been made with the Emperor.

Defeated in this quarter, the Moriscoes determined to lay their remonstrance before the throne. They were fortunate in obtaining for this purpose the services of Don Juan Henriquez, a nobleman of the highest rank and consideration, who had large

estates at Beza, in the heart of Granada, and who felt a strong sympathy for the unfortunate natives. Having consented, though with much reluctance, to undertake the mission, he repaired to Madrid, obtained an audience of the King, and presented to him a memorial on behalf of his unfortunate subjects. Philip received him graciously, and promised to give all attention to the paper. "What I have done in this matter," said the King, "has been done by the advice of wise and conscientious men, who have given me to understand that it was my duty."

Shortly afterwards, Henriquez received an intimation that he was to look for his answer to the president of Castile. Espinosa, after listening to the memorial, expressed his surprise that a person of the high condition of Don Juan Henriquez should have consented to take charge of such a mission. "It was for that very reason I undertook it," replied the nobleman, "as affording me a better opportunity to be of service to the King." "It can be of no use," said the minister: "religious men have represented to his Majesty that at his door lies the salvation of these Moors; and the ordinance which has been decreed, he has determined shall be carried into effect."

Baffled in this direction, the persevering envoy laid his memorial before the councilors of State, and endeavored to interest them in behalf of his clients. In this he met with more success; and several of that body, among whom may be mentioned the Duke of Alva, and Luis de Avila the grand commander of Alcántara, whom Charles the Fifth had honored with his friendship, entered heartily into his views. But it availed little with the minister, who would not even consent to delay the execution of the ordinance until time should have been given for further inquiry; or to confine the operation of it at the outset to one or two of the provisions, in order to ascertain what would probably be the temper of the Moriscoes. Nothing would suit the peremptory humor of Espinosa but the instant execution of the law in all its details. . . .

It was clear that no door was left open to further discussion, and that under the present government no chance remained to the unfortunate Moriscoes of buying off the law by the payment of a round sum, as in the time of Charles the Fifth. All negotiations were at an end. They had only to choose between implicit obedience and open rebellion. It was not strange that they chose the latter.

ANTOINE FRANÇOIS PRÉVOST D'EXILES

(1697–1763)

It is difficult to regard the brilliant personality and erratic, checkered career of the Abbé Prévost with respect or admiration, even with allowance for the free spirit of the social epoch in which he lived. Now praying and preaching as a fashionable ecclesiastic, now bearing arms as a soldier, now a professor of theology or man of letters, and again wavering between the seclusion of a monastery and the frivolities of a drawing-room, the Abbé's personality seems a bundle of impulses and retractions. He is not ill described by Dryden's characterization of Buckingham as "everything by turns, and nothing long."

Abbé Prévost

Prévost was born in Hesdin on the 1st of April, 1697. A mere lad, he was sent to Paris to study at the well-known Jesuit school known as the Harcourt. He did not persevere in it: he suddenly turned his back upon classics and theology to turn soldier in a royal regiment. He gave himself up to the beginnings of a military life with a full measure of the youthful vivacity hitherto repressed by ecclesiastical surroundings. But again was he unstable. The war ended; and the soldier hastened back to the amiable priests, who welcomed him as a prodigal son. He resumed his courses of study, and a certain degree of enthusiasm carried him this time as far as holy orders. This might surely be taken as a final self-commitment. Not so with Prévost: he acknowledged soon enough the error of even so formal a surrender of himself to the religious vocation — for which indeed his gift was more than doubtful. He returned to the army, to serve with activity and distinction. He had ample opportunity for being a gentleman of fashion and elegance; and at this period of his life the charms of person and manner which never left him were specially seductive, and in whatever society he saw fit to amuse himself, a host of friends male and female received his regard, enjoyed his gifts, and flattered his vanity. He became perhaps as complete a type of the nominal clergy

of the period as the tableau of his day presents. It need hardly be said that gallantry *à la mode* was no small fraction of his diversion. It brought about another shifting of his environment. An unhappy love affair disturbed him, drove him to renounce the world once more; and he entered the Church of the Benedictines of St. Maur. There was a more becoming semblance of permanence in this renunciation; for the following five or six years kept him absorbed in religion,—an esteemed professor and a brilliant preacher. But in the course of a few summers and winters, Prévost's everlasting hesitation between secular and religious life urged him to a new abandonment of the religious profession. A tangled affair with his ecclesiastical superiors decided him. He fled to Holland to take up—as seriously as he could take up anything—a new career, with which he had already trifled effectively; the career of a man of letters.

Prévost was thirty-one years old when during this self-exile, in Holland, England, and elsewhere, he fairly gave himself to writing; pouring forth that mass of literary work, grave or frivolous, long or short, now as author and now as translator, the products of which are forgotten—with a single exception. He was still young; he was blessed with a profound self-confidence; he was rich in the most diverse experiences of human nature, and in the study of various phases of society, French and foreign. He was a systematic student with a retentive memory, an accomplished linguist, and having an acquaintance with all forms of literature of a singularly practical sort. So qualified, he makes letters his third or fourth profession. It has been said of the abbé that the series of publications from his pen which now followed was a kind of flood,—hitherto repressed to the limit of any man's repression,—giving to the world at large every sort of souvenir, adventure, and sketch of mankind and womankind, in his brain during his vacillations and wanderings. It is unnecessary to speak at this date of his compilations; to discuss his romances, translations, polemics, his editorial labors, and his studies of special topics, more or less clever or thorough. After doing much literary work abroad, he returned in 1734 to Paris. Once more he renounced, at least in name and garb, the world: he took the habit of a secular priest, and became the almoner of the Prince de Conti for a time. It can be easily understood that whatever advantages his roving career had brought to him, they had not been permanent or substantial. He had sufficient money, however, to buy a small property in Saint Firmin, near Chantilly. There he spent what were to be the last years of his life, in incessant literary composition and publication. There death came to him in 1763; came in a manner as curious and dramatic as any he might have described in one of his fictions. He was struck by a fit of apoplexy one day while walking in the

forest of Chantilly. Ignorant peasants found him stretched at the foot of a tree; a rural surgeon, whose ignorance was more than culpable, under the impression that a crime had been committed, proceeded to an immediate autopsy, instead of merely bleeding the unfortunate patient; and the luckless abbé died under the examination.

Of the two hundred works that Prévost left behind him, the novelette 'Manon Lescaut' has alone survived. But it is enough to perpetuate his name. It has taken a classical place in French literature; more than that, it has passed into the emotional literature of the world, perhaps for as nearly all time as can be predicted for any story. Not by virtue of great literary art in it, much less by any ethical charm in its material, has the story lived. 'Manon Lescaut' morally is always as repulsive a love story (though told with a grace and skill that disguises offense) as it is pathetic. For the persons in its drama no reader can have a sentiment of admiration. Their history is the narrative of a young woman in whom frivolity is the least of her shortcomings. The hero, her infatuated lover, is a young man perverted by temperament and by a master-passion to the career of a professional blackguard and debauchee. But through the tale shines the light of such sincerity of feeling and of delineation, such truth to human nature, and above all, such a glow of a love becoming strangely disinterested and even purifying, that the characters of the protagonists seem to us redeemed, and even glorified, by it. Complete, tragic too, is their expiation. Literally a world lies between the gambling-houses in Paris, where Manon and Des Grieux are habitués, and the sands of Louisiana, in which the transported criminal scoops the shallow grave of her whom he has followed into exile. The book is not a defiance to virtue. It is rather a lesson drawn from vice and from weakness of human nature. Its force not only lies in the simple straightforward treatment of character and of situation in it, but in the fact that one is disposed to take it as a confession, as something that is autobiographic; not merely a little novel elaborated out of a man's imagination. There was a good deal of the Chevalier des Grieux in Prévost's own self and career. In the heroine is realized a French type such as no one else has as well expressed; and as has been said by Saint Victor, the reader of Manon's story is apt to make an exception of it from all works more or less of the same complexion, inasmuch as he would not have her other than she is. The story belongs in the class of such brief and concentrated studies in weak and somehow pitiable human nature as are Mérimée's 'Carmen' and 'Don José.' It has been made the subject of drama and opera, of statuary and of paintings innumerable, and however we may repudiate the corruption of human nature which it

paints in such uncompromising color, we lay down Prévost's little book impressed by its truth and dramatic effectiveness to a degree such as few stories of equally small compass give us, even in French literature, always abundant in the impressive trifle. It has a far deeper moral than the question of Byron's couplet:—

«Why did he love her? Curious fool, be still!
Is human love the fruit of human will?»

EXILE AND DEATH

From 'Manon Lescaut'

After a passage of two months we at length reached the banks of the desired river. The country offered at first sight nothing agreeable. We saw only sterile and uninhabited plains covered with rushes, and some trees rooted up by the wind: no trace either of men or animals. However, the captain having discharged some pieces of artillery, we presently observed a group of the inhabitants of New Orleans, who approached us with evident signs of joy. We had not perceived the town: it is concealed upon the side on which we approached it by a hill. We were received as persons dropt from the clouds.

The poor inhabitants hastened to put a thousand questions to us upon the state of France, and of the different provinces in which they were born. They embraced us as brothers, and as beloved companions, who had come to share their pains and their solitude. We turned towards the town with them; but we were astonished to perceive, as we advanced, that what we had hitherto heard spoken of as a respectable town was nothing more than a collection of miserable huts. They were inhabited by five or six hundred persons. The governor's house was a little distinguished from the rest by its height and its position. It was surrounded by some earthen ramparts and a deep ditch.

We were first presented to him. He continued for some time in conversation with the captain; and then advancing towards us, he looked attentively at the women one after another; there were thirty of them, for another troop of convicts had joined us at Havre. After having thus inspected them, he sent for several young men of the colony who were desirous to marry. He assigned the handsomest women to the principal of these, and the remainder were disposed of by lot. He had not yet addressed

Manon; but having ordered the others to depart, he made us remain. "I learn from the captain," said he, "that you are married; and he is convinced by your conduct on the passage that you are both persons of merit and of education. I have nothing to do with the cause of your misfortunes; but if it be true that you are as conversant with the world and society as your appearance would indicate, I shall spare no pains to soften the severity of your lot, and you may on your part contribute towards rendering this savage and desert abode less disagreeable to me."

I replied in a manner which I thought best calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed of us. He gave orders to have a habitation prepared for us in the town, and detained us to supper. I was really surprised to find so much politeness in a governor of transported convicts. In the presence of others he abstained from inquiring about our past adventures. The conversation was general; and in spite of our degradation, Manon and I exerted ourselves to make it lively and agreeable.

At night we were conducted to the lodging prepared for us. We found a wretched hovel composed of planks and mud, containing three rooms on the ground, and a loft overhead. He had sent there six chairs, and some few necessaries of life.

Manon appeared frightened by the first view of this melancholy dwelling. It was on my account, much more than upon her own, that she distressed herself. When we were left to ourselves, she sat down and wept bitterly. I attempted at first to console her; but when she enabled me to understand that it was for my sake she deplored our privations, and that in our common afflictions she only considered me as the sufferer, I put on an air of resolution, and even of content, sufficient to encourage her.

"What is there in my lot to lament?" said I: "I possess all that I have ever desired. You love me, Manon, do you not? What happiness beyond this have I ever longed for? Let us leave to Providence the direction of our destiny; it by no means appears to me so desperate. The governor is civil and obliging; he has already given us marks of his consideration; he will not allow us to want for necessaries. As to our rude hut and the squalidness of our furniture, you might have noticed that there are few persons in the colony better lodged or more comfortably furnished than we are: and then you are an admirable chemist," added I, embracing her; "you transform everything into gold."

"In that case," she answered, "you shall be the richest man in the universe; for as there never was love surpassing yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. I well know," she continued, "that I have never merited the almost incredible fidelity and attachment which you have shown for me. I have often caused you annoyances which nothing but excessive fondness could have induced you to pardon. I have been thoughtless and volatile; and even while loving you, as I have always done to distraction, I was never free from a consciousness of ingratitude. But you cannot believe how much my nature is altered; those tears which you have so frequently seen me shed since quitting the French shore have not been caused by my own misfortunes. Since you began to share them with me, I have been a stranger to selfishness: I only wept from tenderness and compassion for you. I am inconsolable at the thought of having given you one instant's pain during my past life. I never cease upbraiding myself with my former inconstancy, and wondering at the sacrifices which love has induced you to make for a miserable and unworthy wretch, who could not, with the last drop of her blood, compensate for half the torments she has caused you."

Her grief, the language and the tone in which she expressed herself, made such an impression that I felt my heart ready to break within me. "Take care," said I to her, "take care, dear Manon: I have not strength to endure such exciting marks of your affection; I am little accustomed to the rapturous sensations which you now kindle in my heart. O Heaven!" cried I, "I have now nothing further to ask of you. I am sure of Manon's love. That has been alone wanting to complete my happiness; I can now never cease to be happy: my felicity is well secured."

"It is indeed," she replied, "if it depends upon me; and I well know where I can be ever certain of finding my own happiness centred."

With these ideas, capable of turning my hut into a palace worthy of earth's proudest monarch, I lay down to rest. America appeared to my view the true land of milk and honey, the abode of contentment and delight. "People should come to New Orleans," I often said to Manon, "who wish to enjoy the real rapture of love! It is here that love is divested of all selfishness, all jealousy, all inconstancy. Our countrymen come here

in search of gold; they little think that we have discovered treasures of inestimably greater value."

We carefully cultivated the governor's friendship. He bestowed upon me, a few weeks after our arrival, a small appointment which became vacant in the fort. Although not one of any distinction, I gratefully accepted it as a gift of Providence, as it enabled me to live independently of others' aid. I took a servant for myself, and a woman for Manon. Our little establishment became settled: nothing could surpass the regularity of my conduct, or that of Manon; we lost no opportunity of serving or doing an act of kindness to our neighbors. This friendly disposition, and the mildness of our manners, secured us the confidence and affection of the whole colony. We soon became so respected that we ranked as the principal persons in the town after the governor.

The simplicity of our habits and occupations, and the perfect innocence in which we lived, revived insensibly our early feelings of devotion. Manon had never been an irreligious girl, and I was far from being one of those reckless libertines who delight in adding impiety and sacrilege to moral depravity: all the disorders of our lives might be fairly ascribed to the natural influences of youth and love. Experience had now begun with us to do the office of age; it produced the same effect upon us as years must have done. Our conversation, which was generally of a serious turn, by degrees engendered a longing for virtuous love. I first proposed this change to Manon. I knew the principles of her heart; she was frank and natural in all her sentiments, qualities which invariably predisposed to virtue. I said to her that there was but one thing wanting to complete our happiness: "It is," said I, "to invoke upon our union the benediction of Heaven. We have both of us hearts too sensitive, and minds too refined, to continue voluntarily in the willful violation of so sacred a duty." . . .

I waited upon the governor, as I had settled with Manon, to procure his consent to the ceremony of our marriage. I should have avoided speaking to him or to any other person upon the subject, if I had imagined that his chaplain, who was the only minister in the town, would have performed the office for me without his knowledge; but not daring to hope that he would do so privately, I determined to act ingenuously in the matter.

The governor had a nephew named Synnelet, of whom he was particularly fond. He was about thirty; brave, but of a

headstrong and violent disposition. He was not married. Manon's beauty had struck him on the first day of our arrival; and the numberless opportunities he had of seeing her during the last nine or ten months had so inflamed his passion that he was absolutely pining for her in secret. However, as he was convinced, in common with his uncle and the whole colony, that I was married, he put such a restraint upon his feelings that they remained generally unnoticed; and he lost no opportunity of showing the most disinterested friendship for me.

He happened to be with his uncle when I arrived at the government house. I had no reason for keeping my intention a secret from him, so that I explained myself without hesitation in his presence. The governor heard me with his usual kindness. I related to him a part of my history, to which he listened with evident interest; and when I requested his presence at the intended ceremony, he was so generous as to say that he must be permitted to defray the expenses of the succeeding entertainment. I retired perfectly satisfied.

In an hour after, the chaplain paid me a visit. I thought he was come to prepare me by religious instruction for the sacred ceremony; but after a cold salutation, he announced to me in two words that the governor desired I would relinquish all thoughts of such a thing, for that he had other views for Manon.

"Other views for Manon!" said I, as I felt my heart sink within me: "what views then can they be, chaplain?"

He replied that I must be of course aware that the governor was absolute master here; that Manon, having been transported from France to the colony, was entirely at his disposal; that hitherto he had not exercised his right, believing that she was a married woman; but that now, having learned from my own lips that it was not so, he had resolved to assign her to M. Synnelet, who was passionately in love with her.

My indignation overcame my prudence. I was so irritated that I ordered the chaplain instantly to quit my house, swearing at the same time that neither governor, Synnelet, nor the whole colony together, should lay hands upon my wife—or mistress if they chose so to call her.

I immediately told Manon of the distressing message I had just received. We conjectured that Synnelet had warped his uncle's mind after my departure, and that it was all the effect of a premeditated design. They were unquestionably the stronger party. We found ourselves in New Orleans, as in the midst of

the ocean, separated from the rest of the world by an immense interval of space. In a country perfectly unknown, a desert,—or inhabited, if not by brutes, at least by savages quite as ferocious,—to what corner could we fly? I was respected in the town, but I could not hope to excite the people in my favor to such a degree as to derive assistance from them proportioned to the impending danger: money was requisite for that purpose, and I was poor. Besides, the success of a popular commotion was uncertain; and if we failed in the attempt, our doom would be inevitably sealed.

I revolved these thoughts in my mind; I mentioned them in part to Manon; I found new ones, without waiting for her replies; I determined upon one course, and then abandoned that to adopt another; I talked to myself, and answered my own thoughts aloud: at length I sunk into a kind of hysterical stupor that I can compare to nothing, because nothing ever equaled it. Manon observed my emotion, and from its violence judged how imminent was our danger; and apprehensive more on my account than on her own, the dear girl could not even venture to give expression to her fears.

After a multitude of reflections, I resolved to call upon the governor, and appeal to his feelings of honor, to the recollection of my unvarying respect for him, and the marks he had given of his own affection for us both. Manon endeavored to dissuade me from this attempt: she said, with tears in her eyes, "You are rushing into the jaws of death; they will murder you—I shall never again see you—I am determined to die before you." I had great difficulty in persuading her that it was absolutely necessary that I should go, and that she should remain at home. I promised that she should see me again in a few moments. She did not foresee, nor did I, that it was against herself that the whole anger of Heaven, and the rabid fury of our enemies, was about to be concentrated.

I went to the fort; the governor was there with his chaplain. I supplicated him in a tone of humble submission that I could have ill brooked under other circumstances. I invoked his clemency by every argument calculated to soften any heart less ferocious and cruel than a tiger's.

The barbarian made to all my prayers but two short answers, which he repeated over and over again. Manon, he said, was at his disposal, and he had given a promise to his nephew. I was

resolved to command my feelings to the last: I merely replied that I had imagined he was too sincerely my friend to desire my death, to which I would infinitely rather consent than to the loss of my mistress.

I felt persuaded, on quitting him, that it was folly to expect anything from the obstinate tyrant, who would have damned himself a hundred times over to please his nephew. However, I persevered in restraining my temper to the end; deeply resolved, if they persisted in such flagrant injustice, to make America the scene of one of the most horrible and bloody murders that even love had ever led to.

I was meditating upon this design on my return home, when Fate, as if impatient to expedite my ruin, threw Synnelet in my way. He read in my countenance a portion of my thoughts. I before said he was brave. He approached me.

"Are you not seeking me?" he inquired. "I know that my intentions have given you mortal offense, and that the death of one of us is indispensable: let us see who is to be the happy man."

I replied that such was unquestionably the fact; and that nothing but death could end the difference between us.

We retired about one hundred paces out of the town. We drew: I wounded and disarmed him at the first onset. He was so enraged that he peremptorily refused either to ask his life or renounce his claims to Manon. I might have been perhaps justified in ending both by a single blow; but noble blood ever vindicates its origin. I threw him back his sword. "Let us renew the struggle," said I to him, "and remember that there shall be now no quarter." He attacked me with redoubled fury. I must confess that I was not an accomplished swordsman, having had but three months' tuition at Paris. Love, however, guided my weapon. Synnelet pierced me through and through the left arm; but I caught him whilst thus engaged, and made so vigorous a thrust that I stretched him senseless at my feet.

In spite of the triumphant feeling that victory, after a mortal conflict, inspires, I was immediately horrified by the certain consequences of this death. There could not be the slightest hope of either pardon or respite from the vengeance I had thus incurred. I was so well aware of the affection of the governor for his nephew that I felt perfectly sure my death would not be delayed a single hour after his should become known. Urgent

as this apprehension was, it still was by no means the principal source of my uneasiness. Manon, the welfare of Manon, the peril that impended over her, and the certainty of my being now at length separated from her, afflicted me to such a degree that I was incapable of recognizing the place in which I stood. I regretted Synnelet's death; instant suicide seemed the only remedy for my woes.

However, it was this very thought that quickly restored me to my reason, and enabled me to form a resolution. "What!" said I to myself: "die, in order to end my pain? Then there is something I dread more than the loss of all I love! No, let me suffer the cruelest extremities in order to aid her; and when these prove of no avail, fly to death as a last resource!"

I returned towards the town; on my arrival at home I found Manon half dead with fright and anxiety; my presence restored her. I could not conceal from her the terrible accident that had happened. On my mentioning the death of Synnelet and my own wound, she fell in a state of insensibility into my arms. It was a quarter of an hour before I could bring her again to her senses.

I was myself in a most deplorable state of mind; I could not discern the slightest prospect of safety for either of us. "Manon," said I to her, when she had recovered a little, "what shall we do? Alas, what hope remains to us? I must necessarily fly. Will you remain in the town? Yes, dearest Manon, do remain; you may possibly still be happy here: while I, far away from you, may seek death and find it amongst the savages or the wild beasts."

She raised herself in spite of her weakness, and taking hold of my hand to lead me towards the door,—"Let us," said she, "fly together: we have not a moment to lose; Synnelet's body may be found by chance, and we shall then have no time to escape."

"But, dear Manon," replied I, "to what place can we fly? Do you perceive any resource? Would it not be better that you should endeavor to live on without me, and that I should go and voluntarily place my life in the governor's hands?"

This proposal had only the effect of making her more impatient for our departure. I had presence of mind enough, on going out, to take with me some strong liquors which I had in my chamber, and as much food as I could carry in my pockets. We told our servants, who were in the adjoining room, that we

were going to take our evening walk, as was our invariable habit; and we left the town behind us more rapidly than I had thought possible from Manon's delicate state of health.

Although I had not formed any resolve as to our future destination, I still cherished a hope, without which I should have infinitely preferred death to my suspense about Manon's safety. I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the country, during nearly ten months which I had now passed in America, to know in what manner the natives should be approached. Death was not the necessary consequence of falling into their hands. I had learned a few words of their language, and some of their customs, having had many opportunities of seeing them.

Besides this sad resource, I derived some hopes from the fact that the English had, like ourselves, established colonies in this part of the New World. But the distance was terrific. In order to reach them we should have to traverse deserts of many days' journey, and more than one range of mountains so steep and vast as to seem almost impassable to the strongest man. I nevertheless flattered myself that we might derive partial relief from one or other of these sources: the savages might serve us as guides, and the English receive us in their settlements.

We journeyed on as long as Manon's strength would permit, —that is to say, about six miles; for this incomparable creature, with her usual absence of selfishness, refused my repeated entreaties to stop. Overpowered at length by fatigue, she acknowledged the utter impossibility of proceeding further. It was already night; we sat down in the midst of an extensive plain, where we could not even find a tree to shelter us. Her first care was to dress my wound, which she had bandaged before our departure. I in vain entreated her to desist from exertion; it would have only added to her distress if I had refused her the satisfaction of seeing me at ease and out of danger before her own wants were attended to. I allowed her therefore to gratify herself, and in shame and silence submitted to her delicate attentions.

But when she had completed her tender task, with what ardor did I not enter upon mine! I took off my clothes and stretched them under her, to render more endurable the hard and rugged ground on which she lay. I protected her delicate hands from the cold by my burning kisses and the warmth of my sighs. I passed the livelong night in watching over her as she slept,

and praying Heaven to refresh her with soft and undisturbed repose. Thou canst bear witness, just and all-seeing God! to the fervor and sincerity of those prayers, and thou alone knowest with what awful rigor they were rejected!

You will excuse me, if I now cut short a story which it distresses me beyond endurance to relate. It is, I believe, a calamity without parallel. I can never cease to deplore it. But although it continues, of course, deeply and indelibly impressed on my memory, yet my heart seems to shrink within me each time that I attempt the recital.

We had thus tranquilly passed the night. I had fondly imagined that my beloved mistress was in a profound sleep, and I hardly dared to breathe lest I should disturb her. As day broke, I observed that her hands were cold and trembling; I pressed them to my bosom in the hope of restoring animation. This movement roused her attention; and making an effort to grasp my hand, she said in a feeble voice that she thought her last moments had arrived.

I at first took this for a passing weakness, or the ordinary language of distress; and I answered with the usual consolations that love prompted. But her incessant sighs, her silence and inattention to my inquiries, the convulsive grasp of her hands in which she retained mine, soon convinced me that the crowning end of all my miseries was approaching.

Do not now expect me to attempt a description of my feelings, or to repeat her dying expressions. I lost her. I received the purest assurances of her love even at the very instant that her spirit fled. I have not nerve to say more upon this fatal and disastrous event.

My spirit was not destined to accompany Manon's. Doubtless Heaven did not as yet consider me sufficiently punished, and therefore ordained that I should continue to drag on a languid and joyless existence. I willingly renounced every hope of leading a happy one.

I remained for twenty-four hours without taking my lips from the still beauteous countenance and hands of my adored Manon. My intention was to await my own death in that position; but at the beginning of the second day I reflected that after I was gone, she must of necessity become the prey of wild beasts. I then determined to bury her, and wait my own doom upon her grave. I was already, indeed, so near my end from the combined

effect of long fasting and grief, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could support myself standing. I was obliged to have recourse to the liquors which I had brought with me, and these restored sufficient strength to enable me to set about my last sad office. From the sandy nature of the soil there was little trouble in opening the ground. I broke my sword and used it for the purpose; but my bare hands were of greater service. I dug a deep grave, and there deposited the idol of my heart, after having wrapped around her my clothes to prevent the sand from touching her. I kissed her ten thousand times with all the ardor of the most glowing love, before I laid her in this melancholy bed. I sat for some time upon the bank intently gazing on her, and could not command fortitude enough to close the grave over her. At length, feeling that my strength was giving way, and apprehensive of its being entirely exhausted before the completion of my task, I committed to the earth all that it had ever contained most perfect and peerless. I then laid myself with my face down upon the grave; and closing my eyes with the determination never again to open them, I invoked the mercy of Heaven, and ardently prayed for death.

You will find it difficult to believe that during the whole time of this protracted and distressing ceremony, not a tear or a sigh escaped to relieve my agony. The state of profound affliction in which I was, and the deep settled resolution I had taken to die, had silenced the sighs of despair, and effectually dried up the ordinary channels of grief. It was thus impossible for me, in this posture upon the grave, to continue for any time in possession of my faculties.

After what you have listened to, the remainder of my own history would ill repay the attention you seem inclined to bestow upon it. Synnelet having been carried into the town and skillfully examined, it was found that so far from being dead, he was not even dangerously wounded. He informed his uncle of the manner in which the affray had occurred between us, and he generously did justice to my conduct on the occasion. I was sent for; and as neither of us could be found, our flight was immediately suspected. It was then too late to attempt to trace me, but the next day and the following one were employed in the pursuit.

I was found, without any appearance of life, upon the grave of Manon; and the persons who discovered me in this situation,

seeing that I was almost naked, and bleeding from my wounds, naturally supposed that I had been robbed and assassinated. They carried me into the town. The motion restored me to my senses. The sighs I heaved on opening my eyes and finding myself still amongst the living, showed that I was not beyond the reach of art: they were but too successful in its application.

I was immediately confined as a close prisoner. My trial was ordered; and as Manon was not forthcoming, I was accused of having murdered her from rage and jealousy. I naturally related all that had occurred. Synnelet, though bitterly grieved and disappointed by what he heard, had the generosity to solicit my pardon: he obtained it.

I was so reduced that they were obliged to carry me from the prison to my bed, and there I suffered for three long months under severe illness. My aversion from life knew no diminution. I continually prayed for death, and obstinately for some time refused every remedy. But Providence, after having punished me with atoning rigor, saw fit to turn to my own use its chastisements and the memory of my multiplied sorrows.

WILLIAM COWPER PRIME

(1825–)

THE PRIME family in this country have always been prominent in scholarship and patriotism, distinguished in several professions for great intellectual virility and high character. William Cowper Prime was born in Cambridge, New York, October 31st, 1825. His father, Benjamin Young, was a physician in Huntington, Long Island, who had graduated at Princeton and finished his medical training at Leyden; was an unusual linguist, a finished classical scholar, and master of several modern languages which he spoke fluently. During the Revolutionary War he was distinguished by his patriotic zeal; and aided the cause by vigorous songs and ballads, which were widely circulated. His grandfather, Ebenezer, a Presbyterian clergyman at Huntington, Long Island,—a man of powerful mind and a preacher of renown,—suffered greatly during the early years of the war for his principles; at the age of seventy-eight he was driven from his home by British troops and Tories, who burned his church, occupied his house, and destroyed his library. He was pursued with hatred for his attachment to the cause of liberty even after his death: toward the close of the war a band of British under command of Colonel William Thompson (afterwards Count Rumford) heaped insults upon the grave of the "old rebel."

WILLIAM C. PRIME

Mr. Prime inherited the aptness for scholarship and the linguistic ability of his ancestors. He was graduated at Princeton in 1843; studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced his profession in New York City with success and distinction, until he became one of the owners and the editor of the Journal of Commerce in 1861. His active editorship of the Journal continued till 1869, and his proprietorship till 1893. But even while he was a law student, and in active practice of his profession, he had obeyed the instincts of his family for literature. A series of country letters written to the Journal were afterwards collected in volumes,—'The Owl Creek Letters'

(1848). 'The Old House by the River' (1853), and 'Later Years' (1854). These papers are among the first of American essays which mingled the zest of the true sportsman with love of nature and human sympathy with her moods. They had a wide popularity, and were the forerunner of those charming books which so truly interpret New England,—'I Go A-Fishing' (1893), 'Along New England Roads' (1892), and 'Among the North Hills' (1895). In these books are the refined sentiment and keen observation of a lifetime.

In 1855–56 Mr. Prime made an extended tour in Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land, and another in 1869–70. The fruits of the first visit were 'Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia,' and 'Tent Life in the Holy Land' (1857); volumes which had great popularity, and were distinguished by fine descriptive quality, a philosophic temper, and profound sentiment. But foreign travel opened the door to still wider activities; namely, in the fields of art and archæology, both classic and mediæval. Mr. Prime's career is typically American in the variety of its interests, though it is rare in the virility and success with which he has pursued so many branches of literature and art. Blessed with an exceptional memory to utilize his quick acquisitions, he speedily became an authority in several specialties. His library of wood engraving and illustration is, historically, the most valuable in the country. His interest in this began with the study of Albrecht Dürer, and his monograph on the 'Little Passion' (1868) is the earliest in English on this subject. Among the monographs showing his wide and exact scholarship are 'O Mother Dear, Jerusalem' (1865), and 'Holy Cross; a Study' (1877).

Becoming interested in ceramics through the enthusiasm of his wife for this study, he laid aside his own specialty after her death, and devoted himself to the completion of her collection. It is deposited at Princeton in a museum erected for the purpose. It was by his influence that a department of Art History was established at this college, which had given him the degree of LL. D. in 1875, and now made him the first professor and lecturer in the new study. One of the most useful and successful books in any language on this topic was his 'Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations' (1878).

This sketch does not at all give the measure of Mr. Prime's fertile literary activity during his professional life. No man has been more ready with his vigorous and lucid pen, and more adequate to all the demands on it. Besides his editorial work and his published volumes, there have been hundreds of sketches, essays, and short stories from time to time; and for years he was the legal and literary adviser of a great publishing house. In 1886, as literary executor of General George B. McClellan, he edited 'McClellan's Own Story.'

Perhaps Mr. Prime's greatest service to the public has been in connection with the Metropolitan Museum of Art. As a director, vice-president, and for many years acting president, he brought to the building-up of this institution, qualities indispensable to such an enterprise,—wide classic, art, and archæological knowledge, enthusiasm, the perfection of organizing and business methods, and sound common-sense. He gave to the work time without stint, and the experience of the scholar and the man of affairs. It is not too much to say that the great success of this splendid enterprise is largely due to the wise guidance of Dr. Prime.

As a writer Mr. Prime is always interesting, vigorous, lucid, convincing, equally facile in condensation and amplification, with a style that is marked by simplicity, and often rises to the charm of melodious periods. His versatility is shown in the rare combination of sentiment with the most practical and clear view of affairs.

THE OLD MAN AT THE WATER-WHEEL

From 'Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia.' Copyright 1857, by Harper & Brothers

Life in such a country has no great amount of variety, as one might well imagine.

There was an old man that I found one day on shore as I walked by the boat, whose history was strange and worth the hearing.

He was a puny, dried-up old fellow, whose weight, I think, might come within seventy pounds. He sat on the end of the pole of the water-wheel, immediately behind the tails of the bullocks, and followed them around the little circle which they walked, his knees up to his chin, which was buried between them, and his blear eyes gazing listlessly on the cattle and the outer wall of the *sakea*,—for it was inclosed in a stone-and-mud wall. The everlasting creaking of the wheels—that strange sound that no other machinery on earth emits—seemed, and was to him, the familiar music of his life.

I questioned him, and his story was simply this: He was born just there. It was long before the days of Mohammed Ali, when Hassan Kasheef was king, that he was a boy, sitting on the pole of the *sakea* and following the bullocks around. He sat there more years than he knew anything about, and grew to be a man. Life was to him still the same round. His view was bounded by

the mountains around him, and he never went beyond them. He rode the *sakea*, and at every circle he caught through the open doorway a vision of one mighty hill, with a grove of palms at its foot. In the night he saw it still and solemn among the stars, and sometimes he had seen tempests gathered around it. It was the one idea of his life; and it was something to find in such a brain one idea, though it was but a rock. He looked out at it as he told me of it, with a sort of affection that I well understood, but which surprised me none the less. But so he had lived. He grew heavier as he grew older, and then he could not ride the pole, but sat down in the doorway and watched his bullocks, looking behind him often at the hill; and so the years slipped along, and age came and he wasted away; and when his second childhood was on him, he mounted the pole again, and was riding to his grave.

He had been a great traveler. I know not how many thousand miles he had been carried around that centre-pin. Had he never been away from the valley? Yes, once: he climbed the hill yonder, and from its summit saw the dreary wastes of sand that stretched far away in all directions, and he came back contented. Did nothing occur in his lifetime that he now remembered as marking some one day more than another? Nothing. Yes! one day the wheel broke, and he was startled and frightened; but they came and mended it, and all went on as before.

I left him there to follow his weary round till death overtake him; and if I find life oppressive at any time hereafter, I shall know where to seek a hermitage and undisturbed calm.

THE DEFEAT OF THE CHRISTIAN HOST AT GALILEE, A. D. 1187

From 'Tent Life in the Holy Land.' Copyright 1857, by Harper & Brothers

REGINALD OF CHATILLON, a Knight of the Cross, had come to Palestine with Louis le Jeune, and joined the forces of Raymond of Poictiers, Prince of Antioch. Keen as a hawk and brave as a lion, the young soldier, nameless and of low origin, not only won a name, but on the death of Raymond won his widow Constance and his throne. The stories of his bravery and beauty, sung by the troubadours of those days, were countless; nor was any one more often mentioned, as stout knight and

valiant soldier, than Reginald of Chatillon. His career is the theme for a history. His arm never grew weary of battle, nor did his sword rust until he was taken prisoner by the Moslems, and kept in chains for years at Aleppo. Released at last, he found his wife dead and his son on his throne. He himself gathered around him the most daring and reckless of the Templars, and having by a second marriage obtained other castles and possessions, he made it the business of his life to harass and annoy the Saracens wherever he could find them; and at length, emboldened by his success, conceived the idea of marching to Medinah and Mecca, and plundering the holy Kaaba itself. With his hitherto invincible band of warriors he set out on this perilous enterprise. They surprised and captured the Egyptian caravan crossing the desert from India, and advanced in triumph to the valley of Rabid, scarcely thirty miles from Medinah, where they were met by an overwhelming force and routed with terrible slaughter.

Reginald escaped even here; but Salah-e'deen was aroused by this sacrilegious undertaking. He swore by an oath that could not be violated that the knight should die and Jerusalem should fall. . . .

It was the morning of July 4th, 1187, that the Christians advanced over the plain. Annoyed by the shafts of the Saracens and their constant sallies on both flanks, they yet advanced steadily to the middle of the plain, intending to cut their way through the ranks of the enemy and gain the shore of the sea.

It was here that Salah-e'deen came down on them like a thunderbolt, at the head of twenty thousand horsemen. It was one of the most terrible charges on record. But the Christians, closing up their ranks, received it as the rock receives the sea, and it went back like the foam.

Now high up among the Christian host, the Holy Cross itself was elevated, and men knew for what they were to fight and die. Around it, to use the words of Salah-e'deen himself, they gathered with the utmost bravery and devotion, as if they believed it their greatest blessing, strongest bond of union, and sure defense. The battle became general. On all sides the foe pressed the brave knights and their followers. The latter fell by hundreds, from exhaustion and thirst; for they had been short of bread and water for a week.

Twice did Salah-e'deen repeat that tremendous charge, penetrating into the ranks of his enemies, and fighting his way out again without breaking their array

Night came down on the battle-field while its fate was yet undetermined, and they rested for the morrow.

What wild, despairing prayers went up to God before the Cross of Christ that night, we may not know until those vials of the elders shall be opened.

Long before day, by the admirable disposition of his army, Salah-e'deen had decided the battle even before it was fought.

But he had not decided how many of his host were to be slain on the soil of Galilee by the swords of the Christians.

As the day advanced, the two armies beheld each other. Salah-e'deen waited till the sun was up, and then "the sons of heaven and the children of fire fought their great battle."

The Christians fought as they were accustomed. Their heat and thirst were terrible, and increased by the enemy setting fire to the dry brush and grass, from which the strong wind blew a dense smoke toward them, nearly suffocating them.

The scene was like a very hell; knights and devils contending among flames. Again and again the bands of Templars threw themselves on the Saracen front, and endeavored to pierce their way through its steel wall to reach the citadel of Tiberias, but in vain. The cry of the battle-field went up, among smoke and flame, before God, and he permitted the end to come. "Holy Cross!" shouted the grand-master of the Templars, as he fought his way toward the banner of the Kalif, followed by his brave knights. "Raymond for the Sepulchre!" rang over the clash of steel in the front of the battle. "Ha! Ha! Renaud — Renaud — Chatillon — Carrac — No rescue! Strike, strike!" shouted the proud retainers of the old knight, who were reveling in the blood of the conflict.

By this time, in the centre of the field, the fight had grown thickest and most fierce around the True Cross, which was upheld on a slight eminence by the bishop of Ptolemais. Around it the bravest knights were collected. There Geoffrey of Lusignan, brother to the King, performed miracles of valor; and the Knights of the Temple and the Knights of St. John vied with each other in bravery. As the fray grew darker, and shafts flew swifter around them, and one by one they fell down before the holy wood, the stern, calm voice of the bishop was heard, chanting,

"De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam!" in tones that overpowered the din of battle, and reached the ears of the dying even as they departed. Nearest of all to the Cross was a man wielding a sword which had already done fearful work on the Saracens. The sign on his back was not sufficient to distinguish him from other soldiers; but they who fought by his side well knew the brave precentor of the Sepulchre, bishop of Lydda, the city of St. George. How many souls he had sent to hell that day it is impossible to relate. He and four others remained around the old bishop of Ptolemais, who was fainting for loss of blood; for many arrows had pierced him, and his life was fast failing. "Bohemond for the Cross!" shouted the young Prince of Antioch, as he swept the Paynims down by scores. "St. George! St. George!" shouted the holy bishop, his bright eye flashing around him. He caught sight of the tottering Cross, as the bishop of Ptolemais went down dead. Springing toward it, he seized it with his left arm, and with prodigious strength threw himself into the faces of the foe. The lightning is not more fierce and fast than were the blows of his sword, as he hewed his way along, followed by Bohemond of Antioch, and Renaud of Sidon, and one unknown Knight of the Temple. The latter pressed forward to the side of the brave bishop. Bohemond and Renaud were separated from them, but the two fought on alone, in the midst of thousands of their enemies.

At length the unequal contest was well-nigh over.

The eye of Salah-e'deen was fixed on the dense mass that surrounded the Cross. He smiled bitterly as he saw it trembling and ready to fall from the hands of the gallant bishop, who held it with his left arm, while with his right he cursed the Infidels with the curse of steel, that damned them then, there, and forever. Well might the Soldan believe that as long as he held that holy wood, so long his mighty arm would remain strong, and blood replace in his brave heart the floods that issued from his wounds. But he grew faint at length, and yet shouting in clear tones, "St. George! St. George!" knelt down by the Cross, shielded by the stout arm of the brave Templar, who fought above him, unwounded and undaunted, though he now found himself last knight at the Cross of his Lord.

One glance of his eye over the plain told him that all was lost; and nothing now remained for him but to die bravely for God and for Jerusalem. Far over the field, above the summit of

the Mount of Transfiguration, he beheld the heavens opened, and saw the gates of pearl. Clear and distinct above the clash of arms and loud cries of the field of blood, he heard the voices of the angels singing triumphant songs. So he took courage as the darkness of the battle gathered blacker around him.

For now, as the bishop of Lydda fell prostrate on the ground, the Cross had nearly fallen, and the Paynims, raising a shout of triumph, rushed in on their solitary foe. But they rushed through the gates of hell, sheer down the depths of death, to everlasting perdition. Down came the flashing axe on head and shoulder and limb; down through eyes and chin and breast; so that when they went to Hades in that plight, their prophet had difficulty in recognizing them even as of mortal shape.

The dead lay all around him. He trod down his iron heel in their faces, and crushed it in their chests, and laughed as he dealt those more than human blows with cool, calm aim, but lightning force and velocity. No sound but the clashing steel was heard in this part of the plain, where for a while it appeared as if the saint of the fallen bishop were standing over him in arms for the cause of the Sepulchre.

But every inch of his armor bristled with arrows that were drinking his blood; a well-sped javelin had made a hideous opening in his throat, and the foam from his lips was dropping red on his steel breastplate.

Looking up once more, far over hill and plain, he saw again the battlements of heaven, and a shining company that were approaching even to his very front. The battle-field was visible no longer; but close beside him, the Divine eyes of the Virgin Mother were fixed on him with the same look that she of old fixed on that Cross when holier blood than his ran down its beam But that was not all that he saw.

There was a hideous sin on the soul of the Knight of the Cross. To expiate that sin he had long ago left the fair land of France, where he had lordly possessions, to become an unknown brother of the order of the Temple. And now through the fast-gathering gloom he saw the face of that one so beloved and so wronged, as she lay on the very breast of the matchless Virgin; and the radiance of her countenance was the smile of heaven. Though he saw all this, the gallant knight fought on, and his swift falchion flashed steadfastly above the mêlée. But then there was a sudden pause: his lost love lay warm and close on

his breast, lay clasped in his arms, on his heart of hearts! He murmured a name long forbidden to his priestly lips, and then, waking one instant to the scene around him, he sprang at the throat of a Saracen, grasped it with his stiffening fingers, and the soul of the Paynim went out with his, as he departed to join the great assembly of the soldiers of the Cross. So the Cross was lost on the field of Galilee.

Guy of Lusignan, eighth and last King of Jerusalem, with a small band of faithful knights, still held his ground on the hill of Hattin. When the Cross vanished from the field, a wail of anguish rose from all the plain, and quivered in the air at the very gates of the celestial city. Raymond of Tripoli and Renaud of Sidon cut their way through the ranks of Saracens, and escaped around the foot of Mount Tabor to Ptolemais. All the rest that were living fell into the hands of Salah-e'deen; and the next day, with his own sword, he executed his threatened vengeance on Reginald of Chatillon, hewing him down to the ground and leaving him to be dispatched by his followers. The fearful sacrifice which he then made of the Templars; how they crowded to it, and others sought to be included in the martyrdom, is a well-known page of history. Not so the statement of an old chronicler, that "during the three following nights, when the bodies of the holy martyrs were lying still unburied, a ray of celestial light shone over them from above."

The Cross which was lost on this field was never regained by Christians. It remained for some time in the custody of Salah-e'deen; and a few years later — that is, in A. D. 1192 — the same chronicler describes the visits of pilgrims to Jerusalem, where they were allowed by the Kalif "to have a sight of the Holy Cross."

A NEW ENGLAND AUCTION: THE LONELY CHURCH IN THE VALLEY

From 'Along New England Roads.' Copyright 1892, by Harper and Brothers

IT WAS in May. The forests further north had been just tinged with that delicious mauve color which is caused by the swelling buds of the maples, and which from day to day changes into pink and hazy sky-blue, and at length, when the buds burst, into green. But here the green had won the day; and the view

in all directions, as I drove along, was fresh and full of promise. When the road led through forest, both sides were luxuriant with the close-packed masses of ferns just commencing summer life; and in the woods were hosts of purple and striped blossoms of the trilium, the glory of our northern forests in the early season. I came out from a piece of woods on a plain where the road went straight ahead in full view for a half-mile. Nearly that distance ahead stood a farm-house, with its barns and outbuildings. The house stood back from the road among fruit-trees, some of which were in blossom. But what especially attracted attention was a large number of horses and wagons, vehicles of various descriptions, which made the front yard and the road near the house look black.

Only two events in the country life are likely to cause such a gathering around a house. When you see it, you are quite safe in thinking that there is a funeral or an auction sale. Either is sure to bring together all the wagons of a very wide-spread population. There is this difference, however,—that to the funeral men and women and children come, but to the "vandue" only men.

As I approached the house, I began to pass horses tied to fences and small trees. Everything in the shape of a hitching-post, everything to which a halter could be tied, was in use; and when I reached the front gate there were groups of men so occupied here and there that no doubt could exist that this was an auction sale. It was undoubtedly a funeral in one sense,—not of any one dead, but of a home. It was the extinguishment of a fire that had been burning on a hearth a great many years. It took but a little while to learn from those who were grouped near the gate the reasons for the auction. This group consisted of men who had come only because it was an occasion for meeting people; a chance for general talk and exchange of little news, a break in the monotony of country life. Near the barn was another group inspecting cows. They had no interest in the sale of furniture in the house. On the front lawn was another group. I fancied they were discussing the value of the farm, whether it was worth the mortgage on it, whether any one was likely to bid on it. As I walked in towards the door I saw that there were people in all parts of the house, most of them in the large kitchen, whence the voice of the auctioneer was audible. As I entered he was selling cooking utensils, getting from a

cent to six cents apiece, rarely as much as ten cents for any article.

I confess that as I looked around this kitchen, on this scene, I felt very much as if it were a funeral, and began to think that I had an interest in, a personal acquaintance with, the departed. It had been for a long lifetime the home of an honest, respected farmer, who had recently died; an old man whose work was ended. His children, all but one daughter, had gone to distant parts of the country. His wife had died a year before. The property must be sold to settle his small estate, pay his funeral expenses and perhaps other claims. There was to be also an attempt to find a purchaser for the farm, but it was thought the holder of a mortgage on it would be the only possible bidder.

That life was to be closed out forever. Wherein much of it had consisted was here visible. It was displayed for public view, and any stranger was free to rove from room to room and see the record; for nothing was reserved,— not even the clothing, or the old man's silver watch, or his wife's work-basket with knitting-needles and scissors, and a knife with a broken blade, and a ball of blue yarn and a half-knit woolen stocking.

Here was a summing-up of the total reward in this world's valuables which a long, laborious life had earned. I can never cease to feel indignation at the preachers about labor and its rewards, who imagine that workmen in the trades are the only laborers to be considered; who are deceived by the idea that the various societies of "working-men" represent one-tenth of the hard-working men of our country; who imagine that the labor question relates only to that small number of persons who work for fixed pay, eight or ten hours a day.

The life of this man from his childhood had been one of incessant labor, hard work; beginning daily long before daylight, ending so wearily after dark that he welcomed sleep as the only rest he knew. Your ten-hour city laborer does not know what work means; and never will know till he acquires a farm, and has to support life by digging for himself, paying himself for his work, and finding that to the vast body of American farmers, fourteen hours a day of labor earns bare subsistence.

The life labor in this house and on this farm showed in the end, as the laborer's pay when all work was done, just nothing beyond the bare support of the life. Less, indeed, than that; for there was a mortgage on the farm, which represented a demand

of some pressing need, or a steady, slow falling behind, from year to year.

The home furniture was not luxurious; far otherwise. But it was not altogether without interest. There was an old chest of drawers in one room, which probably belonged to the mother; possibly came from her mother when she was married. It was made of solid cherry-wood; and the old brass mountings were, for a wonder, brilliant as if new. There was a small looking-glass hanging on a wall, in a frame once of great beauty, the relief ornaments on it being ears of golden grain. There were some pictures in black-pine frames, without glass. None had any money value, but each had higher than money value, because they had been the delights of that family life. Children had grown up looking at them daily, their young imaginations wandering far away under the guiding influence of art. Mark you, my friend, art brings its blessings not alone by the power of renowned artists, by the works of great masters. There are very rude pictures, pictures which provoke the derision of ignorant critics, pictures which have had mighty influence in swaying human minds. There was a fifteenth-century artist in Cologne whose Bible pictures, in rough, hard outlines, were the educators of millions of people for a century and more after he was dead. It is the thought written in the picture which is its power; not the execution, which is of account to very few who see it. There is no possible doubt that that old painted print of Ruth gleaning, and that other of the raising of the Widow's Son, of Nain, had impressed lessons on young minds not to be effaced in this world's experiences, perhaps not in any other world.

The old kitchen seemed to be the place wherein the life had left its strongest marks. And yet they were not many. There was a little printed calendar of a long year ago pasted on the side of the chimney. There was a clock (not worth your purchasing, my friend) standing high up on a wooden shelf. There was a dresser whereon the family crockery was piled for sale. Having in mind friends who want old crockery, I looked over the pieces, one by one; but found nothing worth a stranger's purchasing, except perhaps one English plate, with a blue print, — the rich dark blue wherein the cheap Staffordshire wares surpassed all other, Oriental and Occidental, potteries or porcelains. But the table was there,— a very old square table, made of black ash, with four solid legs. It had no claim to notice for

any beauty about it. But around it the family had been gathered, morning, noon, and evening. First the young man and his wife had sat there alone, happy, hopeful. Years had fulfilled all they had hoped for, had brought little heads to the sides of the table, and years had changed them into older and perhaps wiser heads. All the troubles and all the happiness of every one of them had been brought to the assemblies at that kitchen table. Christmases, Thanksgiving days, wedding days of daughters, days when the minister was to make his annual visit,— all the gala days of life had loaded the table with unusual feasts. And always, with unfailing humility and gratitude, the voice of the father had been heard at the head of the board, thanking God as sincerely as if the farm had been a gold mine instead of slow-yielding soil.

I was in the house but a few minutes. As I drove rapidly down the road, I overtook a man going home from the sale. I am not fond of "buying bargains" in such cases. If there had been anything to tempt me, I could not comfortably own a purchase out of that household at the poor prices things were bringing. But this man was carrying home something. As I turned out and drove by him he held it up for me to see. We went along side by side.

"What have you got there?"

"I don't know. I think it's an old pitcher they used in a church."

"What did you buy it for?"

"I don't know. I s'pose I can sell it to some one."

"How much do you want for it?"

"I don't know what it's worth."

"Well, speak quick, if you want to sell," and my horses were pulling ahead hard.

"I don't know as I care to sell it."

"All right," and I went ahead rapidly.

"Will you give two dollars?" came in a shout after me.

"Will you take it?"

"Yes."

He came up alongside of me, and I took my purchase. It was never church property; quite otherwise. It was a fine, tall old two-quart pewter mug with cover. It had done duty in times when men sat together while the pewter, filled with foaming beer, went around from hand to hand and lip to lip. It was in

perfect order, but there was nothing about it which seemed in keeping with the old farm-house. When, four miles on, I stopped to feed my horses, the landlord, looking in my carriage, exclaimed, "Hello, did you buy Jake's pewter pitcher?" and then said Jake had bought it at another sale years ago, on speculation, and had carried it afterwards to every "vandue," trying to find a purchaser.

In the autumn of that year I drove again through the same country, sometimes on the same, mostly on other roads. The aspect of the hills and valleys was now very different. October is a golden month for carriage travel; on some accounts more pleasant than any other month in the year, both for horses and travelers.

The road passed through a forest, unbroken for half a mile. On the right a stream wandered over rocks, and under little bluffs of moss, bright green miniature copies of mountain bluffs along the courses of mighty rivers. Now and then, where the stream fell into a pool, the lower end of the pool was dammed with autumn leaves, yellow and red and brown, and in the whirl of the pool you could see the same colored leaves going around and around, and the water looked as if it were clearer and colder for their presence. The road was covered over with leaves, — a yellow carpet, — and every few minutes the light breeze would freshen up a little and shake the higher branches of the trees, and send down a shower of leaves, which flitted and darted to and fro, flashing in the sunshine, and falling on our laps and all around us.

At length the road, which going up a gentle ascent left the brook away in the woods, emerged into open country, and we found ourselves on the top of a hill. Before us spread one of those beautiful landscapes in which New England is richer than any other part of the world that I know of. The road descended into an oval basin, some three miles long and a mile broad, the bottom and sides of which were, or had been, cultivated farm lands, except where a small lake slept motionless. It was surrounded by low hills, up the sides of which the fields extended, here and there one of them glowing with the buff and gold of corn stubble and scattered pumpkins. Along the ridges, where the fields did not go over them, were groves of maple and birch whose autumn colors were intensely bright, while down the slopes lay many abandoned fields gone to brush, — mauve,

maroon, crimson, and purple-colored with their dense growth of bushes, scarlet-lined along the fences by rows of sumac.

If you can show me anywhere in the world landscapes which are as rich and varied in color as our northern landscapes in America, or which are more beautiful in the form and contrast of valley and hill, I will go far with you to see them. Autumnal foliage with many is thought to be the changed color of the forest leaves, and few have observed the wonderful painting of landscapes in the autumnal colors of the low bushes. Many of our New England rivers, in October, flow between banks and around low gravel islands which are unbroken masses of crimson, from a plant not a foot high, covering every inch for acres. And the shades are even more beautiful than the intense colors, — soft, rich, and delicate as old embroideries.

There was no village in the valley. As I drove along the road which led nearly through the middle of it, I came, at a cross-road, to a grave-yard of an old church. That it was once a church, the remains of a tower or spire indicated, and its location, — a hundred feet from both roads, in the grave-yard, — demonstrated. There had never been any fence around the lot except the rough-laid loose stone wall which serves for fence in all parts of our country where stone is plenty. And no better or more picturesque fencing can be, especially if people will plant along such walls any of the many beautiful vines which abound everywhere, and thrive luxuriantly in just such places. But no vines had ever been planted here. Not a solitary bush or tree grew in the grave-yard. Even grass seemed to have run out from lonesomeness and neglect, so that the ground looked like an old worn-out pasture lot; the only break in the desolate aspect being a stunted sprig of golden-rod which gleamed in front of the church door.

I passed it, careful not to tread on it, and tried the door, found it open, and went in. The interior was a sad ruin, through which the breeze was free to blow; for there was no glass in any window, nor indeed now any need of glass, since it was plain enough that there had not been for long time any assembling of people here to worship. The pulpit, nearly round and high up, backed by a large window, had once been reached by a winding stairway, now broken down. The pews, which were built of pine without paint, were in fair preservation. The plaster on the walls and flat ceiling had mostly fallen off.

and lay in the pews and on the floor of the aisles. I could see the blue sky through one great rift overhead, where the roof timber had fallen in and crushed down the ceiling.

No places are filled with such profound interest to thoughtful men as those spots in which their fellow-men of former generations were accustomed to assemble for the worship of God. And places of Christian worship are more deeply interesting, because of the characteristics of that worship which distinguish it from all others. In no other have men approached Deity with the sense of personal unworthiness which only their God can remove, and with faith in his fatherhood and brotherhood, his personal presence among them, and his love for them. From the early ages of the Christian Church this immediate and close relationship between God and man has been a distinguishing characteristic of old Christian art; whose earliest representations of his personality are as the Good Shepherd, carrying home a lost and found lamb of his flock. If that faith which directs their prayers be indeed the substance of the things hoped for, then the place where men meet their God is so truly the house of God that one is at a loss to understand those who deny any special sanctity in it. But however irreverent be their regard for the church which they themselves frequent, I think there are very few who can without some serious emotion enter an old church, in which generations of men and women and children have worshiped, who are now lying in silent graves around it.

I don't think you, my friend, whatever your creed or your sympathies, could have sat with me in one of those plain pine pews, seeing the sunshine of that autumn falling through the shattered building on the ruined interior, and have failed to appreciate something of the sanctity of the old place of prayer. It was early noon. Through the broken roof one broad stream of golden light fell on the open place between the front pew and the pulpit. There the table used to stand which they called their Lord's Table, and from which they received, as their catechism expressed it, "by faith,"—that is, by the highest assurance men can have,—unhesitating belief, the body and blood of Him they worshiped. There one by one, when the work and worry, the sorrow and sin, of this life were ended, they were laid with closed eyes and calm faces, and thence carried out to the gathering-place of the dead. Where are they now, strong men and matrons, young men and maidens, little children and patriarchs? As I asked myself the question, I walked across the floor

to a window and looked out. Yes, they were all lying there, as so many millions of the Christian dead all over the world lie, in circles that sweep over the surface of the globe, ever-widening circles as their faith has extended among men, all with their faces heavenward and their feet towards Jerusalem.

We spent more than a half-hour in the old church. I climbed by the wrecked stairway into the pulpit. Its interior casing was falling to pieces, and in a recess within were some scraps of paper, which had slipped between the boards from the shelf under the desk. On one was a memorandum of the minister for notices to be given of the weekly prayer-meeting at Mr. ——'s house, and a Thursday night lecture at the school-house on the mountain. On another was a funeral notice. There was nothing else legible, except a torn scrap, the lower part of a leaf of a hymn-book, and on this was a stanza not unfitting the associations of the place. So, for the moment, I assumed the position of the erstwhile minister, and said from the pulpit, "Let us sing:—

"'Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill
And spread the triumphs of their King!'"

There were only three of us, but one was leader of a choir in an up-country church; and we sang a good old tune, which perhaps they who were now silent around the church used to sing to the same words—and perhaps will some day sing again.

And while we were singing I saw a vision; not supernatural, but as lovely for the moment as any imagination. In the open doorway, at the other end of the church, was standing a little child, a girl of five years old, dressed in white, with masses of red-gold hair, which the wind, coming in from behind her, was waving and shaking. Her great blue eyes were looking with wonderment while she listened. As the sound ceased she vanished. We might have thought it an apparition, but that, going to the door, we saw her running down the road as fast as her little feet would carry her, towards a large farm-house nearly a half-mile off. Her story told at the house might have been the foundation of a midday ghost story for the neighborhood,—the coming back of old-time people to sing an old hymn in the ruined church. But they could hardly suppose that ghosts would come in a traveling carriage drawn by a very solid pair of gray horses.

MATTHEW PRIOR

(1664–1721)

NO ONE is better qualified to speak of Matthew Prior than the accomplished writer of *vers de société* (and work of a higher order), Austin Dobson, who brought out in 1889 an edition of 'Prior's Selected Poems,' with an introduction containing several corrections of generally accepted data. He concludes his introductory essay with the words: "Prior has left behind him not a few pieces which have never yet been equaled for grace, ease, good-humor, and spontaneity; and which are certain of immortality so long as there is any saving virtue in 'fame's great antiseptic — Style.'"

MATTHEW PRIOR

There is doubt regarding the place of Prior's birth, on July 21st, 1664; but the evidence points to Wimborne Minster in East Dorset, England. His father is thought to have been a joiner, who removed to London, and sent his son to Westminster. After his parents' early death, young Matt was adopted by his uncle, a vintner, who lived in Channel (now Cannon) Row; and it was here behind the bar that he attracted the attention of the Earl of Dorset, who found him reading Horace and Ovid. Aided by this rich patron, he returned to Westminster school, forming a friendship with Charles and James Montagu (the former afterwards founder of the Bank of England, and Earl of Halifax,—dubitably Pope's "Bufo" in the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot'), and going with them to Cambridge, where he took his bachelor's degree in 1686. His first piece of clever writing, a parody of Dryden's poem 'The Hind and the Panther,' was executed at this period in collaboration with Charles Montagu, who, like Prior, was freshly wearing his college honors. The greater part was Prior's, and the *jeu d'esprit* was published as 'The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse' (London, 1687), and bore such mottoes as "Much Malice mingled with a little Wit." It has no great merit aside from boyish animal spirits, but may be accepted as a prophecy of better work now that we know the better

work to have been accomplished. Some idea of the style of its humor — exceedingly like that of the stock newspaper humorist in the American press of to-day — may be appreciated by comparing Dryden's lines,—

> «A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on the lawns, and o'er the forest ranged;
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no sin,» —

with Prior's corresponding ones, ridiculing the idea of a quadruped guiltless of sin:—

> «A milk-white mouse, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on soft cheese, and o'er the dairy ranged;
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no gin.»

In 1688 Prior obtained a fellowship, and was also made tutor to Lord Exeter's sons; and having won distinguished patronage, was appointed secretary to the ambassador to Holland. After spending three years at The Hague, he was sent to France in the same capacity. Returning to England in 1701, he entered Parliament, became a Tory, and in 1711 was sent on a secret mission to Paris, where he attracted the favor of Louis XIV. A letter from *le Grand Monarque* to Queen Anne said at its close: «I expect with impatience the return of Mr. Prior, whose conduct is very agreeable to me;» and the English Queen replied: «I send back Mr. Prior to Versailles, who, in continuing to conduct himself in the manner that shall be entirely agreeable to you, does no more than execute, to a tittle, the orders which I have given him.» Bolingbroke and Swift greatly admired his diplomatic qualities (although Pope sneered at them), and archives exist in Paris that attest his faithful service. One of Prior's favorite sayings was, «I had rather be thought a good Englishman than be the best poet or greatest scholar that ever wrote.» When the Whigs came into power, Prior returned to England in 1715 to suffer imprisonment; and when discharged he settled at Down-Hall, Essex, on an estate that he had purchased. He died at Lord Harley's country-seat of Wimpole, Cambridge, September 18th, 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Prior considered a long poem, 'Solomon, or the Vanity of the World,' his most important work. It was greatly admired by Cowper, but is seldom read to-day. 'Alma, or the Progress of the Mind,' is also long, but contains many witty Hudibrastic passages. The 'Tales' are rather coarse for modern taste, and Prior's fame rests upon his

lyrics, epigrams, and playful poems. In 'An English Padlock' occur the often quoted lines as advice to a husband:—

«Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfined,
And clap your Padlock — on her mind.»

Prior has always been a favorite with men of letters. Gay said that he «was beloved by every Muse»; Allan Ramsay wrote a pastoral on his death, beginning «Dear, sweet-tongued Matt! thousands shall greet for thee;» Swift was extremely fond of him, and took great trouble to find subscribers for his poems; and Thackeray in his 'English Humorists' calls him «a world-philosopher of no small genius, good-nature, and acumen,» and considers his «among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems. Horace is always in his mind,» he continues; «and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy, easy turns and melody, his loves, and his epicureanism bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master.» His poem 'To a Child of Quality' Swinburne calls «the most adorable of nursery idyls that ever was or will be in our language.» His own estimation of himself may be learned by the following verses from his poem entitled 'For my Own Monument':—

«Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtue and vice were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
In a life particolored, half pleasure, half care.

«Not to business a drudge, not to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he!

«Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.»

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five-year-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame;
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

SONG

IN VAIN you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over;—
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose;
That thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

TO A LADY

She Refusing to Continue a Dispute with Me, and Leaving Me in the Argument

SPARE, generous Victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustained an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspired;
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desired.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delayed;
And armed with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight,
And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and as he fled he slew.

AN ODE

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay:
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play,

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed; Euphelia frowned;
I sung and gazed; I played and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

CUPID MISTAKEN

AS AFTER noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new filled his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried;
O cruel, couldst thou find none other
To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak:
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye;
Alas! how easy my mistake,—
I took you for your likeness Chloe.

A BETTER ANSWER

DEAR Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face;
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurled:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy:
More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vexed at a trifle or two that I writ:
Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong;
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
'Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men,—you know, child,—the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest;
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war;
And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

A SIMILE

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see—
'Tis but by way of simile—
A squirrel spend his little rage
In jumping round a rolling cage?

The cage, as either side turned up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top?—
Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with those merry blades
That frisk it under Pindus's shades:
In noble songs and lofty odes,
They tread on stars and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleased with their own verses' sound:
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

THE SECRETARY

Written at The Hague, MDCXCVI.

While with labor assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right;
No memoirs to compose, and no postboy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next shall be hers and be mine,
To good or ill fortune the third we resign:
Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in processional state.
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drownèd in interest and prose?
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
When The Hague and the present are both on my side?
And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
When good Vandergoes and his provident Vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That search all the province, you'll find no man dar is
So blest as the Englishen Heer Secretar' is.

A TEST OF LOVE

From 'Henry and Emma'

HENRY

VAINLY thou tell'st me what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound;
No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees and beautifully less;
Nor shall thy lower garment's artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side;
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee,
Licentious and to common eyesight free:
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear. . . .
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view;
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew:
By adverse fortune mixed in social ill,
Trained to assault, and disciplined to kill;
Their common loves a lewd abandoned pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back,—
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence and divide their prey;
With such she must return at setting light,—
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inured to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question and the lewd reply;

Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,—
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,—
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omened stars and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a banished man, condemned in woods to rove.

EMMA

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honor hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there. . . .
For thee alone these little charms I drest;
Condemned them or absolved them by thy test.
In comely figure ranged my jewels shone,
Or negligently placed, for thee alone;
For thee again they shall be laid aside:
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee; my clothes, my sex, exchanged for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee,—
Oh, line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or color be expressed
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dressed.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM

CELIA and I the other day
Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
And on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! The winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head and wings her flight;
And trembling vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore or view the main.
"Once more at least look back," said I;
"Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good-humor drest,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain, I hand my oar,
Nor think on all I left on shore.
"But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and wat'ry eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh,—
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deformed by winds and dashed by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labors less than I.
"Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back;

Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I with thee or without thee die."

THE FEMALE PHAETON

THUS Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as a colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflamed:

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordained;
And sorely vext to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reigned:—

"Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.

"Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

"What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

"Dearest mamma! for once let me
Unchained my fortune try:
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

"I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loosed before;
She, I was loosed at all."

Fondness prevailed; mamma gave way:
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

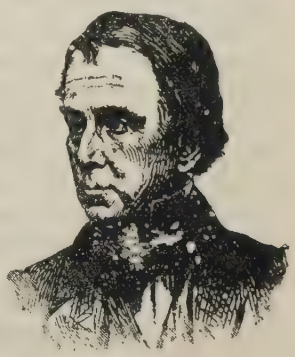
BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(1787–1874)

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

(1825–1864)

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER was born in London, England, November 21st, 1787, according to his biographers, though he himself put the date two years later. He came of good farmer stock in Yorkshire; and, his father having accumulated considerable fortune, he was sent to Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Byron and Peel. At twenty he was bound to a solicitor at Calne, came up to London in 1807 to live, and for the next eight years was sufficiently occupied in doing it. It was not until he was twenty-eight that he began to write, "attracted," as he says of himself, "to literature as a refined amusement."



BRYAN W. PROCTER

Meanwhile he had formed the friendships which were to influence his life; his own personality and his excellent judgment having their effect on his associates. Hazlitt, who put himself out for few people, thought so highly of his talents that he always talked his best when Procter was present. Talfourd says, "Charles Lamb regarded Procter as the spirit most congenial with his own in its most serious moods;" and in his celebrated letter to Southey in the London Magazine for October, 1823, Lamb speaks of him as "Procter, candid and affectionate as his own poetry." Rogers introduced him to Moore as "well worth cultivating"; and his friendship with Leigh Hunt was maintained unclouded throughout Hunt's long life. His father having bequeathed him a comfortable property, Procter's first poems were written during years of freedom and enjoyment. From 1819 to 1823 he wrote the 'Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems,' 'Marcia Colonna,' 'The Sicilian Story,' metrical tales from Boccaccio's themes, 'Mirandola' (which Macready produced at Covent Garden with great success), and 'The Flood of Thessaly.' Then too he laid the foundation of the lyrical

collection which, published in 1832, continued to receive additions for many years.

Meantime he had become engaged to Miss Skepper, the daughter of Mrs. Basil Montagu. But his health had failed; the lady was an invalid also; and somebody described the lovers as supping together at nine o'clock on water gruel. In 1825 Lamb wrote to Leigh Hunt, «Barry Cornwall has at last carried off the pretty A. S. They are just in the treacle moon. Hope it won't clog his wings,—'gaum,' as we used to say at school.»

Mrs. Procter was beloved and admired by all who knew her; her house was the most popular rendezvous for literary men in London. She had a sort of divination as to genius, recognizing it however disguised. Monckton Milnes dedicated his life of Keats to her as «A poet's wife, a poet's mother, and herself of many poets the frequent theme and valued friend.» The admirable pen-and-ink sketch of Keats in Milnes's 'Life' is by Mrs. Procter, who had as acute a perception of likeness as she had of character.

Literature had been the pastime of Procter's leisure. He had published all his poems under the pen-name of «Barry Cornwall»; not, as Moore somewhat maliciously quotes, «because he was a gentleman of fortune, and did not like to have his name free in the reviews,» but because of that intellectual reserve and sensitiveness that influenced his whole life, and of a curious underestimate of his talent. After his marriage, when his partial loss of fortune made it necessary to add to his income, he had neither strength nor ambition to pursue literature in the intervals of business, but returned with energy to his conveyancing. His idealism in verse contrasts strangely with the cautious prudence of his external life. He sat up two nights in the week to do his professional work; he took pupils, among whom were Eliot Warburton and Kinglake; and he was a commissioner of lunacy for many years.

His life was full of happiness and success; and during his age the devotion of John Kenyon, of Dickens, of Thackeray (who dedicated 'Vanity Fair' to him), and after their deaths, the friendship of Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Lord Houghton, and a host of others, made an Indian summer around the old man's hearth. In person he greatly resembled Walter Scott; and he was not unlike Scott in his genius, with its union of romance and practicality. «Everybody loves him,» wrote Crabb Robinson. «The beloved and honored Barry Cornwall, whose minstrel name I venture to speak,» says Hawthorne. He died in London, October 4th, 1874.

Procter's early verse was greatly influenced by his contemporaries. Lamb was his guide in the fields of Elizabethan drama, Leigh Hunt taught him poetic methods (as he in turn afterwards taught Poe),

and Keats appealed to his æsthetic side. But Keats, infinitely richer and more fertile, wrote of what he imagined; Procter of what he had seen and read, not of what he had felt or experienced. On the other hand, he was already a finished workman when at twenty-eight he began to write, with a nature sensuous indeed but sane.

Among the 'Dramatic Sketches,' the 'Return of Mark Antony,' 'Julian the Apostate,' and 'The Way to Conquer,' are simple and passionate; and the poem 'The Flower,' from the last named, has the flavor and the picturesque detail of Shakespeare. Charles Lamb said that there was not one of the 'Dramatic Sketches' which he would not have placed in his collection if he had found it in the Garrick plays at the British Museum. Even Carlyle pressed Procter to continue his dramatic writings, as the best expression of his gift. But while the modern reader has an acute pleasure in recognizing how perfectly he has caught the spirit of the Elizabethan, or rather the Jacobean drama, the quality of that pleasure soon reveals the quality of Procter's talent. The interest in the 'Dramatic Scenes' is purely literary; and 'Mirandola,' which was acted for sixteen nights, and for which the author got six hundred and thirty pounds, owes its popularity to the judgment of his literary contemporaries, who with it have passed away.

Throughout his tragedies were scattered little lyric songs, in which we see the groundwork of his later eminence; for he was to find his place as a lyric poet. The dramatic quality, which in his 'Sketches' excites a mere literary interest, perfectly expressed itself in musical outbursts of thought, sorrow, and delight. They include all poetic feelings "from sweetest melancholy to glad animal joy." Not Prospero's tricksy spirit has more glorious liberty than 'The Stormy Petrel'; the virile barytone quality, as Mr. Stedman describes it, of 'The Hunting Song,' wakes the lusty morn; 'Drink and Fill the Night with Mirth' has the lightness of Anacreon; 'King Death' is as fantastic as one of Doré's paintings; and perhaps the most perfect lyric ever addressed by a poet to his wife is the little song set to Neukomm's music:—

"How many summers, Love,
Have I been thine?"

The delicate perfume of a flower is in the melody,

"Sit down, sad soul,
The moment's flying;"

and such songs as 'Touch us gently, Time,' 'The Sea, the Sea, the Open Sea,' and the dirge, 'Peace, what can tears avail?' have touched three generations of readers, some of whom, like Miss Martineau,—

whose brilliant sketch of Procter has best preserved his personality, — are not easily moved.

Early in his career he wrote much prose for the Literary Gazette, showing great satirical power, — a faculty he rarely exercised. It was this characteristic, perhaps, that induced Jeffrey to try to secure him for the Edinburgh; and perhaps the consciousness that he possessed it decided him to decline. His 'Life of Lamb' was written after he was seventy-seven years old; but although it is the most entertaining of books, it fails to leave on the reader the impression of a character. Lamb's personality had a piquancy which must be suggested, — not explained, as is Procter's straightforward way.

What he failed to do for Lamb, Coventry Patmore did for him, in his admirable 'Life of Bryan Waller Procter' (1877); a portrait conceived as a whole, and suffused with its hero's indefinite charm.

Adelaide Procter, the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, was born in London in 1825. A shy and gentle girl, "my golden-tressèd Adelaide," as he called her, she was her father's intimate companion almost from her birth, when he addressed to her the lovely lines beginning "Child of my heart." She wrote her first poems for Dickens's Household Words; but, afraid that the editor might accept them on account of his friendship for the family, sent them under the pen-name of Mary Berwick. Mr. James T. Fields, in his 'Barry Cornwall and his Friends,' gives a charming description of Dickens's dining with the Procters, and launching into enthusiastic praise of "Mary Berwick" in Mrs. Procter's presence, who, in the secret, revealed with tears the real name of the author.

The 'Lyrics' were collected and published in 1853; and in seven years had reached their ninth edition, — Tennyson's poems not exceeding them in popularity. They take single emotional themes, usually permeated by a gentle piety. "It is like telling one's beads," says Mr. Stedman, "or reading a prayer-book, to turn over her pure pages." Miss Procter became a Catholic in her later life, and was devoted to works of charity and philanthropy. She died in London, February 3d, 1864.

THE SEA

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great Sea more and more;
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was and is to me
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,—
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

A PETITION TO TIME

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three.
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

LIFE

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is *all* thy song
"Endure and—die"?

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN

REST! This little Fountain runs
Thus for aye: it never stays
For the look of summer suns,
Nor the cold of winter days.
Whosoe'er shall wander near,
When the Syrian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear
Lest he may not slake his thirst:
He will find this little river
Running still, as bright as ever.
Let him drink and onward hie,
Bearing but in thought that I,
EROTAS, bade the Naiad fall,
And thank the great god Pan for all!

«SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL»

SIT down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying:
Come — tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles? — a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
For day is dying.

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure.

We dream — do thou the same;
We love — forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame, —
The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then — hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE

How many summers, Love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears — a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown.

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look where our children start,
Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time!

«PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL?»

Peace! what do tears avail?
She lies all dumb and pale;
And from her eye
The spirit of lovely life is fading,
And she must die!
Why looks the lover wroth? the friend upbraiding?
Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long
'Midst pain and grief and wrong?
Then why not die?

Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,
And hopeless lie?
Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?
Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms,
And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,
The Angels lie.
Wilt bear her there, O Death, in all her whiteness?
Reply, reply!

THE STORMY PETREL

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home;
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
Where the whale and the shark and the sword-fish sleep—
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!

Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er falters — so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

[The three poems immediately following are by Adelaide Anne Procter.]

A DOUBTING HEART

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,—
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,—
Not thou,—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear:
The words would come too late;

Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall,—remember, I *would* **risk it all!**

A LOST CHORD

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

(50?–15? B. C.)

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

LITTLE is known of Propertius beyond the scanty information to be gleaned from his own works. He was a provincial, like so many prominent literary men of the day; of a good Umbrian family. Most of his life seems to have been passed in Rome, where he came to complete his education; but scarcely an event in it can be dated with certainty. The latest allusion in his works seems to refer to events of the year 16 B. C., and it is surmised that he was born about the year 50. It is a matter of comparative indifference, however, whether these and other conjectures are correct or not. His five short books, mostly love poems, sufficiently reveal the man; and there is little in them which we could read with greater interest for knowing who walked behind lictors when it was written.

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

Propertius was one of that group of poets who enjoyed the friendship and patronage of Mæcenas, and who undertook to create a new school of Latin poetry by following still more closely Greek models. While Virgil meditated "something greater than the Iliad," and Horace wedded Æolian song to Italian measures, the younger and more ardent Propertius devoted himself to erotic poetry and the perfecting of the elegy. Gallus and Catullus had already naturalized this form of poetry at Rome; Tibullus was winning great applause with it at this very time; but with characteristic ambition and self-confidence Propertius claimed it as his own especial field. The success of his first volume, devoted to the praises of his mistress Cynthia, had won him the favor of the all-powerful Mæcenas. In the three or four succeeding books,—the division is uncertain,—he feels little doubt that he has vindicated his right to be called the Roman Callimachus, the "first initiate into the rites of Philetas's sacred grove," as he expresses it. It was only with much doubt that so good a critic as

Quintilian denied his pre-eminence; and modern readers are still more inclined to admit that with all his defects, Propertius is undoubtedly the master of the Latin elegy. It is an instrument of somewhat narrow compass at best; but Propertius, more than all his rivals, shows us its full range. Whether in the transcription of a national legend, or in celebrating the glory of Augustus, or writing the epitaph of Gallus or Marcellus, or most of all, in depicting the manifold phases of a lover's mind, his work reveals a vigor and a sincerity of spirit, a fertility of fancy, a pathos and a passion, which are unequaled by any other elegiac poet. Some of them may excel him in certain qualities, but none has his power and his variety combined.

Even his warmest admirers must admit that his work is marred by very grave defects. To begin with, he did not choose his models wisely. Like all of his contemporaries he was fascinated by Alexandrine erudition; but he did not learn, as did the greatest poets of his age, to correct this tendency by a close study of the earlier masters. Indeed it is surmised, in the absence of the poems of Callimachus, that Propertius has gone beyond his instruction. *Doctus* was a favorite adjective with which to compliment a poet of that age, and Propertius strove to merit it by displaying his learning in and out of season. He delights to refer to the most abstruse of myths, or to their least familiar characters. Never poet stood more in need of Corinna's advice; for his sack contained only the toughest nuts of the Greek legend. The obscurity created by this fondness for mythologic lore is too often increased by an abruptness of thought occasionally bordering on incoherence. Images are not always clearly conceived in his impetuous imagination; and there is not infrequently an awkwardness of phraseology, or an inexactness of expression. Sometimes one is faintly reminded of Persius and his verbal contortions, or of other poets who fancy they have made poetry when they have only written impossible prose.

All these are serious faults; and more likely to endear an author to schoolmasters and editors than to lovers of poetry. But the personality of Propertius is strong enough to dominate them all. Few writers win for themselves a more willing indulgence, or give a clearer impression of a talent greater than its best work. Sooner or later his readers come to believe that he might have done greater things had he so chosen. He chose, however, to lavish his power upon love elegies; and it is by them that he is usually judged. In intensity of passion, in utter simplicity and directness of its expression, Propertius is inferior to Catullus,—as who is not? But as a poet of love he may safely challenge comparison with any but Catullus. His Cynthia is never to be classed with the shadowy Chloes

and Leuconoës of Horace's bloodless affections. The genuineness of his love is undoubted. His delight in the charms and accomplishments of his mistress; the jealousy provoked by her infidelities; his sorrow at parting from her, even in fancy; the rapture of a reconciliation; these and many another aspect of love, and the "evil cares which it has," are depicted with unmistakable sincerity. For Cynthia's sake he will give up a career, and abandon his plans for travel abroad. At times he even refuses to write on any other subject: Cynthia is the first and will be the last of his songs.

The day came, however, when he could narrate his own infidelity, and picture Cynthia's successor filching jewelry from her funeral pyre. More and more throughout his later books, it is apparent that other themes were claiming part of his attention. To most men his great passion will hardly seem a less genuine experience because he too came to feel that life is greater than love. Believers in poetical fitness may insist that he died shortly after ceasing to write on the all-absorbing theme; but the man Propertius, though not the poet, is quite as likely to have lived to found the family which Pliny expressly ascribes to him.

Some of the most pleasing of the poems are among the number not concerned with Cynthia. The "queen of elegies," his noble epitaph on Cornelia, is deservedly famous, though marred by his characteristic faults. In the last book are found also a few poems, dealing with the legendary history of Rome. Whether we regard them as among his earliest, or as their metrical structure would seem to indicate, his latest works, they are an interesting evidence of the manner in which his intense nature responded to the appeal of national and patriotic themes. It has been surmised that they probably suggested to Ovid the plan of his 'Fasti.' Ovid mentions Propertius with warm admiration, and many imitations and echoes show clearly the impression made by Propertius upon the poets of the younger generation. By later Roman writers Propertius is seldom cited, and there are no selections from his works in the anthologies.

The extant manuscripts are for the most part late, and much interpolated, as might be expected in the case of a writer so often obscure. The same quality has caused the earlier editions of the elegies to be loaded with useless conjectures, and subjected to the most arbitrary rearrangement. The saner criticism of the present century has restored the text; but a satisfactory commentary is yet to be written. The neglect of Propertius by the schools is shown by the comparative rarity of editions in modern times. That by F. A. Paley (London, 1872) is practically the only accessible edition with English notes, though a volume of selections has been more recently edited by J. P. Postgate (London, 1881). Of the German editions,

Hertzberg's (Halle, 1843), in four volumes with Latin notes, is the most complete. Of English translations, by far the best poetical version is the work of Dr. James Cranstoun (Edinburgh, 1875), from which the following selections are made.

G. M. Whicher.

BEAUTY UNADORNED

WHY wear, my Life, when thou abroad dost stir,
A head trimmed up to fashion's latest laws?
A Coan vestment of transparent gauze,
And hair perfumed with Orontean myrrh?

Why deck thyself with gems and costly dress?
Why mar with trinkets Nature's form divine,
And not allow thy beauties forth to shine
In all their own, their matchless loveliness?

To thee such aids can add no charms — ah, no!
True love will aye disdain the artist's care.
See! the fair fields a thousand colors wear,
And ivy sprays far best spontaneous grow.

Fairer in lonely grots green arbutes rise,
Fairer the streamlet wends its wandering way,
Lovelier bright pebbles gem their native bay,
And birds sing sweetlier artless melodies.

TO TULLUS

DEAR Tullus, now I'd gladly plow wild Adria's waves with thee,
And fearlessly my canvas spread upon the Ægean sea;
Yea, by thy side I'd o'er the steep Rhipæan ridges roam,
Or wend my toilsome way beyond swart Memnon's distant home:
But me a maiden's pleading words and circling arms detain; [vain.
'Gainst her pale cheek and earnest prayers to strive, alas! were

Still of her ardent love for me she raves the weary night,
And swears there's not a god in heaven, if e'er I leave her sight;
Declares that she is not my love; nay more, the frantic girl
Vents every threat that peevish maids at heartless lovers hurl;

Against her plaints a single hour I cannot, cannot hold.
Ah! perish he, if such there be, whose bosom could be cold!

True, I should see fair Athens reared beneath Minerva's smile,
And Asia's grandeur famed of old; but is it worth the while
To make my Cynthia scream what time my vessel seeks the sea,
To see her tear her tender cheeks in frenzied agony,
And say that she will kiss the wind that balks her lover's plan,
And that no monster walks the earth so fell as faithless man?

Go, strive to earn a nobler wreath than e'er thine uncle wore,
And to our old allies their long-forgotten rights restore:
And may the unpitying Boy ne'er bring on thee my sorrows fell,
And all the tokens of a woe my tears too plainly tell;
For thou hast frittered not thy years on Beauty's fatal charms,
But aye been ready to assert thy country's cause in arms.

Here let me lie, as fortune aye hath willed it in the past;
And let me still devote my soul to folly to the last.
Many in tardy love have gladly spent their latest day,—
Then let me die with these, with these let earth conceal my clay:
For fame I was not nurtured, nor in arms would glorious prove;
The Fates decree my fields shall be the battle-plains of love.

Then whether thou shalt roam athwart Ionia's pleasant lands,
Or where Pactolus streaks the Lydian vales with golden sands;
Whether on foot thou'lt scour the plain or tempt with oars the sea,
And all the duties well discharge thine office claims from thee:
If thou shouldst chance to think of me in foreign climes afar,
Be well assured I'm living still beneath a baleful star.

TO CYNTHIA

SINCE from my love I had the heart to flee,
Justly to halcyons lone my wail I pour;
No more Cassiope my bark will see,
And all my vows fall fruitless on the shore.

The winds are leagued for thee now far away;
Hark to the threatening tempest's fitful gust!
Will no kind fortune this dread storm allay?
Must a few grains of sand conceal my dust?

Oh, let no more thy harsh upbraidings rise,
But say this night at sea my fault atones!

Or canst thou paint my fate with tearless eyes,
Nor in thy bosom bear to hold my bones?

Ah! perish he who first, with impious art,
In sail-rigged craft dared tempt the unwilling sea!
'Twere better I had soothed my mistress's heart—
Hard though she was, how peerless still to me!—

Than view this wild and forest-mantled shore,
And woo the longed-for Twins that calm the wave.
Then earth had veiled my woes, life's fever o'er,
And some small stone—love's tribute—marked my grave.

For me she might have shorn her cherished hair;
'Mid sweet-breath'd roses laid my bones at rest;
Called o'er my dust my name, and breathed a prayer
That earth might lightly lie upon my breast.

Fair Doris's daughters, who o'er ocean roam,
Speed our white sails with your auspicious band!
And oh, if Love e'er sought your azure home,
Grant one who loved like you, a sheltered strand!

TO CAIUS CILNIUS MÆCENAS

You ask me why love-elegy so frequently I follow,
And why my little book of tender trifles only sings:
It is not from Calliope, nor is it from Apollo,
But from my own sweet lady-love my inspiration springs.

If in resplendent purple robe of Cos my darling dresses,
I'll fill a portly volume with the Coan garment's praise;
Or if her truant tresses wreathe her forehead with caresses,
The tresses of her queenly brow demand her poet's lays.

Or if, perchance, she strike the speaking lyre with ivory fingers,
I marvel how those nimble fingers run the chords along;
Or if above her slumber-drooping eyes a shadow lingers,
My trancèd mind is sure to find a thousand themes of song.

Or if for love's delightful strife repose awhile be broken,
Oh, I could write an Iliad of our sallies and alarms;
If anything at all she's done—if any word she's spoken—
From out of nothing rise at once innumerable charms.

But if the Fates had given me the power, beloved Mæcenas,
To marshal hero-bands, I'd neither sing of Titan wars,
Nor Ossa on Olympus piled, that Terra's brood most heinous,
By aid of Pelion, might scale the everlasting stars;

Nor hoary Thebes, nor Pergamus in Homer's song undying;
Nor sea to sea by stern decree of haughty Xerxes brought;
The warlike Cimbri, nor the soul of Carthage death-defying;
Nor Remus's ancient realm, nor deeds of fame by Marius wrought;

But I would sing of Cæsar's might and Cæsar's martial glory,
And next to mighty Cæsar would my lyre for thee be strung:
For while of Mutina, or of Philippi fell and gory,
Or of the naval war and rout by Sicily I sung;

Or of Etruria's ancient hearths in ruin laid forever,
Or Ptolemæan Pharos with its subjugated shore,
Or Egypt and the Nile what time the broad seven-mantled river
In drear captivity to Rome our conquering armies bore;

Or kings with golden fetters bound, in gorgeous-hued apparel,
And trophied prows of Actium, whirled along the Sacred Way,
My Muse would ever twine around thy brow the wreath of laurel—
In time of peace, in time of war, a faithful subject aye.

TO THE MUSE

'Tis time to traverse Helicon in themes of higher strain,
'Tis time to spur my Thracian steed across a wider plain;
Now I would sing of mighty hosts and deeds of battle done,
And chronicle the Roman fields my general has won;
And if my powers of song should fail — to dare were surely fame:
Enough that I have had the will; no higher praise I claim.

Let hot youth sing the laughing loves — be war the theme of age:
Be war my theme — till now the dream of love has filled my page.
With sober mien and graver brow I now must walk along,
Now on another lyre my Muse essays another song.
Rise, O my Muse! from lowly themes; put on your strength, ye Nine
Who haunt the clear Pierian springs! — outpour the lofty line!

. . . . . .

As when we cannot reach the head of statues all too high,
We lay a chaplet at the feet, so now perforce do I;
Unfit to climb the giddy heights of epic song divine,
In humble adoration lay poor incense on thy shrine;
For not as yet my Muse hath known the wells of Ascra's grove:
Permessus's gentle wave alone hath laved the limbs of Love.

THE IMMORTALITY OF GENIUS

ORPHEUS, 'tis said, the Thracian lyre-strings sweeping,
Stayed the swift stream and soothed the savage brute;
Cithæron's rocks, to Thebes spontaneous leaping,
Rose into walls before Amphion's lute.

With dripping steeds did Galatea follow,
'Neath Ætna's crags, lone Polyphemus's song:
Is't strange the loved of Bacchus and Apollo
Leads captive with his lay the maiden throng?

Though no Tænarian blocks uphold my dwelling,
Nor ivory panels shine 'tween gilded beams;
No orchards mine Phæacia's woods excelling,
No chiseled grots where Marcian water streams,—

Yet Song is mine; my strain the heart engages;
Faint from the dance sinks the lithe Muse with me:
O happy maid whose name adorns my pages!
Each lay a lasting monument to thee!

The pyramids that cleave heaven's jeweled portal;
Eléan Jove's star-spangled dome; the tomb
Where rich Mausolus sleeps,—are not immortal,
Nor shall escape inevitable doom.

Devouring fire and rains will mar their splendor;
The weight of years will drag the marble down:
Genius alone a name can deathless render,
And round the forehead wreathe the unfading crown.

CORNELIA

O Paulus! vex my grave with tears no more:
No prayers unlock the portals of the tomb;
When once the dead have trod the infernal floor,
Barred stand the adamantine doors of doom.

Though the dark hall's dread king would hear thy prayer,
'Twere vain: dead shores will drink thy tears the while.
Prayers move high heaven; but pay the boatman's fare,
The drear gate closes on the shadowy pile. . . .

I doffed the maiden's dress;—I was a bride;
The matron's coif confined my braided hair:
Too soon, O Paulus! doomed to leave thy side;
I was but thine, my tombstone shall declare. . . .

Years changed me not; a blameless life I spent,
From wedlock to its close our fame secure:
Nature my blood with inborn virtue blent;
No fears could make my guileless heart more pure. . . .

My meed—a mother's tears; the city's woe;
Even Cæsar's sorrow consecrates my bier:
Rome saw the mighty god a-weeping go,
And mourn his daughter's worthy sister-peer.

Though young, the matron's honored robe I wore;
Death from no barren dwelling bore his prize:
My boys! my solace when I live no more,
Ye held me in your hands and closed my eyes.

Twice had my brother filled the curule chair,
A consul ere his sister's days were run.
Thy censor-sire in mind, sweet daughter, bear:
Uphold his honor; wed, like me, but one;

With offspring prop our line.—The bark's afloat:
I gladly go, so many mourn my doom;
A wife's last triumph, and of fairest note,
Is fame's sweet incense rising o'er her tomb.

Paulus, our pledges I commend to thee;
Burnt in my bones still breathes a mother's care.
Discharge a mother's duties, then, for me;
For now thy shoulders all their load must bear.

Kiss them, and kiss them for their mother; dry
Their childish tears: thine all the burden now.
Ne'er let them see thee weep or hear thee sigh,
But with a smile thy sorrow disavow.

Enough that thou the weary nights shouldst moan,
And woo my semblance back in visions vain;
Yet whisper to my portrait when alone,
As if the lips could answer thee again.

If e'er these halls should own another queen,
And a new mother fill your mother's bed,—
My children, ne'er let frowning look be seen,
But honor her your father chose to wed.

So shall your manners win her tender grace,
And surely she will love for love return;
Nor praise too much your mother to her face,
For fear her breast with jealous feelings burn.

But should my image still his thoughts engage,
And Paulus dower my dust with love so rare,
Oh, learn to watch your father's failing age,
And shield his weary widowed heart from care!

Heaven add to yours the years I hoped in store,
And may your lives my aged Paulus cheer!
'Tis well: I ne'er the robes of mourning wore,
And all my children gathered round my bier.

My cause is plead. Each weeping witness, rise,
Since death's rewards life's losses well repay.
Heaven waits the pure in heart: be mine the prize
To soar triumphant to the realms of day.

PROVENCAL LITERATURE

(The Troubadours, 1090–1290)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

CURIOUS natural feature of Dalmatia — that long, narrow country straitened between the mountains and the Adriatic — is the number of rivers which come up suddenly from underground, or burst full-grown from the bases of the hills, and seek the sea with a force and velocity of current all the more impressive from the mystery of their origin. Just so the poetry of the Troubadours leaps abruptly, in full volume, out of the mirk of the unlettered ages, and spreads itself abroad in a laughing flood of which the superficial sparkle may sometimes deceive concerning the strength of the undercurrent passion on which it is upborne.

Gai Saber — the Gay Science — was the name bestowed by these gushing singers themselves upon their newly discovered art of verse-making; and the epithet was perfectly descriptive. To the serious, disciplined, and systematic nineteenth-century mind, there is something incongruous, not to say indecent, in the association of science and joy. Whatever else the science may be, in whose sign we are supposed to conquer, it is not gay. But the Troubadour did not even know the difference between science and art. His era in the life of modern Europe corresponds exactly with the *insouciant* season when «a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.» The Troubadour was palpitating, moreover, with the two masterful enthusiasms of his time: the religious enthusiasm of the Crusades, and the high-flown sentiments and noble chimeras of the lately formulated code of chivalry.

Seizing the instrument nearest to his hand, — a supple and still growing offshoot from the imperishable root of Latin speech, — he shaped his pipe, fashioned his stops, and blew his amorous blast; and was so overcome by amazement at the delightful result, that he was fain loudly to proclaim himself the happy *finder* (trobaire) of the verbal music he had achieved, rather than its *maker* or poet.

Lengua Romana, or *Romans*, was what he called his own language. To Dante, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, it was Provençal as distinguished from the *lengua materna*, or Italian: and Provençal it is, to this day, loosely called. But it was spoken in

substantially the same form, far outside the fluctuating limits of mediæval Provence; and one of the Troubadours themselves — Raimon Vidal — has in fact defined its limits very explicitly. "The only true language of poetry," he says, "is that of Limousin, Provence, Auvergne, and Quercy; . . . and every man born and brought up in those countries speaks the *natural and right speech.*"

The time at which the troubadour minstrelsy flourished is as distinctly marked as its locality. Two hundred years, from the last decade of the eleventh century to the last of the thirteenth, comprise it all. Fifty years for its rise, a hundred for its most exuberant period, fifty more for its decline,—and the brief but picturesque and exciting story is all told. The love of man for woman is its perpetual and almost exclusive theme; primarily that same "simple and sensuous" *motif* which was already old in the world when the all-knowing King of Israel sang,—"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away! For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land!" The special form of the tender passion to which the troubadour tuned his lay was, however, the love of chivalry: theoretically a selfless and spiritual sentiment, having even a touch about it of religious exaltation. It involved the absolute devotion of life, wit, and prowess to the service of a formally chosen lady-love; and was as much a part of the sacramental obligations of a full-made knight as the service of God and of his feudal seigneur. The art in which this love found expression was thus essentially an aristocratic one; reserved for the practice of those who were either *élite* by birth and fortune, or ennobled by the possession of rare poetic gifts. Marriage was no part of its aim, and was never once, in the case of any well-known troubadour, its dénouement. The minstrel's lady was quite regularly the wife of another man; often of his feudal lord or sovereign ruler. The scope for tragedy and crime afforded by so fantastic a relation is obvious, and history has plenty to tell of the calamities which attended it in particular cases. Yet the austere ideal was never totally eclipsed; and that it survived the final disappearance of the troubadour as a court-minstrel and titular lover, we have abundant proof in the mystic lauds addressed by Dante to Beatrice and by Petrarch to Laura.

For the rest, the precocious perfection of form exhibited by some of the earliest troubadour songs which we possess, is not quite as miraculous as at first sight it appears. The main points in the mechanism of troubadour verse, both in its earlier and simpler, and in its later and highly elaborate developments, are two: strong tonic accents — mostly iambic, though sometimes of trochaic lines — and terminal rhymes. By these features it is radically distinguished from the

quantitative measures of classic Greece and Rome; and in these respects it has furnished the model for almost all modern European poetry. But the rustic and popular poetry of the Latin race had been, from the first, a poetry of accent: and the tradition of it had been handed down through the early hymns of the Christian Church, and the rude staves and ballads trolled from town to town and from castle to castle during the Dark Ages, by the *joculatores* or *jongleurs;* those vagrant mimes and minstrels who played so large a part afterwards, in diffusing and popularizing the more refined compositions of the troubadours. Rhyme, on the other hand, though it might well have occurred to anybody as a fitting ornament of song,—rhyming words and syllables being exactly as obvious and essential a form of harmony as musical chords,—was very probably borrowed immediately from that Arabian verse in which it is so lavishly employed, during the long sojourn of the Saracens in Southern Europe.

It seems a curious freak of philological fate whereby a literature so juvenile and impulsive as that of the troubadours, so destitute of connected thought, and at the same time so instinct with emotions, so that the very stress of feeling often renders its utterances vague, stammering, and all but unintelligible, should have become—largely by virtue of its important historical position midway between the written word of ancient Rome and that of modern France—a favorite and hard-trodden field for dry research, grammatical quibbling, and controversy on technical points. But so it is. Every sigh of the troubadour minstrel has been analyzed, and every trill conjugated. Yet when all has been said and read, the reader's appreciation of this unique body of song will have to depend rather more upon personal divination and temperamental sympathy than upon any laboriously acquired skill in interpretation. Even for the name and lineage of many of the most famous and successful *finders*, as well as for the incidents of their lives, we are mainly dependent upon two sets of brief biographies, compiled by nameless monks, one in the twelfth and one in the fourteenth century. Of these cloistered authors, the earlier was no doubt contemporary with a certain number of his subjects; but we may safely conclude that they both adorned their facts, to some extent, with fancy and with fable. In selecting, out of a hundred or two of these romantic lives, a few as typical of all, we may think ourselves fortunate if, as in the case of the name that heads all the lists, the poet be a sufficiently exalted personage to have had a place in general history, and to have borne a part in the leading events of his time.

William IX., Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine, was born in the year 1071, and succeeded in his fifteenth year to the sovereignty of a region comprising, besides Gascony and the southern half

of Aquitaine, Limousin, Berry, and Auvergne. Almost alone among the great lords of southern France, he resisted the call of Raymond of Toulouse to the First Crusade in 1095; but when in the last year of the century the great news arrived of the capture of Jerusalem, and an appeal was made for the reinforcement of the small garrison left in the Holy Land, William was overborne, and prepared, though still reluctantly, to go. His amours had been numerous, and he had already written love songs,—many of which are licentious to a degree, though some few reflect in sweet and simple strains the most refined ideals of chivalry.

Now, on the eve of his departure for the East, early in 1101, he composed a farewell to Provence, being haunted by a sad presentiment that he should see that fair land no more. His foreboding was not realized. He came back unscathed at the end of two years, after many wild adventures and narrow escapes, and wrote a burlesque account in verse (which has not survived) of his experiences in Palestine. He lived until 1127, and made ruthless war in his later years upon his young and defenseless neighbor, Alphonse Jourdain of Toulouse, for the sovereignty of that province. Alphonse was a son of the heroic Raymond, the leader of the first crusade, born in the Holy Land and baptized in the Jordan,—whence his surname. A daughter of his was distinguished by the tuneful homage of a troubadour named Guiraud le Roux, of knightly rank but poor, who had taken service at Alphonse's court. This Guiraud is remarkable as being the only troubadour on record who loved but one woman; and there is a quality about his whimsical and subtle but always irreproachable verses which reminds one a little of the Elizabethan lyric.

William IX. of Poitiers was succeeded by his son William X.; and he in turn was the father of one of the most illustrious women of her age,—a great patroness of the troubadours, and past-mistress of all that nebulous lore which was made the absurd matter of solemn discussion and adjudication in the so-called Courts of Love. This was no other than the beautiful and stately Eleanor,—Princess of Aquitaine and Duchess of Normandy, first married to Louis VII. of France, then divorced and married to Henry II. of England,—the merciless but by no means immaculate censor of the fair Rosamond Clifford, and the mother of Richard of the Lion Heart. She was already married to Henry, who was ten years her junior; but she had not yet visited England when she welcomed and installed as her formal worshiper at the Norman court one of the most famous and prolific of all the troubadours,—a true poet, though a light and inconstant lover,—Bernard of Ventadour. Very humbly born, the son in fact of the castle baker, Bernard's exquisite talent was early discovered by his master, Ebles III. of Ventadour, who is described

in the old chronicles as having "loved, even to old age, the *songs of alacrity*." Ebles not only educated the boy, but permitted and even encouraged him, for a long time, to *afficher* himself as the adorer of his own youthful second wife, Adelaide of Montpellier. The day came, however, when the youth's homage was suddenly discovered to have passed the proper ceremonial bounds; and he was abruptly dismissed, to take new service in Normandy. It is next to impossible to separate, in his remains, the songs of the two periods: Adelaide or Eleanor, it is all virtually one. The limpid stream of babbling minstrelsy flows on for some forty years, always dulcet and delicate, sometimes lightly pathetic, but reflecting indifferently the image of either lady. Within the long period of Bernard's placid ascendency were comprised the rapid and fiery careers of two men of a very different stamp,— the most tragical figures in all the miscellaneous choir.

Jaufré Rudel, the Prince of Blaya, fell in love with a certain Countess of Tripoli on the mere rumor of her charms; assumed the cross for the sole and sacrilegious purpose of meeting her; fell ill upon the voyage, and on his arrival was recovered from a death-like trance by his lady's embrace, only to die almost immediately in her arms.

The horrible story of William of Cabestaing would seem quite beyond belief were it not given circumstantially, and with very slight variations, by an unusual number of writers. Himself a gallant and accomplished cavalier, William won such favor in the eyes of the Lady Margarida, wife of Raymond of Roussillon, that he aroused the savage jealousy of the latter, who waylaid and slew him, and then cut out his heart, which he ordered cooked and seasoned and set before his wife. The hapless lady partook of it; then, on being brutally told the ghastly truth, she swore that she would never eat again, sprang past her husband, who had drawn his sword, leaped from the high balcony of an open window, and perished. Both Raymond and William were vassals of Alphonse II. of Aragon, himself a troubadour, and a great patron of the art. He had Raymond arrested, and caused him to die in prison; while the tomb of the lovers before the door of the church at Perpignan was long a place of pious resort for the pilgrims of passion in those parts.

A different and less melodramatic interest attaches to the names of the two Arnauts,— Arnaut Daniel and Arnaut de Maroill: of whom the former, as we know from Canto xxvi. of the 'Purgatorio,' spoke in Provençal to Dante when he met him in the shades; while the latter is mentioned by Petrarch in a canzone as "the less famous Arnaut." The distinction seems a strange one; for while the verses of the former are chiefly remarkable for an extraordinary artificiality and complexity of rhythm, the latter, who had vowed his devotions

to a certain lovely Viscountess of Béziers, was the author of some of the most exquisitely tender bits of Provençal song which we possess.

The laborious verbal conceits and metrical intricacies of Dante's Arnaut were imitated with great ingenuity, and even exaggerated, by Raimon de Miraval, who fought in the Albigensian war; during which so many of the local poets and their patrons fell, that a whole civilization seemed to perish with them. That cruel contest may be held to mark the beginning of the end of the Provençal school of song.

The name of a woman, the Countess Die,—who also, like the royal Eleanor, presided over a Court of Love,—remains attached to one plaintive lament much admired in its day; and another woman, though unnamed, was the author of the most artless and impassioned of all the peculiar class of poems known as *albas* or morning-songs.

Another very beautiful *alba* was written by Guiraut de Borneil, of whom it is said by his ancient biographer that he composed the first true *chanson*, all previous poets having made *verses* only. He won a weightier kind of renown by the virile force and fire of his *sirventes*, —didactic or satiric pieces,—in which he mourned the accumulated misfortunes of his country, or lashed the crimes and vices of the men who had brought her to the verge of ruin.

Contemporary with Guiraut was another intrepid censor of the corruptions of his time, Peire Cardinal; of whom we have a satire beginning with the burning words, "Who desires to hear a *sirventes* woven of grief and embroidered with anger? I have spun it already, and I can make its warp and woof!" Both these brave men died not far from the year 1230, and the course of Provençal literature after their day is one of steady deterioration.

Harriet Waters Preston

BIBLIOGRAPHY. — There is no adequate history in English of the elder Provençal literature; nothing to compare, for instance, with Friedrich Diez's 'Leben und Werke der Troubadours.' This has been brought quite up to date in the revision of Bartsch (1883), and includes also copious poetical versions. The chief general treatises in English are Rutherford's 'Troubadours' (London, 1873), and Hüffer's 'Troubadours' (London, 1878). More accessible and quite as trustworthy is the article in the 'Britannica' on Provençal literature.

The curiosity of the modern reader as to the social conditions which created and upheld the so-called Courts of Love, is best gratified by J. F. Rowbotham's 'The Troubadours and Courts of Love,'

one of the series entitled 'Social England' (Macmillan, New York, 1895). Another interesting and recent work is Ida Farnell's 'Lives of the Troubadours,' translated from Provençal sources. This little book is illustrated with poetical English versions. Miss Preston's own volume, 'Troubadours and Trouvères' (Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1876) is devoted, in spite of its title, chiefly to Jasmin and the more recent Provençal poets of this century. The chapter on the Troubadours (pages 151 to 231) is largely made up of spirited versions, which are in part repeated, in revised form, in the course of the present article.

For those who wish to study the Provençal texts in the original, the most convenient collection is Karl Appel's 'Chrestomathie' (Leipzig, 1895). There is an elementary introduction to the old Provençal language by Kitchin.

[The dates at the head of these pieces represent, approximately, the time within which the several authors wrote.]

GUILLAUME DE POITIERS

(1190–1227)

I

BEHOLD the meads are green again,
The orchard-bloom is seen again,
Of sky and stream the mien again
Is mild, is bright!
Now should each heart that loves obtain
Its own delight.

But I will say no ill of love,
However slight my guerdon prove;
Repining doth not me behove:
And yet—to know
How lightly she I fain would move
Might bliss bestow!

There are who hold my folly great,
Because with little hope I wait;
But one old saw doth animate
And me assure:
Their hearts are high, their might is great,
Who well endure.

Translation of H. W. P.

II

Desire of song hath taken me,
But sorrowful must my song be;
No more pay I my fealty
In Limousin or Poitiers.

Since I go forth to exile far,
And leave my son to stormy war,
To fear and peril; for they are
No friends who dwell about him there.

What wonder then my heart is sore
That Poitiers I see no more,
And Fulk of Anjou must implore
To guard his kinsman and my heir?

If he of Anjou shield him not,
And he who made me knight, I wot
Many against the boy will plot,
Deeming him well-nigh in despair.

Nay, if he be not wondrous wise,
And gay, and ready for emprise,
Gascons and Angevins will rise,
And him into the dust will bear.

Ah, I was brave and I had fame,
But we are sundered, all the same!
I go to Him in whose great name
Confide all sinners everywhere.

Surrendering all that did elate
My heart,—all pride of steed or state,—
To Him on whom the pilgrims wait,
Without more tarrying, I repair.

Forgive me, comrade most my own,
If aught of wrong I thee have done!
I lift to Jesus on his throne
In Latin and Románs my prayer.

Oh, I was gallant, I was glad,
Till my Lord spake, and me forbade;
But now the end is coming sad,
Nor can I more my burden bear.

Good friends, when that indeed I die,
Pay me due honor where I lie:
Tell how in love and luxury
I triumphed still,—or here or there.

But farewell now, love, luxury,
And silken robes and miniver!

Translation of H. W. P.

GUIRAUD LE ROUX

(1110–1147)

COME, lady, to my song incline,
The last that shall assail thine ear.
None other cares my strains to hear,
And scarce thou feign'st thyself therewith delighted!
Nor know I well if I am loved or slighted;
But this I know, thou radiant one and sweet,
That, loved or spurned, I die before thy feet!
Yea, I will yield this life of mine
In very deed, if cause appear,
Without another boon to cheer.
Honor it is to be by thee incited
To any deed; and I, when most benighted
By doubt, remind me that times change and fleet,
And brave men still do their occasion meet.

Translation of H. W. P.

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR

(1140–1195)

I

NO MARVEL is it if I sing
Better than other minstrels all,
For more than they am I love's thrall,
And all myself therein I fling:
Knowledge and sense, body and soul,
And whatso power I have beside:
The rein that doth my being guide
Impels me to this only goal!

His heart is dead whence doth not spring
  Love's odor sweet and magical;
  His life doth ever on him pall
Who knoweth not that blessèd thing:
Yea, God who doth my life control
  Were cruel, did he bid me bide
  A month or even a day, denied
The love whose rapture I extol.

How keen, how exquisite the sting
  Of that sweet odor! At its call
  An hundred times a day I fall
And faint; an hundred rise and sing!
So fair the semblance of my dole,
  'Tis lovelier than another's pride:
  If such the ill doth me betide,
Good hap were more than I could thole!

Yet haste, kind Heaven, the sundering
  True swains from false, great hearts from small!
  The traitor in the dust bid crawl,
The faithless to confession bring!
Ah, if I were the master sole
  Of all earth's treasures multiplied,
  To see my lady satisfied
Of my pure faith, I'd give the whole!

II

When I behold on eager wing
  The skylark soaring to the sun,
Till e'en with rapture faltering
  He sinks in glad oblivion,
Alas, how fain to seek were I
  The same ecstatic fate of fire!
Yea, of a truth, I know not why
  My heart melts not with its desire!

Methought that I knew everything
  Of love. Alas, my lore was none!
For helpless now my praise I bring
  To one who still that praise doth shun;
One who hath robbed me utterly
  Of soul, of self, of life entire,
So that my heart can only cry
  For that it ever shall require.

For ne'er have I of self been king
Since the first hour, so long agone,
When to thine eyes bewildering,
As to a mirror, I was drawn.
There let me gaze until I die;
So doth my soul of sighing tire,
As at the fount, in days gone by,
The fair Narcissus did expire.

III

When the sweet breeze comes blowing
From where thy country lies,
Meseems I am foreknowing
The airs of Paradise.
So is my heart o'erflowing
For that fair one and wise
Who hath the glad bestowing
Of life's whole energies;
For whom I agonize
Whithersoever going.

I mind the beauty glowing,
The fair and haughty eyes,
Which, all my will o'erthrowing,
Made me their sacrifice.
Whatever mien thou'rt showing,
Why should I this disguise?
Yet let me ne'er be ruing
One of thine old replies:—
"Man's daring wins the prize,
But fear is his undoing."

Translation of H. W. P.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

(1169–1199)

Ah! certes will no prisoner tell his tale
Fitly, unless as one whom woes befall;
Still, as a solace, songs may much avail:
Friends I have many, yet the gifts are small,—
Shame! that because to ransom me they fail,
I've pined two years in thrall.

But all my liegemen in fair Normandy,
In England, Poitou, Gascony, know well
That not my meanest follower would I
Leave for gold's sake in prison-house to dwell;
Reproach I neither kinsman nor ally,—
Yet I am still in thrall.

Alas! I may as certain truth rehearse,
Nor kin nor friends have captives and the dead:
'Tis bad for me, but for my people worse,
If to desert me they through gold are led;
After my death, 'twill be to them a curse
If they leave me in thrall.

No marvel, then, if I am sad at heart
Each day my lord disturbs my country more;
Has he forgot that he too had a part
In the deep oath which before God we swore?
But yet in truth I know, I shall not smart
Much longer here in thrall.

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1836.

GUILLAUME DE CABESTAING

(1181–1196)

I

I SEE the days are long and glad;
On every tree are countless flowers,
And merry birds sing in the bowers,
Which bitter cold so long made sad:
But now upon the highest hills,
Each amid flowers and sparkling rills,
After his manner takes delight.

And therefore I rejoice once more
That joy of love should warm my breast,
And lay my sweet desires to rest.
As serpent from false sycamore,
I from false coldness speed me ever;
Yet for love's sake, which cheers me never,
All other joys seem vain and light.

Never since Adam plucked the fruit
Whence thousand woes our race oppress,
Was seen on earth such loveliness.
The body, formed that face to suit,
Is polished more than amethyst;
Her very beauty makes me tryst,
Since she of me takes little heed.

Ah, never shall there come a time
When love, that now inflames my heart,
Shall struggle from her to depart.
As plants, even in a wintry clime,
When the sun shines regain new life,
So her sweet smiles, with gladness rife,
Deck me with love, as plants with flower.

I love so madly, many die
From less, and now my hour seems near.
For though my love's to me most dear,
In vain for help or hope I sigh.
A fire upon my heart is fed,
The Nile could quench no more than thread
Of finest silk support a tower.

Alas that I must still lament
The pains that from love ever flow;
That baffled hope and ceaseless woe
All color from my cheek have sent.
But white as snow shall be my hair,
And I a trembling dotard, ere
Of my best lady I complain.

How oft, from lady's love we see
The fierce and wicked change their mood;
How oft is he most kind and good
Who, did he not love tenderly,
Would be each passion's wayward slave.
Thus am I meek with good and brave,
But haughty to the bad and vain.

Thus with delight each cherished woe I dree,
And sweet as manna seems slight joy to me.

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1836.

II

THERE is who spurns the leaf, and turns
The stateliest flower of all to cull:
So on life's topmost bough sojourns
My lady; the most beautiful!
Whom with his own nobility
Our Lord hath graced, so she may move
In glorious worth our lives above,
Yet soft with all humility.

Her pleading look my spirit shook,
And won my fealty long ago;
My heart's blood stronger impulse took,
Freshening my colors. And yet so,
No otherwise discovering
My love, I bode. Now, lady mine,
At last, before thy throngèd shrine,
I also lay my offering.

III

THE visions tender
Which thy love giveth me,
Still bid me render
My vows, in song, to thee;
Gracious and slender,
Thine image I can see,
Wherever I wend, or
What eyes do look on me.
Yea, in the frowning face
Of uttermost disgrace,
Proud would I take my place
Before thy feet,
Lady, whose aspect sweet
Doth my poor self efface,
And leave but joy and praise. . . .

Who shall deny me
The memory of thine eyes?
Evermore by me
Thy lithe white form doth rise.

If God were nigh me
Alway, in so sure wise,
Quick might I hie me
Into his Paradise!

Translations of H. W. P.

COMTESSE DE DIE

(Twelfth Century)

Of that I would not, I, alas! must sing,
He whom I love has caused me such deep pain:
For though I love him more than earthly thing,
My love and courtesy but meet disdain,
And beauty, merit, wit, are all in vain;
But I must mourn as hopelessly and long
As if I wittingly had done him wrong.

It comforts me, sweet friend, to think that never
Have I 'gainst you in word or deed transgressed:
More than Seguis Valens* I loved you ever,
And that my love surpasses yours I'm blessed;
For you are worthier far, O dearest, best.
You're proud to me in conduct, speech, and air,
But to all others kind and debonaire.

It marvels me, sweet friend, that you can feel
Towards me that pride that cuts me to the heart:
All wrong it were that any dame should steal
Your love from me, whate'er may be her art;
And never let the memory depart
Of what our love once was. Mother divine!
Forbid that coldness sprang from fault of mine.

Your prowess which all others hold so dear,
Your fame, disquiet me with their bright shine;
For not a lady, whether far or near,
But will, if e'er she love, to you incline.
But you, sweet friend, ah! well might you divine
Where beats the heart more tender than them all:
Forget not former vows, whate'er befall.

*Seguis and Valens were the hero and heroine of a romance of that day.

Much should pure fame, much should desert avail,
My beauty much, but truth and love far more;
Therefore send I this song to bid you hail,
And in your ear my thoughts and hopes to pour.
I fain would know, O friend that I adore!
Why you to me are ever harsh and cold:
Is't pride or hate, or think you me too bold?
All this my message bears, and this beside,
That many suffer from excess of pride.

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1836.

ARNAUT DE MAROILL

(1170–1200)

SOFTLY sighs the April air
With the coming of the May;
Of the tranquil night aware,
Murmur nightingale and jay;
Then, when dewy dawn doth rise,
Every bird, in his own tongue,
Wakes his mate with happy cries,—
All their joy abroad is flung.

Gladness, lo, is everywhere,
When the first leaf sees the day:
And shall I alone despair,
Turning from sweet love away?
Something to my heart replies
Thou too wast for rapture strung:
Wherefore else the dreams that rise
Round thee, when the year is young?

One than Helen yet more fair,
Loveliest blossom of the May,
Rose tints hath and sunny hair,
And a gracious mien and gay;
Heart that scorneth all disguise,
Lips where pearls of truth are hung:
God who gives all sovereignties
Knows her like was never sung.

Though she lead through long despair,
I would never say her nay,

If one kiss — reward how rare! —
Each new trial might repay.
Swift returns I'd then devise,
Many laborers but not long;
Following so fair a prize,
I could never more go wrong.

Translation of H. W. P.

RAIMON DE MIRAVAL

(1190–1200)

FAIR summer-time doth me delight,
And song of birds delights no less;
Meadows delight in their green dress,
Delight the trees in verdure bright;
And far, far more delights thy graciousness,
Lady, and I to do thy will, delight.
Yet be not this delight my final boon,
Or I of my desire shall perish soon!
For that desire most exquisite
Of all desires, I live in stress —
Desire of thy rich comeliness;
Oh, come, and my desire requite!
Though doubling that desire by each caress,
Is my desire not single in thy sight?
Let me not then, desiring sink undone;
To love's high joys, desire be rather prone!
No alien joy will I invite,
But joy in thee, to all excess:
Joy in thy grace, nor e'en confess
Whatso might do my joy despite.
So deep my joy, my lady, no distress
That joy shall master; for thy beauty's light
Such joy hath shed, for each day it hath shone,
Joyless I cannot be while I live on.

Translation of H. W. P.

ALBA—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

(Twelfth Century)

Under the hawthorns of an orchard lawn,
She laid her head her lover's breast upon,
Silent, until the guard should cry the dawn;—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

I would the night might never have passed by!
So wouldst thou not have left me, at the cry
Of yonder warder to the whitening sky;—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

One kiss more, sweetheart, ere the melodies
Of early birds from all the fields arise!
One more, without a thought of jealous eyes!—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

And yet one more, under the garden wall,
For now the birds begin their festival,
And the day wakens at the warder's call;—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

'Tis o'er! O dearest, noblest, knightliest,
The breeze that greets thy going fans my breast!
I quaff it, as thy breath, and I am blest!—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Fair was the lady, and her fame was wide;
And many knights for her dear favor sighed;
But leal the heart out of whose depths she cried,—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Translation of H. W. P.

ALBA—GUIRAUT DE BORNEIL

(1175–1230)

All-glorious King! True light of all below!
Thou who canst all! If it may please thee so,
The comrade of my soul from danger screen;
Whom all the darkling hours I have not seen,
And now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, wakest thou, or sleepest yet?
Oh, sleep no more, but rouse thee, nor forget

The herald signal in the brightening east,
The star of day that I behold increased—
For now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, hark my summons, I implore!
The little birds are waking,—sleep no more!
Through all the wood they clamor for the day;
Let not yon jealous foe thy steps waylay,
For now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, rouse thee! Throw thy window wide:
See writ in heaven the harm that may betide:
A trusty guardian in thy comrade own,
Or else, alas, the woe will be thine own;
For now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, since at nightfall we did part,
Slept have I none, but prayed with fervent heart
The son of holy Mary to restore
My loyal fellow to my side once more:
And now the day is near.

Dear comrade, yonder by the frowning keep,
Didst thou not warn me never once to sleep?
Now have I watched all night. Thou doest me wrong
Thus to disdain the singer and the song;
For now the dawn is near.

. . . . . .

Sweet comrade mine, I am so rich in bliss,
Naught reck I of the morns to follow this!
I clasp the loveliest one of mother born,
And care no longer, in my happy scorn,
If dawn or foe draw near!

Translation of H. W. P.

ALBA—BERTRAND D'AAMANON

(End of Twelfth Century)

A knight was sitting by her side
He loved more than aught else beside;
And as he kissed her, often sighed:—
Ah, dearest, now am I forlorn,
Night is away—alas, 'tis morn!
Ah, woe!

Already has the warder cried,
"Up and begone, 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

Ah, dearest love! it were a thing
Sweet beyond all imagining,
If naught could day or dawning bring
There, where, caressing and caressed,
A lover clasps her he loves best.
Ah, woe!
Hark! what must end our communing!
"Up and begone, 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

Dearest, whate'er you hear, believe
That nothing on the earth can grieve
Like him who must his true love leave:
This from myself I know aright.
Alas, how swiftly flies the night!
Ah, woe!
The warder's cry gives no reprieve:
"Up and begone, 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

I go! Farewell, sweet love, to thee,
Yours I am still, where'er I be.
Oh, I beseech you think on me!
For here will dwell my heart of hearts,
Nor leave you till its life departs.
Ah, woe!
The warder cries impatiently,
"Up and begone! 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

Unless I soon to you can fly,
Dearest, I'll lay me down and die;
So soon will love my heart's springs dry.
Ah! soon will I return again—
Life without you is only pain.
Ah, woe!
Hark to the warder's louder cry!
"Up and begone! 'tis now bright day—
The dawn is passed away."

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1836.

LUIGI PULCI

(1431–1486)

LITTLE creative work was done in Italian literature in the fifteenth century. Students loved rather to revive the ancient classics; and the Italian language came to be regarded as a tongue too plebeian for the expression of lofty conceptions. Luigi Pulci is one of the few poets of that century who held in honor the Tuscan dialect.

Pulci was born in 1431, and died (according to most authorities) in 1486. His life seems to have had no importance in the political history of his times; but in literature he prepared the way for Berni and for Ariosto, and established for himself a firm position as the author of 'Il Morgante Maggiore' (Morgante the Giant), a burlesque epic in twenty-eight cantos. He was a warm friend of Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent,— whose mother, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, he says, urged and inspired him in the composition of this work. The romances of Carlovingian chivalry had acquired at the time wonderful popularity in Italy; by which popularity Pulci was half maddened, half amused. With infinite delight he gave his mocking imagination free play; and in 'Il Morgante Maggiore' he turns into good-natured ridicule the combats and exploits which form the scheme of the mediæval epic.

The poem has three heroes,— Roland, Rinaldo, and Charlemagne; and a *dramatis personæ* of such proportions that adventures become as numerous as are the sands of the sea. Time and space are here more successfully annihilated than in these days of steam and of electricity. The journey to France from Persia or Babylon is accomplished with a speed which staggers the modern world.

'Il Morgante Maggiore' treats of the time when Roland, enraged by the relations which have sprung up between Charlemagne and Gano di Maganza, leaves the court of the Emperor, to which he is bound as a paladin, and journeys in foreign lands. At the outset of his trip he comes to a monastery assaulted by three giants of fabulous proportions: Roland confronts two of these and kills them; the third, Morgante, he converts to Christianity, and carries with him as a companion. Though not its principal personage, this giant, Morgante, gives his name to the epic. He and Roland proceed together;

but in Persia, Roland is taken prisoner. On his liberation he becomes Sultan of Babylon, which empire he after a short time relinquishes, mastered by his old hatred of Gano, to fight whom he returns to France. Charlemagne, as soon as he learned of the flight of his dear Roland, sends in quest of him Rinaldo, Ulivieri, and Dodoni, each of whom has marvelous experiences. Ulivieri converts to Christianity a Saracen princess, Meridiana, who falls in love with him; Rinaldo wrests the throne from Charlemagne, and in deference to his advanced years, returns it to him,—forgiving, on the ground of senility, his faith in Gano. Morgante too has now set out in search of his lost Roland, taking with him a giant called Margutte. Their congenial companionship, however, is terminated by an unusual catastrophe. Margutte, after a lavish feast, falls into a heavy sleep. Morgante, for the sake of having a little sport when his companion wakes, takes off Margutte's boots and hides them; but they are found by a monkey, who, enchanted by this new toy, amuses herself by putting them on and drawing them off. She continues this amusement so long that Margutte wakes and sees her; at which he is attacked by such violent laughter that his body bursts open. Morgante dies a less hilarious death, occasioned by the bite of a crawfish on his heel. This poem, with the disconnected paths of its heroes and its isolated events, can scarcely claim any unity of conception. The moving power of the story is, however, the malignity of Gano di Maganza; and this holds together with a slender thread the arbitrary incidents of the story, weaving them into a fascinatingly bizarre pattern. The climax of the poem is the death of Roland in the narrow valley of Roncesvalles, and the death by torture of Gano, whose infidelity Charlemagne can no longer doubt.

In the midst of extravagant buffooneries, Pulci often pauses, and by a line of finest pathos reveals himself a true poet. While ridiculing the troubadours with grotesque humor, he suddenly brightens his descriptions by a gleam of human philosophy. He is the author of a series of sonnets, of a parody on a pastoral poem written by Lorenzo de' Medici, and also of a novel called 'A Confession to the Holy Virgin.' His reputation, however, lives entirely through his 'Morgante Maggiore'; which is interesting as being the first romantic poem which Italy produced, as well as through the variety of its incident and the fascination of its style.

THE CONVERSION OF THE GIANT MORGANTE

From the 'Morgante Maggiore'

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed
Orlando ruled court, Charles, and everything;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the King
One day he openly began to say,—
"Orlando must we always then obey?

"A thousand times I've been about to say,
Orlando too presumptuously goes on.
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway;
Hamo and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honor thee and to obey:
But he has too much credit near the throne;
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

"And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win;
But I know *who* that day had won the fight
If it had not for good Gherardo been:
The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

"If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffered shamefully,
Had not his valor driven them back again.
Best speak the truth when there's a reason why:
Know then, O Emperor! that all complain;
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O'er which I crossed with two-and-sixty counts.

"'Tis fit my grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief:
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?"

Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sat apart:
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

And with the sword he would have murdered Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and maddened with disdain and grief. . . .

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roamed astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remembered by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure and distant lands, he found,
Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante; under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants looked him over:
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood.
Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seemed good;
Entered, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then showed
How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive

The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barred to you;—
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

«When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seemed to promise an asylum sure;
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

«These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appeared three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not; but they are all of savage stuff.
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know they can do all—*we* are not enough;
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do till matters change.

«Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole,—'tis certain
That manna was rained down from heaven instead:
But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in [bread,
Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down for
From oft yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

«The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far: he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes.»
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

«For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed!
The manna's falling now,» the abbot cried.
«This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear abbot,» Roland unto him replied:

«Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;
That stone seems with good will and aim applied.»
The holy father said, «I don't deceive:
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe.»

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own.
«Abbot,» he said, «I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone.»
Said the abbot, «Let not my advice seem shallow,—
As to a brother dear I speak alone:
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

«That Passamont has in his hand three darts,—
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than we, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust.»
Orlando answered, «This I'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure.»

The abbot signed the great cross on his front:
«Then go you with God's benison and mine!»
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant
Then asked him «if he wished to stay as servant?»

And promised him an office of great ease.
But said Orlando, «Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
God, not to serve as footboy in your train:
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace—
Vile dog! 'tis past his patience to sustain.»
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious:

And being returned to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude
As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;

It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, "I will go; and while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defenses,
Orlando has recalled his force and senses.

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid:
To the right about!—without wings thou'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance, currish renegade!
'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment betrayed,
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;
To split the head in twain was what he schemed.
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And pagan Passamont died unredeemed;
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed:
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word,—

Saying, "What grace to me thou'st given!
And I to thee, O Lord, am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly downed.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would naught be found.
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman."

And having said thus much, he went his way;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.

Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,
"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,
And Roland not availed him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but, o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth;
And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him,
And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which racked him.
And to the gate he came with great regret:
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;
For Providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done by new acquaintance.
'Tis writ on high, your wrong must pay another's;
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence:
Know, then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

Morgante said, "O gentle cavalier!
Now by thy God say me no villainy;
The favor of your name I fain would hear,
And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."

Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
I by my faith disclose contentedly,
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And if you please, by you may be adored."

The Saracen rejoined in humble tone:—
"I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition:
Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;
His timely succor set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

Orlando answered, "Baron just and pious,
If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, who will not then deny us
Eternal honor, you will go above.
And if you please, as friends we will ally us,
And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars full of fraud;
The only true God is the Christian's God.

"The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer, blest,
Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
Your renegado God, and worship mine,—
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
To which Morgante answered, "I'm content."

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
"To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."
To whom Morgante "Let us go" replied:
"I to the friars have for peace to sue."
Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, "My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would;

"Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation."
Morgante said, "For goodness's sake make known—

Since that your God is to be mine — your station,
And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I everything at your command do."
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

"Then," quoth the giant, "blessed be Jesu,
A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
Through all the different periods of my days;
And as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry always."
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way. . . .

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying, with tremor, "Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly feared, at first, to be compliant.

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer:
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,—
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, "Thou hast contented me, O Lord!"

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, "O giant celebrated,
Know that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes." . . .

And thus great honor to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,
And sauntered here and there where'er they chose,
The abbot showed a chamber where arrayed
Much armor was, and hung up certain bows;

And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
«Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water.» «You shall be obeyed
In all commands,» was the reply, «straightway.»
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head:
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours,
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And passed unto the other side quite through,
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rushed in fierce career,
And reached the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floored him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The tun was on one shoulder and there were
The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,

Marveled to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork.
All animals are glad at sight of food:
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork;
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

As though they wished to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were picked too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honor great,
A few days after this convivial scene
Gave to Morgante a fine horse well trained,
Which he long time had for himself maintained.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst: to this what say you, count?"
Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:
Let him go; fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot, Morgante, still."
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

"When there shall be occasion, you shall see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse, though out of sight

'Twere best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack,—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answered, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who
As you have done to him will do to you.

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure;
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read,
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
"And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry."

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
But for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answered, "Let them pay in hell
The penalty, who lie dead in yon grot."
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs—or if I have force;"—
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 'tis no prodigy:
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maimed,
Once more he bade him lay his burthen by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, "I'll carry him for certain."

He did; and stowed him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then returned with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay,
Morgante? here is naught to do indeed."

Translation of Lord Byron.

ALEXANDER SERGYÉEVITCH PUSHKIN

(1799–1837)

BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

FOREIGNERS who begin their acquaintance with the modern Russian novelists, the generation of the "sixties," and with no preliminary knowledge of Russian literature in the last century, will find it difficult to appreciate in due measure the services which Pushkin rendered to both language and literature. Pushkin may be said to have completed the task begun by Lomonosoff: of molding into an exquisite instrument, fitted for every service of poetry and prose, the hitherto unwieldy, uncouth forms of the language. That glory in a measure, therefore, he shares with Lomonosoff. In the realm for which Russian modern literature holds the palm,—simplicity, realism, absolute fidelity to life,—Pushkin was the forerunner of the great men whose names are synonyms for those qualities. In this domain he should share the fame of the acknowledged father of the school, Gogol. He was the first Russian writer to wage battle against the mock classicism of France which then ruled Europe, and against the translations and servile copies of foreign literature to which almost every writer who preceded him had been wholly devoted. He placed Russian literature firmly on Russian soil; utilizing her rich national traditions, sentiments, and life, in a manner which is as full of life and truth as it is of the highest art.

His powers were due possibly to the mixture of blood, added to a richly endowed nature. His early education most assuredly was not adapted to produce anything new, national, or profound. His father was the scion of a noble family, whose ancestors had occupied positions of importance under the father of Peter the Great, in the seventeenth century. His mother was the granddaughter of Abram Hannibal, the famous godchild and favorite of Peter the Great, of whom Pushkin wrote in 'Peter the Great's Arab.' Hannibal was in reality a negro. He was captured on the shores of Africa, and sent to Constantinople as a slave. The Russian Ambassador bought him and sent him to Peter the Great, who had him baptized. Later on, when Hannibal's brother came to St. Petersburg to ransom him, Peter refused to part with his friend. Peter sent him, at the age of eighteen, to France for his education; and on his return to Russia,

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

kept him constantly beside him. During the reign of the Empress Anna, Hannibal, as the personal enemy of Biron, was banished to Siberia; but he soon returned in secret, and hid himself on his estate until the accession to the throne of the Empress Elizabeth, who loaded him with favors. His son, Pushkin's grandfather, was a distinguished general of Katherine II.'s time, and died shortly after the poet's birth, which occurred on June 7th, 1799. Though Pushkin had blue eyes, a very fair skin, and in youth very light hair, his lips and the whole cast of his countenance betrayed the negro blood. His father, on retiring from the military service, settled in Moscow, and became a thorough exemplar of the gallicized Russian,—pleasure-loving, wholly devoted to society and amusement,—of which there were but too many instances in the Russia of that epoch. French was the language of the family, and of Alexander Sergyéevitch's education. His mother, who aimed at making of him a brilliant society man, on the pattern of his father, took him as a little boy everywhere with her in society, and he was well acquainted with the literary men of the time; Moscow being as yet the centre of that life. As a child he was neither clever nor studious, but he was an omnivorous reader. Had he been receptive, his French tutors would undoubtedly have deprived Russia of incalculable treasures.

At the age of ten he began to write amateur plays and imitations of French verse, all in French. At the age of twelve he was placed in the famous Lyceum of Tzarskoe Selo, then just opened; and it was the wise rule of that institution which saved him for his country. The aim of this Lyceum, which succeeded in turning out many distinguished men for its country's service, was to develop the individual powers of the pupil—especially in the line of independence and morals—to the highest degree. A great deal of liberty was allowed the boys out of school, and they used it for literary purposes; publishing several manuscript journals, and devoting their evenings to the intellectual amusement of story-telling. Under these auspices, Pushkin began to write in Russian, beginning with biting epigrams. At the public examination in 1815, he aroused the enthusiastic admiration of the aged poet Derzhavin by his wonderful facility and mastery of poetic forms, though there was very little originality of thought in his poem. Karamzin the historian, and Zhukovsky the poet, also divined the lad's wonderful gifts; and the latter soon began to submit his poems to Pushkin for the judgment of the boy's wonderfully developed taste. The admiration of the great literary lights at last convinced his parents that dissatisfaction with his school reports as to diligence and the acquisition of general knowledge must be set aside for pride in his future greatness. The important points about his poetry at this epoch were the marvelous

variety of subject and the astonishing delicacy with which he imitated various poetical forms and yielded to varying poetical moods. But at this very time, before he left the Lyceum, he had entered on the new path: he had begun to write his romantic-fantastic poem, 'Ruslan and Liudmila,' in which, for the first time in history, Russian poetry dealt with strictly national themes, on native soil, expressed in a free, natural, narrative style, which was utterly opposed to the prevailing rhetorical school, both in irregularity of movement and diversions from the theme. This no doubt was the fruit of his child's-fondness for popular tales, which his maternal grandmother had told him; and the startled critics were at a loss what to say when it was published later on in 1820.

Pushkin's talent, added to his birth and family connections, gave him immediate access to the gayest society of St. Petersburg, when he left the Lyceum; and he plunged so wildly into dissipation that many were seriously alarmed as to the possible effect on his literary future. Intoxicated by his gifts and admiration, he openly and sharply attacked, in clever epigrams, everybody and everything which did not please him. At last he was called to account by the governor of the city, and frankly furnished copies, from memory, of all the offensive couplets. Touched by this, the governor confined his punishment to measures which proved the salvation of the poet, in a literary sense. He was transferred from the ministry of Foreign Affairs (into which the students of the Lyceum all graduated) and sent to southern Russia, provided with traveling expenses, and given a suitable rank in another department of the service; and all possible precautions were taken to administer the lesson without injuring his feelings or dignity. During this period, between 1820 and 1824, he lived chiefly in the south,—first in Kishineff, then in Odessa; made a trip to the Caucasus, whose impressions are recorded in his 'Prisoner of the Caucasus'; visited the Crimea, which resulted in the rendition of the Tatar idyl in 'The Fountain of Baktchisarai'; and strolled for a time with the gypsies, imbibing ideas which he put into 'The Gypsies.' During this period he fell greatly under the influence of Byron, as the portions of 'Evgenie Onyegin' written in Odessa, as well as the poems just mentioned, and short lyric pieces like 'The Nereid,' plainly show. This influence ceased, however, in 1824, after which there is hardly a trace of it; the poet's return to the north being coincident with his return to his true national subjects and style, which he developed with increased power, and never again abandoned. The manner in which he was returned to the place and material which suited his talent is as amusing as it is instructive. He did not get on well with his chief in Odessa, Count M. S. Vorontzoff, whom he displeased by his mode of life, his sharp

utterances, and his heedlessness of public opinion. The end came when Pushkin launched his epigram on Vorontzoff: «Half my-lord, half trader, half wise man and half dunce; half rascal — but there are hopes of his becoming a whole one yet.» Count Vorontzoff dealt as gently as possible with his intractable subordinate, and made a curious report to the government, with the object of not prejudicing the authorities against him. «There are many people here,» ran the official document, — «and at the bathing season their number is greatly augmented, — who, being enthusiastic admirers of Pushkin's poetry, display their sympathy by exaggerated laudations, and thereby render him an inimical service; since they contribute to obscure his mind, and enhance his opinion of himself as a great author, while in reality he is only a weak imitator of a not very respectable model — Lord Byron.» The Count wound up by suggesting that only in some other government could less dangerous society, and the leisure for perfecting his rising talent, be assured to the young poet. As he had been guilty of another indiscretion at this precise moment, he was retired from the service, and ordered to live on the estate of Mikhailovskoe, Pskoff government, which belonged to his parents. His father was invited by the local authorities to undertake his surveillance, in order to obviate the appointment of any other superintendent; but he exercised his office in such an intolerably oppressive manner — as though his son were a criminal of the deepest dye — that Pushkin appealed to the poet Zhukovsky, who was powerful at court, to free him from this persecution. Thanks to Zhukovsky's intervention, matters were improved; the elder Pushkin withdrew in disgust from the estate, leaving his son to the care of the Marshal of Nobility, and to the peace of mind which he required for his work. His solitude was fruitful. Through the influence and folk-tales of his famous old nurse, Arina Rodionovna, he became more and more imbued with the spirit of his native land, more zealous in his studies of it, more enthusiastic in the artistic prosecution of his true vocation. He called listening to his nurse «making up for the defects in his accursed education,» — meaning thereby the French influence. All the folk-tales which he published were derived from Arina Rodionovna, and his study of Shakespeare, undertaken at this time, finally freed him from the influence of Byron.

He lived at Mikhailovskoe until the autumn of 1826, writing with fully matured talents, in the style which constitutes his chief merit. Harmony of versification which has never since been approached, except in a measure by Lermontoff; vivid delineation of character; simple but wonderfully truthful description of every-day life, which all Russian writers had scorned down to that time, — such

are Pushkin's indestructible claims to immortality. In the autumn of 1826 he was summoned to Moscow, to an interview with the Emperor Nikolas I., who thereafter undertook to be the censor of the poet's writings. This return to the society and dissipations of the capitals, in which the greater part of his remaining life was spent, acted as a whole unfavorably on his talent. Nevertheless, he wrote many fine things during his occasional retreats to the country, including 'Boris Godunoff,' which marked an epoch in Russian dramatic literature and historical treatment; 'Poltava'; and a mass of shorter pieces.

Early in 1831 he married Natalya Nikolaevna Gontcharoff, and what we may designate as his prose period began. He and his family were loaded with Imperial favors, pensions, and honors. But his own taste for aristocratic society, and lavish expenditure, coincided but too well with the thoughtless demands of his young and beautiful wife, who was a reigning belle. Anxiety about money haunted the poet during the brief remainder of his life; his father, whom he generously tried to aid, ungratefully accused him of dishonesty; debts accumulated; all inclination to write poetry fled before these disheartening facts, and he plunged into the study of historical documents in the State Archives, to which he was allowed access. This study resulted in 'The History of Pugatcheff's Rebellion'; and in his celebrated story from the same period (Katherine II.), 'The Captain's Daughter,' in which he, almost simultaneously with Gogol, laid the firm foundations of the modern, the true Russian school. In 1836 Petersburg society began to gossip about the lovely Madame Pushkin; and Baron George Hekkeren-Dantes, natural son of the minister from Holland to the Russian court, and a boastful officer in the Chevalier Guards, began to persecute her with his attentions. Pushkin, though he entirely absolved his wife from blame in the matter, felt compelled to challenge Dantes to a duel, because of the anonymous letters sent to him and his relatives. Dantes averted the duel by marrying Pushkin's sister, which offered an apparent excuse for his previous attentions. Nevertheless the gossip continued; Pushkin refused to receive his brother-in-law, and the latter, abetted by his father, persisted in their persecution of Madame Pushkin. At last Pushkin challenged the elder Hekkeren to a duel; the younger Hekkeren (Dantes) adopted the quarrel, and the duel resulted in the death of Pushkin (at St. Petersburg, January 29th, 1837). So great was public indignation against Dantes, that the authorities feared a riot at the poet's funeral, and a catastrophe to the Hekkerens. Accordingly the funeral was appointed to take place in secret, by night, and guards were stationed to insure safety. The Emperor assigned 150,000 rubles for the payment of the poet's debts and the publication of his works, and bestowed a generous pension on his family.

Pushkin cannot be regarded as having derived from abroad his inspiration to turn Russian literature into a new path, in spite of the admitted influence of Lord Byron and his later assiduous study of foreign writers. All the Continental literatures were striving to free themselves from the bonds of servitude to French pseudo-classicism by working out their several national themes; and that was the course which Pushkin instinctively adopted while still a schoolboy, in 'Ruslan and Liudmila.' Moreover, he was the first man who fully realized for Russians the poetic ideal, in his absolute freedom of relations to society and his own work, and in his character and temperament. For all these things, and for his appeal to their national sentiments, his fellow-countrymen adored him. The element of romanticism which complicated his realism in no wise hindered, but rather increased this adoration; though there came a time when it was considered rather blameworthy to read his poetry. But his incomparable union of inward force with beauty and elegance of outward expression was universally recognized by the name of "the Pushkin style of poetry." The special direction in which Pushkin surpasses all other Russian poets is in his marvelously harmonious blending of truth, beauty, delicate appreciation of the fundamental characteristics of the national life, unsurpassed clearness in setting them forth, with a simplicity which enhances but does not exclude the most satisfying completeness. Unfortunately for foreigners, it is impossible to reproduce the melody of his versification; and he suffers accordingly, as all poets must suffer, in any attempt to render his work into another language. It is unlikely that his work as a whole will ever be accessible to foreigners; though in all directions — lyrical pieces, historical and dramatic fragments, prose tales, and correspondence — it is invaluable to the student of the Russian literary movement in this century. 'Ruslan and Liudmila' was used as the libretto for an opera by Glinka, and Dargomishsky made a similar use of the dramatic fragment 'The Water Nymph' ('Rusalka'). Both operas are still included in the repertory of the Imperial Russian Theatre.

'Evgenie Onyegin' is rightly regarded as Pushkin's greatest work. The fact that it was written at intervals, during the period from 1822 to 1829, affords us an opportunity to watch the poet's growth from the days when he was willing to pose, in literature and life, as "the Russian Byron," to the epoch, which he herein inaugurated, of vigorous nationality in thought and expression. Evgenie begins as the Byronic young society man, recalled from his city dissipations and pleasures to the country by his father's death. Here he lives, for a long time avoiding all contact with his neighbors, whose social experiences and culture are not on the level of his sympathies.

Vladimir Lensky, a young poet, the son of one of these landed gentry families, returns from abroad, and a friendship of congenial minds and tastes springs up between him and Onyegin. Lensky has long been betrothed to Olga Larin, and induces Onyegin to call upon her family with him. Olga's elder sister, Tatyana, immediately falls in love with Onyegin, and writes him a letter which is a famous literary piece. Onyegin preaches her a fatherly sermon, and the incident remains unknown to every one except themselves and Tatyana's rather dull old nurse. Shortly afterwards, Lensky persuades Onyegin to go to the Larins on the occasion of Tatyana's Name-day festival. Onyegin, for the sake of keeping up appearances in that gossipy country district, yields and goes. He is placed, at dinner, directly opposite to Tatyana, by the innocent machinations of her family; and finds the situation so embarrassing that he determines, in dull wrath, to revenge himself on the perfectly innocent Lensky by flirting with Olga, who is to become Lensky's wife within a fortnight. Olga, a pretty but weak-natured girl, accepts his attentions at dinner, and the dance which follows, with such interest that Lensky sends Onyegin a challenge to fight a duel. Onyegin, appalled at the results of his momentary unjust anger, would gladly withdraw and apologize, were it not that Lensky has chosen as the bearer of his challenge a local fire-eater and tattler who would misrepresent his motives. Accordingly he accepts—and Lensky falls under his bullet. He then goes off on his travels; Olga soon consoles herself with a handsome officer, and goes with him to his regiment shortly after their marriage. Tatyana, who is of a reserved, intense character, pines under these conditions, refuses all offers of marriage, and is at last, by the advice of friends, taken to Moscow for the winter. There, as a wall-flower at her first ball, she captivates a prince from St. Petersburg, who is also a general, and of high social importance. She obeys the desire of her parents, and marries him. When Onyegin returns to the capital a couple of years later, he finds, to his intense astonishment, that the little country girl whom he has patronized, rejected, almost scorned, is one of the great ladies of the court and society. He falls madly in love with her, in his turn, but receives not the slightest sign of friendship from her. Driven to despair by her cold indifference, he writes her three letters, to which she does not reply; and then, entering her boudoir unexpectedly through the carelessness of her servants, he finds her reading his letter, in tears. To his confession of love, she replies that she loves him still, but will be true to her kind and noble husband. Tatyana, with her reserved power, her frank, deep expression of her passion, her fidelity in love and duty, is regarded as one of the noblest and most profoundly faithful pictures of the genuine Russian woman to be found in Russian

literature, as Onyegin, Lensky, and Olga are also considered typical in their several ways,—Onyegin ranking almost on a level with Tatyana in sympathy, quite on a level as a type. Tschaikovsky has used 'Evgenie Onyegin' for an opera, which is a favorite in Russia.

Pushkin's other epoch-making work, 'Boris Godunoff,' is a drama of the period which immediately followed the death of Ivan the Terrible's son, Feodor, and the ensuing troublous time. Boris Godunoff, brother to Tzar Feodor's wife, and favorite of the late Ivan the Terrible, has had the latter's youngest son, Dmitry, murdered, and is bent on seizing the throne. He forces the nobles, ecclesiastics, and populace of Moscow to entreat his acceptance of that coveted throne with tears. He reigns. In the Tchudoff (Miracles) Monastery, which stands near the Tzar's palace in the Kremlin, a young monk conceives the project of representing himself as the dead Tzarevitch Dmitry, escaped from his murderers, and of wresting the throne from the "usurper." The idea is suggested to him by his conversation with an aged monk (who has written the Chronicles and seen the murdered Dmitry), wherein he learns that his age corresponds to that which Dmitry would have attained, and deplores his own lack of stirring adventure before he immured himself in the monastery. This Grigory Otrepieff, the first of the many Pretenders who racked Russia with suffering in their claims to be the dead Tzarevitch, makes good his escape to Poland; wins the support of the King and nobles, who do not believe in him, but grasp eagerly at the pretext to harass their ancient enemy; and eventually reigns for a short time in Moscow. To his betrothed, Marina Mnishek, the ambitious daughter of one of his noble Polish supporters, he confesses the falsity of his claims. Godunoff and his children naturally suffer at the hands of the fickle multitude which had besought him to rule over them; but this is hinted at, not shown, in the piece. This drama is not only of the greatest interest in itself, and as an absolute novelty,—the foundation of a style in Russian dramatic writing,—but also as showing the genesis of Count Alexei K. Tolstoy's famous 'Dramatic Trilogy' from the same historical epoch written forty years later.

Isabel F. Hapgood

FROM 'BORIS GODUNOFF'

Time, 1603. *Night. Scene: A cell in the Tchudoff* (*Miracles*) *Monastery.* Father Pimen, *and* Grigory *asleep.*

FATHER PIMEN — Only one more, one final narrative,
And then my chronicle is ended;
The duty laid on me, a sinful man,
By God, is done. Not vainly did the Lord
For many years set me as witness,
And give me understanding of the bookish art. . . .
I live a new, fresh life in ancient days;
The vanished past flits clear before my eyes:
Some men, a few, my memory hath retained,
Some words, few also, have come down to me;
The rest is lost, lost irretrievably.
But dawn draws nigh; my shrine-lamp waxes dim:
Now one last record, and the very last.

Grigory [*waking*] —
That dream again! Is't possible? For the third time
That cursèd dream! And still before his lamp
The old man sits and writes, and all the night
He has not closed an eye in doze or slumber.
How I do love his tranquil mien,
When, buried in the past, with all his soul
He writes his chronicles; and often, often
I have so longed to guess of what he writes.
. . . . . .

Pimen — Thou hast awakened, brother?
Grigory — Bless me, reverend father.
Pimen — May the Lord bless thee
Both now and ever and forever more. . . .
Grigory — Most reverend father, lo, this many a day
I have desired to ask thee of the death
Of Dmitry the Tzarévitch; at that time
'Tis said, thou wert in Uglitch.
Pimen — Ah, I remember: God let me see a crime,
A bloody deed. That day I was in Uglitch,
In distant Uglitch, sent upon a mission.
At night I came: at morn, when mass was due,
I heard the sudden bells; they pealed alarm:
Shouts, noise,—out ran the royal maidens;
Out ran I also; all the town was there.

I look: with gaping throat there lies
The dead Tzarévitch. Then the crowd pursued
The three assassins fleeing,
And brought them to the still, wan body of the child;
Whereon a marvel,—the dead body quivered.
«Repent, confess!» the people roared at them;
And in their terror, there beneath the axe,
The villains spoke and said Borís had sent them.

Grigory— What age had then the slain Dmitry?

Pimen— Seven years—he would be now—
(Ten years have passed since then—nay, more:
Twelve years)—he'd be about thy age,
And now would reign; but God willed otherwise.—
But I must rest,—'tis time,—
And quench my lamp. The bells are calling
To matin prayers. May the Lord bless
His servants. Give me my crutch, Grigory.

[*Exit.*

Grigory— Borís, Borís, all trembles now before thee,
And not one dares so much as hint to thee
The fate of that unhappy lad.
Yet here, in his dark cell, the anchorite
Records a fearful charge against thee,
And thou shalt not escape the blame of men,
As thou from God's just wrath shalt not escape. . . .

Scene: The Imperial Palace.

The Tzar [*entering*]—

I've reached the highest power;
'Tis six years now that I have reigned in peace;
But there's no happiness within my soul.
Is't not thus—in youth we thirst and crave
The joys of love; but once we've quenched
Our hungry heart with brief possession,
We're tired, and cold, and weary on the spot!
The sorcerers in vain predict long life,
And promise days of undisturbèd power.
Nor power, nor life, nor aught doth cheer my heart;
My soul forebodeth heaven's wrath and woe.
I am not happy. I did think to still
With plenty and with fame my people here;
To win for aye their love with bounties free.
But wasted are my cares and empty toils:

A living power is hated by the herd;
They love the dead alone, only the dead.
What fools we are when popular applause
Or the loud shout of masses thrills our heart!
God sent down famine on this land of ours;
The people howled, gave up the ghost in torture:
I threw the granaries open, and my gold
I showered upon them; sought out work for them:
Made mad by suffering, they turned and cursed me!
By conflagrations were their homes destroyed;
I built for them then dwellings fair and new;
And they accused me — said I set the fires!
That's the Lord's judgment; — seek its love who will!
Then thought I bliss in my own home to find;
I thought to make my daughter blest in wedlock:
Death, like a whirlwind, snatched her betrothed away,
And rumor craftily insinuates
That I am author of my child's widowhood, —
I, I, unhappy father that I am!
Let a man die — I am his secret slayer:
I hastened on the end of Feódor;
I gave my sister, the Tzaritza, poison;
I poisoned her, the lowly nun — still I!
Ah, I know it: naught can give us calm
Amid the sorrows of this present world;
Conscience alone, mayhap:
Thus, when 'tis pure it triumphs
O'er bitter malice, o'er dark calumny;
But if there be in it a single stain,
One, only one, by accident contracted,
Why then, alas! all's done; as with foul plague
The soul consumes, the heart is filled with gall,
Reproaches beat like hammers in the ears,
The man turns sick, his head whirls dizzily,
And bloody children float before my eyes.
I'd gladly flee — yet whither? — horrible!
Yea, sad his state whose conscience is not clean. . . .

Scene: Moscow, Schuisky's house. Present: Schuisky *and numerous guests.*

Pushkin — 'Tis wondrous news my nephew writes me here.
The son of our Tzar Terrible — but wait, —
[*Goes to the door and looks about.*]
The royal child slain by Tzar Boris' rage —

Schuisky—But that's no news.
Pushkin— Defer your judgment:
Dmitry lives.
Schuisky— Well, now, that's news!
The heir alive! That's marvelous, in sooth!
Is that all?
Pushkin— Wait till you hear the end:
Whoe'er he be,—the young Tzarévitch saved,
Or but a phantom in his semblance clad,
Or bold adventurer, aspirant without shame,—
The fact remains: Dmitry hath appeared—
. . . . . .
Schuisky—It cannot be!
Pushkin— Pushkin's own eyes have seen him,
When first he came there to the palace,
And entered in through ranks of Lithuanian nobles
Straight to the privy chamber of the King.
Schuisky—Whence comes the man? Who is he?
Pushkin— That none knows.
'Tis only known he was a serving-man
At Vishnevetzky's; on his bed of sickness
The menial told a priest, under confession's seal:
That haughty lord, learning this secret truth,
Went to him, raised him from his squalid bed,
And led him straight to Sigismund the King
Schuisky—All this, my friend, is such a tangled web,
That, struggle as one will, the brain doth reel.
We cannot doubt this man is a Pretender;
But I admit, the danger is not small.
Most weighty news, in sooth! And if the herd
Once come to hear it, great will be the crash!
Pushkin—So great, indeed, that scarce can Tzar Borís
Retain the crown upon his clever head.
And serve him right: doth he not rule us now
Like Tzar Ivan? (mention him not near night!)
What matters it that public executions cease?
That we, before the world, on bloody stake, no more
To the Lord Christ chant canons of the Church?
That we're not burned upon the public square
While the Tzar stirs the ashes with his staff?
What safety have we yet for our poor lives?
Exile awaits us every day that dawns,
Siberia, prison, fetters or the cowl of monk;
Then, in the wilds, starvation or a noose. . . .

Scene: Castle of Voevod Mnishek, in Sambor. Night. A garden. A fountain. Present: The Pretender, Marina Mnishek.

Marina— Hour by hour your difficulties, dangers,
Become more dangerous, more difficult.
Already many doubtful rumors fly about:
One novelty usurps another's place,
And Godunoff is active, takes his measures—
Pretender— What's Godunoff to me? Has Borís power
Over thy love, my only source of bliss?
No, no! Indifferently now I look
Upon his throne, upon his royal state.
Thy love—what's life to me without it now,
And glory's halo and the Russian crown?
On the wild steppe, in poor mud-hovel, thou
Of royal diadem for me dost take the place;
Thy love—
Marina— Shame on thee! Dare not to forget
Thy lofty, holy, heavenly vocation!
Thy rank should be unto thee dearer far
Than any joy or flattering dreams of life.
With it there's nothing that thou mayest compare
Not to the youth with foolish passion burning,
Not to the captive of my beauty's power,
But to the heir of Moscow's royal throne,
To the Tzarévitch, saved from death by fate,
This hand I'll give. Then hear, and mark me well.
Pretender— Torture me not thus, my Marina fair;
Say not it is my rank and not myself
Which thou hast chosen! Dear, thou knowest not
How deeply thou dost wound my heart thereby.
What—what if—oh, cruel doubt most keen!—
Tell me: if something less than royal purple
Had Fate the blind bestowed on me at birth,
And were I not in truth the son of Ivan,
Not that young child, by all men long forgot,
Then—then—wouldst thou then love me still?
Marina— Thou art Dmitry and canst be no other;
None other can I love.
Pretender— Nay, 'tis enough!
I will not share my mistress with the dead,
The mistress who belongs in truth to him.
No, I have feigned enough. Now will I tell
The truth, the whole! Thy Dmitry, heed me well,

Is dead, is buried, will not rise again;
But wouldst thou know who I am?
So be it! hark! A poor monk, nothing more.
Tired of imprisonment, of monastery life,
A daring thought beneath my sombre cowl
Engendered; I prepared the world a marvel—
And fled from out my cell, fled forth at last.
Within their camp the riotous men of Ukraine
Taught me to ride a horse and wield the sword;
I came to you and called myself Dmitry,
And so did fool them all, these witless Poles.
Haughty Marina, what is thy verdict now?
Doth my confession satisfy thy heart?
Why art thou dumb?

Marina— Oh, shame and woe to me!

. . . . . .

What if to all I show thy insolent deceit?

Pretender— Think'st thou I fear thee?
That men will rather trust a Polish maid
Than Russian Tzarévitch? Nay, you must know
That neither king nor noble nor grandee
Careth one jot for truth of that I say.
I am Dmitry, or I'm not—what's that to them?
Still, I'm a pretext for their strife, for war:
That's all they need or reck; and as for you,
Trust me, rebellious maid, they'll silence you.
Farewell!

Marina— Nay, stay, Tzarévitch! Now
At last I hear the man speak, not the boy.
Heed me: awake! 'tis time; delay not!
Lead thy troops quickly into Moscow town,
Clear out the Kremlin, mount the Moscow throne—
Then send for me the wedding messenger;
But—God in heaven hears me—till thy foot
Upon the steps of that great throne doth rest,
And Godunoff hath been dethroned by thee,
I'll listen to no further word of love. Enough. [*Exit.*

EVGENY ONYEGIN

[As it is not possible to reproduce both sense and rhyme, I have attempted only to give a correct translation, and to preserve the simple rhythm where I could, in my lack of poetic powers. I have indicated the scheme of rhyme by numbers attached to the first stanza. — I. F. H.]

. . . . . .

1. Another trouble I foresee:
2. To save the honor of my land
1. I shall be forced, without a doubt,
2. To translate Tatyana's letter.
3. She hardly knew her native Russian,
3. Our newspapers she never read,
4. And could express herself but badly
4. In her own mother tongue.
5. Accordingly, she wrote in French.—
6. What's to be done, again I say?
6. Down to this day a lady's love
5. In Russian ne'er hath been expressed.
7. Down to this day our haughty tongue
7. To prose of letters is not used.

And God forbid that I should meet
At ball, or parting on the porch,
A yellow-shawled seminarist,
Or Academic in a cap!
Like rosy lips without a smile,
Without grammatical mistakes
I do not love the Russian tongue.
And yet it may be, to my grief,
Of beauties a new generation,
Heeding entreaties of the journals,
To correct speech will make us used.

Tatyana's Letter to Onyegin

I write to you.—What can I more?
What is there left for me to say?
And now, I know, upon your will
Depends my chastisement with scorn.
But if to my unhappy lot
You but one drop of pity spare,
You will not now abandon me.

At first I vowed I would not speak:
Trust me, you ne'er had heard my shame,
Might I at least have had the hope
To see you rarely,—once a week,—
To see you in our village here;
If I might listen to your speech,
Utter a word to you, and then
Think, ever think, of but one thing,
Both day and night until we met.
But you love solitude, they say:
All's dull here in our rural wilds;
And we,—in no way do we shine,
Though truly glad to welcome you.
Why did you ever come to us?
In this remote, deserted spot
Forsaken, then I ne'er had known you,
Nor known this bitterness of pain,—
The tumult of a soul untaught.
I might have tamed, in time, no doubt;
Have found another to my heart
Perchance, and been a faithful wife,
A virtuous, loving mother.
Another! nay, to none on earth
Could I have given e'er my heart.
Heaven's counsel then hath thus decreed;
This is its will, and I am thine.
All, all my life hath been a pledge
Of faithful meeting thus with thee;
I know that God hath sent thee to me;
My guardian unto death art thou.
In dreams I long ago beheld thee,
And, still unseen, I found thee dear.
I languished 'neath thy wondrous glance,
Thy voice rang sweetly through my soul,
Long, long ago,—nay, 'twas no dream!—
Thou cam'st, and in a glance I knew thee;
I was benumbed, yet filled with flame.
My soul within me cried, "'Tis he!"
'Tis true, is't not? I listened to thee;
Thou spak'st with me in silent watches
When I to aid the needy sought,
Or sweetened, by my fervent prayers,
The languors of my troubled soul.
And was't not thou, beloved vision,

Who, at that instant as I prayed,
Didst flit in transparent darkness past me,
And to my pillow gently steal?
And didst thou not, in love and gladness,
Drop in my ear sweet words of hope?
Who art thou then? my guardian angel,
Or crafty tempter of my heart?
I pray thee now, disperse my doubts.
Perchance all this is but the empty
Deception of an untried soul,
And God hath willed quite otherwise:
So be it! From this hour my fate
I trustfully to thee commit;
Before thee burning tears I weep,
And for thy safeguard thee entreat.
Bethink thee, here I stand alone,
And no one here doth comprehend.
My judgment weakens, reason reels,
And I must perish dumb, unheard.
I wait for thee; I pray thee, quicken
With but a look of hope my heart,
Or break at least the numbing dream
With well-deserved reproof — alas!

I'm done! 'Tis terrible to read —
I faint with terror and with shame —
Your honor is my only pledge;
To it I boldly thus confide.
. . . . . .
For a brief space they stood in silence;
And then Onyegin, drawing near,
Spake thus: —
"A while agone you wrote me:
Deny it not, I pray. I read
That sweet outpour of innocent love,
Confession of confiding soul.
To me your frankness is most precious,
And it has roused within my heart
Feelings which long have sleeping lain:
But not for that will I extol you;
And yet for this I will requite
With a confession, artless too.
Accept, I pray, this my confession,
And sit in judgment over me.

«Had I desired my life to limit
Within the bounds of hearth and home;
Had kindly Fate to me dictated
Husband and father e'er to be;
Had family bliss, as a fair vision,
One moment e'er my sense beguiled:
Assuredly I should have chosen
No other bride than you, I vow.
Without a shade of flattery
I say, you'd be my only choice.
In you I'd find my sweet ideal
As partner of my gloomy life,
A pledge of all that is most fair;
And then be happy — if I could!

«But I for bliss was not created;
To that my soul is foreign still:
In vain, in vain are your perfections;
Of them I count myself unworthy.
Believe (I pledge my word upon it),
Marriage for us would torture be.
However much at first I loved you,
At once, with custom, I should hate;
Straightway you'd weep — but could not touch,
With all your tears, my hardened heart,
Which would but more inflame my hate.
Judge for yourself what kind of roses
Hymen would thus for us prepare,—
And, it might chance, for many a day!

«What can be worse in all creation
Than household where the wretched wife
Her thankless spouse doth mourn and grieve,
Sitting alone by day and night;
While weary husband, her worth knowing
(Yet cursing his untoward fate),
Is always taciturn and gloomy,
Enraged, yet coldly jealous still!
And such am I. Is't this thou soughtest
In the love-flame of thy pure soul,
When with such simple innocence
Thou wrot'st so cleverly to me?
And can it be that such a lot
Hath been assigned to thee by fate?

«Our dreams, our years we cannot call back;
My soul I never can renew;—
I love you with a love fraternal—
And tenderer yet, perchance: who knows?
Then listen to me without anger:
Often, I think, in young maids' minds,
Slight dreams succeed to dreams as slight,
As a young tree bears leaves in spring;
And this, it seems, is heaven's will.
Again you'll give your love—and yet
You'll learn of self-control the art.
Not every man will understand you;
And innocence oft leads to woe.»

. . . . . .

Oh, who could not, in that swift flash,
Have read the tale of her dumb pain?
Who, in the princess, could not see
Our Tanya of those former days?
In frantic grief of his compassion,
Onyegin fell low at her feet.
She trembled, but was silent still,
And fixed her eyes upon Onyegin
Without surprise, yet without wrath.
To her his dim and tortured gaze,
Beseeching mien and dumb reproach,
Made all things clear. The simple girl,
With dreams and heart of former days,
Had waked once more within her breast.

She did not raise him to his feet,
But with her eyes still fixed on him,
She lets her senseless fingers lie
Beneath his thirsting, burning lips.
What is it that she dreams of now?
A long, long silence follows then;
And at the last, she softly says:—
«Enough—arise: it is my part
To speak to you quite frankly now.
Onyegin—you recall the hour
When, in our garden in the walk,
Fate made us meet, how meekly I
Gave ear to all your lessons stern?
To-day it is my turn to speak.

"Onyegin, I was younger then;
I think that I was better, too;
I loved you truly. What of that?
What was't I found within your heart,
What answer? Sternness; naught but that.
'Tis true, is't not? 'Twas nothing new
To you, this love of maiden's heart?
How my blood curdles,—O my God!—
When I recall the chilling glance,
And that stern sermon which you gave.
But I blame not: in that dread hour
You acted nobly, for my good,
And honorably towards me then:
For that, receive my heartfelt thanks.

"In that far solitude, 'tis true,
Far from the noise of idle tongues,
I did not please you. Why then now
Do you thus persecute me here?
Why do you deign to heed at all?
Is't not because, at present, I
In loftiest circles must appear?
That I am rich and famous now;
That for the wounds my husband bore
In battle, we are loved at court?
Is't not because this my disgrace
Would now by all be known and seen,
And might, in social circles here,
Lend flattering honor to your name?

"I weep. If you have not forgot
Your Tanya till this present hour,
Then know, the sharpness of your chiding,
The coldness of your stern upbraiding,
Did but the choice lie in my power,
I would prefer to sullying passion,
And to your letters and your tears. . . .

"But list, Onyegin: all this splendor,
Illusion of a stupid life,
My triumphs in the social whirlpool,
My fashionable house and guests,—
What is there in them? I would gladly
Renounce this foolish masquerade,

This tumult all, incense and splendor,
For the wild park, a shelf of books,
And life in our poor, humble manse;—
For the old spots, in short, Onyegin,
Where the first time I met with thee;
Yes, for the quiet, peaceful church-yard,
Where now a cross and shady bough
Bend o'er the grave of my poor nurse.

"And happiness was so near to us,
So possible! But my sad fate
Was shaped already. Indiscreet,
Mayhap, was my behavior then:
My mother, bathed in tears, adjured me;
Poor Tanya felt all fates were one.
And so—I married. 'Tis your duty
To leave me now. I beg you will;
I know you—that your heart containeth
Firm pride and strenuous honor still.
I love you, (why should I conceal it?)
But I am now another's bride,
And I will ne'er betray his trust."

JULES QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE

(1838–)

THE writer known in French literature under the pen-name of Jules Glouvet is a noble individuality, in addition to being a well-marked one, in contemporary French fiction. He was born at Saumur, July 2d, 1838; began his career as a magistrate in 1862; was a soldier in active service during the war of 1870; and in 1883 (after filling various important provincial positions, also a position as magistrate) he became the Prosecutor-General at Paris. Since then he has been a marked and honored man in his real profession. He has won peculiar distinction in connection with the efforts to repress the Anarchistic movement, and to punish the Anarchist criminals, in his country. He was a most important factor in the trial of General Boulanger; and was bravery itself in the check of that feeble, rash, and yet dangerous intrigue, which concluded in a tragedy. He has done his duty as a magistrate and lawyer at the risk of his life. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire has been called the Father of his Country, as was Cicero proud to be styled when he had shattered the conspiracy of Catiline; and there is a likeness in the two careers.

From such labors at the bar, severe and even personally dangerous, M. de Beaurepaire has turned to writing stories that express peasant-life in certain districts of France, and certain types of French rural character, as no French novelist has done before him. In these stories it was evidently the intention of the writer to show that a novel of humble life could be produced without the grossness of so many of the French authors. The books were auxiliaries in the new campaign against "naturalism." His scenes of the true rural world of France, his feeling for the relation of human nature and its natural environment, have been exhibited with great fidelity and interest in his books 'Le Forestier' (published in English under the title of 'The Woodman'), and 'Le Berger' (The Shepherd). In each instance, he shows us that he is not only a finished painter of real life, lived in simple conditions, but the possessor of that sort of literary sense which grasps, in part as an artist and in part as a realist, every essential detail of the temperament, course of existence, and scenery to be more or less minutely portrayed.

There is something of the quality of Thomas Hardy in the books of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire; there is something of George Sand;

there is something of many novelists whose dramas of every-day out-of-door life are played in books full of a dramatic impressiveness, enhanced by a perfect scenic artist's skill. But there is likewise an inner moral quality and moral suggestiveness in M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's books distinctly their own. He exhibits with singular beauty and naturalness the countryman in touch with his *milieu;* the finer elements in imperfect rustic character; the promptings of the heart that beats passionately and warmly in the breast of a humble shepherd, or an uneducated and not too honest woodlander. The author of 'The Woodman' and 'The Shepherd' does not carry his realism as far as Zola, even when verging on the same territory; and yet he is in much a truer realist. The pathos of the books impresses us, the simple course of their dramas enlists all our attention; and at the same time a sermon is suggested while none is directly preached — a sermon found, not in the stones and trees and running brooks which so exquisitely serve as background for the author's handful of peasant characters, but in their aspirations, their weaknesses, and all that is to them life and feeling and purpose day by day.

THE FOREST

From 'The Woodman.' Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

THERE is no country more severe and striking in its aspect than the forest range uniting the Department of Maine to that of La Beauce, and extending from Montmirail to Authon. It is an immense extent of wood, intersected by narrow grassy paths, untouched by the hand of man, which have given to the whole region the picturesque name of Chemins-Verts (The Green-Road Country). Absolute solitude reigns; the villages are far off, scattered on the ridges of the hills; the principal hamlet is called Grez-sur-Roc (Stone-on-Rock). This name alone suffices to indicate the wild, rugged scenery of this remote district. In the foreground, on the slopes rising one above another, are a few detached cottages crouching amid the golden broom and furze; the paths between them wind upward toward the forest in sinuous lines that look like serpents springing from the hand of a sorcerer.

The dense forest begins half-way up, and widens as it reaches the valley on the other side; then climbs the opposite height, and stretches itself at its ease over the vast plateau of La Beauce

toward Chapelle Guillaume, where, reduced to brushwood, it follows the vast undulations of the plain, and is finally reflected in the stagnant waters of the surrounding marshes.

A stream, rising in the hills, falls into the ravine, and winds at its own sweet will among the trees; some of which, thrown across from one bank to the other, under hanging festoons of bryony and traveler's-joy, serve as bridges to the dwellers in the forest.

These are a robust, shy, and taciturn race. At the close of day some return to their homes on the distant plain, while others seek their cabins built among the brushwood. Charcoal-burners encamp near their work, the light of the smoldering fires playing over their dark faces; the makers of wooden sabots lie among the shavings in front of their workshops; the wood-cutters, bent with fatigue, hang up their wallets on the branches, trample the wild flowers with their sabots, and settle themselves comfortably on the sloping ground;—all these people live and work together without noise or outward expression. The wind sobbing in the high branches, the sun piercing at rare intervals the leafy roof and shedding a pale ray on the grass beneath, are the only tokens of life and light in the gloom of this vast crypt.

Singing is not in fashion among the foresters; none but the birds ever raise their voices in this solemn silence, and it is remarkable that even their song is sad.

The forest is unique in its aspect; but it may be compared with the sea in its grandeur, its infinitude, its rolling waves, its deep murmurs, and its wild tempests. Look at those venerable oaks: the tallest peasant is less than an ant at their feet. If a water-spout discharges on the Chemins-Verts, its progress is marked by a frightful disruption of these enormous trees, overthrown as easily as a bundle of twigs. Thus, in its calm and in its wrath, the forest lords it over man, and man in this imposing wilderness is driven to silence and contemplation. The inhabitants live exactly as their ancestors lived before them. It is not poverty, but contempt of comfort: their maxim is that the forest ought to provide all they want. Theft is considered lawful; the feeling of mine-and-thine does not exist: they do not steal, they take.

These strange notions of ownership, due to ancient tradition, seem justified by the astonishing fertility of these leafy regions.

The father carries on his back a sack filled with wild plums to make his drink, or loads his barrow with acorns for the pig,— the great resource in winter; the son brings home a block of ash-wood, out of which in the long winter evenings he carves cups and basins for the family; the mother returns with a load of fagots. Do they want an extra bed? she takes her sickle and cuts withes from the willows near the brook. That tall, bare-legged girl gathers mushrooms, with which her little sister fills the basket made over-night. The little boys are employed, after their dinner of nuts, in cleaning moss; and the old grandfather, with tottering step, hobbles towards the copse to cut a stick for his crutch.

The Chemins-Verts is so vast that all these people have elbow-room without disturbing its solitude. From time to time a faint tinkling of bells in the distance announces the arrival of a band of small horses belonging to the charcoal-burners, ambling along with bent knees and backs worn by the loads they carry. The noise of their shoes is muffled by the leafy carpet. No other sound is heard. As for the busy gatherers of the spoils of the forest, they are nowhere to be seen.

The inhabitants are in love with their forest — an unconscious but incurable passion. They can breathe freely only under the shade of their woods. It is true the men are willing to spend a few weeks every year during the harvest in La Beauce, to enable them to lay by a little sum sufficient for their frugal needs,— enough to buy a new blouse, and tobacco to last till the next summer. The forester's work in the plains is scarcely finished before he hastens to hide his money in a corner of his handkerchief, suspend his whetstone from his waistband, throw his scythe merrily over his shoulder, and return in all haste to his forest. As soon as he catches a glimpse of the tall trees he pauses; he is happy, he knows not why.

"Ha! here's the boy as has finished his August," says his old neighbor as soon as he sees him.

"Yes, I have done with La Beauce," he replies, looking slowly round him. "Here I am — no less."

"No less" is the regular expletive used as a superlative on all occasions.

This intense love for the forest is hereditary; it is instinctive in the child, grows with his growth, and never leaves him when

he becomes a man; when away from his woods it becomes a perfect nostalgia. It found its expression in mythology, which after all is only nature — nature symbolized and personified under the names of faun and hamadryad.

The woodman has perpetuated these myths; the Chemins-Verts have their own legends, of which Renaud the Poacher was the hero and type.

A MADWOMAN

From 'The Woodman.' Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

[Jean Renaud, the central figure in the story, has been unjustly imprisoned for poaching; and an old woman, Mère Chauvin, of whom he had taken care, has also been incarcerated for supposed complicity in Renaud's work. His sentence served, Renaud returns to her lonely cottage, only to find the old woman crazy, and their forest life together broken up by tragedy.]

He was soon obliged to set to work again; for his money was exhausted. He presented himself at the saw-pit. His skill was well known to the heads of the trade, and they engaged him. It mattered little to them that he had been in prison. Marcel himself advised them to take him back, as it would be easier to keep an eye upon him when he was close at hand.

At first he was the butt of his companions, who invariably called him Renaud the Poacher. They did not always treat him as a pariah, however, for he knew how to make himself feared; and besides he was an object of admiration to some,—for the woodmen have all more or less a drop of poacher's blood in their veins. Others treated his crime as of little importance. "As long," they said, "as one is neither a murderer nor a thief, there's not much harm."

Determined to bear everything, he pretended not to hear, and by degrees he reconquered his position. The first to arrive, the last to leave, sad, taciturn, he lived apart. No fault could be found with him, and he was soon let alone.

The regularity of his life enabled him partly to recover. He rambled over the forest, found once more his favorite paths, and felt again the friendly branches meet over his head. He still was sad, but his apathy was gone. On Sundays the men who

came to pick up wood saw him at a distance, and said to one another:—

"There's Renaud the Poacher: he's finished his term."

When he had shaken off his torpor he became sensitive; his blood boiled with anger.

"Ah, they are all against me! They call me 'Poacher.' Well, I'll make my name good, and nothing shall prevent me poaching."

This thought awakened another: he stood still, quivering. His gun! had it been found? His grandfather's curse and his old friend's madness had absorbed him. But this fear, once presented to his mind, took entire possession of it. Intense curiosity was mingled with acute, overpowering terror. He longed for night that he might begin his search, and counted the trees meanwhile to distract his thoughts. After each number a loud voice sounded in his ear, repeating, "Has some one carried off your gun?"

At nightfall he stole out, took a circuitous route, and when nearer to the spot laid one ear to the ground to listen,—the frost had hardened the soil and made it sonorous: there was no one about. Then he crept into the bushes on his hands and knees.

When he reached the break in the ground caused by the ditch he felt among the brushwood. No gun was there! He broke into a sweat; he went back into the wood to where the stag had stood. Here was the holly behind which Jean was posted. He felt the trees, one after the other, to the path. What a pity that the night was so dark! He had made a miscalculation of several feet.

The next time he hit upon the place. The frosty leaves cracked; the earth crumbled; something harder opposed itself to his touch. It was the gun!

"My blessed old gun! I've got you at last! How they must have hunted for you! But you were so little hidden that I don't wonder they didn't find you."

This speech exactly describes the simple cunning of the peasant mind.

The gun, full of mold and more rusty than when it served as a pipe, could not have attracted the attention of the most suspicious keeper. Proud and joyful, he carried it away in his arms.

He spent three nights in taking it to pieces, oiling and furbishing it. A fresh hole in the left barrel necessitated a new patch. When he had set it to rights, the climber became thoughtful. He was afraid of everything now. If they came to search his hut? Marcel was too cunning,—the gun must be hidden. He took up a plank in the cellar, slipped the gun into its place as if into a case, with all the powder and ball he had left, hid the opening with a bit of wood covered with dust, cast a threatening glance in the direction of Le Plantis, and returned to put away his oil in the kitchen. He had an inward struggle. Should he go out shooting this very morning? The temptation was strong. But he reflected that it was better to go to see his old friend Mother Chauvin.

For some days the crazy woman had not spoken to him. A sort of shudder passed over her when she saw him, showing that she had a vague perception of his presence. But the recollection vanished before it became clear. She looked at him with astonished curiosity, touched his blouse, smiled as she followed him with her eyes round the room, because he brought food with him: this was the only reason. She often spoke of him just as she spoke of Marcel and the officials, believing him to be absent. Her incoherent, voluble utterances all related to the damaged fruit-trees, the prison, and her Chauvin's broken skull. Now and then she broke out into a fury; Jean was not always able to master her. Every night and morning he came to look after her, and brought food. Mélanie came at noon to make the soup.

When he entered her room this Wednesday morning she was madder than ever. She was pacing the room on tiptoe, uttering threatening sounds. In her hand was a burning log, which she threw upon the bed; it exhaled a sour smell of scorching rags, and a volume of black smoke rose up.

"Wretched woman!" exclaimed Renaud, rushing to the pallet, "do you want to set the place on fire?"

"Let be, Cinet," she cried, clapping her hands: "the house of the accursed must burn!"

Filled with horror, the youth threw the log into the fireplace, and pulled out the blankets already streaked with red. She rushed at him and bit his arm.

Jean put out the fire, hid the matches, did his best to make her sit down, set a basin of milk on her lap, and shut her in.

When he was out of the house he listened. "She will get hungry," he thought: "that will quiet her fancies."

He heard the basin crash upon the ground, and the sounds of her crutch showed that the widow was again wandering about the room. Jean was at his wits' end. It was impossible to leave this poor creature to herself. On the other hand, the sun was already high in the heavens, and Besnardeau was expecting him to fell a beech. It was not safe to be unpunctual with Marcel or Besnardeau.

"I have it,—I'll go and fetch Mélanie, and come back as soon as my work is done."

He ran to call her.

"Mother Chauvin's head is quite turned this morning: most likely it's the new moon, but perhaps she is gone quite mad for good. Could you look after her till midday?"

"Why not? Give me time to feed my chickens, and I'll climb the hill."

The girl made haste, put her knitting in her pocket and set out, the Little Parisian following her. The child got upon a stone, opened the latch, and passed first through the door. The widow had heard them, for they were talking as they approached. She was standing just behind the door, resting on her crutch. The white hairs on her chin stood on end; her eyes were staring wildly. She was drawing deep breaths at regular intervals, like a mother hushing an infant.

The moment the Little Parisian entered she seized him by the arm. The child, pale with fear and pain, gave a piercing cry.

"Here you are then, my little Marcel," she said in a coaxing voice. "Your apple-trees must be in blossom by this time?"

She struck the cupboard with her crutch, and continued: "Well, then, you won't show my mitten to the law officers—you'll give it back to me."

The Little Parisian, frightened almost out of his wits, struggled to get away from her horrible grasp. The madwoman screamed with anger.

"Won't you give it back to me?"

Mélanie got hold of the child's clothes at the back, and tried to draw him towards her. But the madwoman's claw-like fingers held him as tightly as if she had been a bird of prey.

The boy uttered despairing cries: "My 'Lanie! my 'Lanie!"

The strong girl darted forward, and stood suddenly in front of her adopted child. She threw her arms round the old woman, and cried, « Let him alone, or it'll be the worse for you! »

On seeing Mélanie's face so close to her own, the lunatic forgot the child. She was so surprised that no recollection was awakened. « I don't know you at all! Why won't you let Marcel give me back my mitten? »

« Mother Chauvin, listen to me. I am Mélanie. You ought to go to bed. »

But the old woman shook with rage.

« Ah, I know: it's you as had me locked up. You're a witch, and you've bewitched me! Chauvin, my love, make haste, the nightingale is singing at our wedding. We will dance with the keeper. »

She paced the room, her arms stretched over her head. Mélanie was frightened now, and tried to walk backward to the door, hiding the Little Parisian with her skirts.

As soon as they got out they set off running. Mother Chauvin caught sight of them and pursued them, shouting: —

« The witch is carrying off Marcel! Beware of the summons! »

« Come, come, Jacques! » Mélanie repeated, dragging along her little companion.

But he is overwhelmed by terror; his legs give way. He tries his utmost, but cannot stir, as if in a bad dream.

Mother Chauvin catches up to them at the end of the yard, with a triumphant yell. Mélanie again places herself before the child.

« Don't touch my boy, Mother Chauvin! »

« Wicked girl! it's you that drew away the rope from the falling tree, long ago, to make my husband fall! I have found you at last. I insist on your giving me back my mitten. »

« O God! » cried Mélanie: « what will become of us? »

The old woman had lost all trace of humanity. She held her crutch with her two hands, — the crutch was pointed, made out of a thorn hardened in the fire, — and waved it to and fro.

« Will you give it me back? »

She burst into hysterical laughter; and while Mélanie, moving backward, was looking on all sides for help, Mother Chauvin struck her a violent blow on the chest. She gave a deep sigh and fell like a shot.

The madwoman, forgetting the Little Parisian, sat down on the heath, singing:—

"My sweetest friend has begged of me
My breast-knot ribbon white and fair."

Jean Renaud was kept by Besnardeau at the top of his tree till after three o'clock. He had left his old friend in a state which caused him great anxiety. He hastily unbuckled his cramp-hooks and carried his things into a shelter, as snow was beginning to fall. Some workmen from another felling-place were warming themselves on their way.

"Yonder's a dreadful business," said one. "She almost crushed her with the blow."

"Though she's old, her arms are strong; and then your mad folks are stronger than such as we," added another.

The climber, although he did not know what they were talking about, shuddered. He was not in the habit of gossiping, but he could not refrain from questioning them.

"Who are you talking about, pray?"

"Don't you know? Mother Chauvin's gone crazy."

"She has as good as killed Mélanie. The gendarmes have come,—the chief one, along with the new one who is pitted with small-pox: she's going to be shut up in the asylum, they say."

"It's a great pity. The girl was a brave one, and not vicious at all. Nassiquet the widower was thinking of marrying her."

Renaud had already set out, hoping that there might be some mistake. He kept on saying to himself, "No, no: it's impossible." His head was on fire; he could hear his heart beating. The snow was falling in heaps and blinding him. Against his habit he turned into the path. He beheld a sad sight in the road below. Mother Chauvin was seated in an open cart between two gendarmes, one of whom held her wrists on either side. Wrapped in the black cloak, with a hood which is called a *capot* and worn by all old peasant women, she was rocking backward and forward with the movement of the vehicle, her mouth contracted by a hideous grimace. A villager in heavy nailed boots led the pony by the bridle.

Renaud gave a piercing cry on seeing the old friend who had loved him when first he became an orphan. Oh, the way in

which she looked back at the trees was not like a madwoman for she seemed to be bidding adieu to the forest; and the cabin up there would soon be smothered in briers, never again to be the home of the poor, good old woman.

«Stop, stop!» he exclaimed: «I want to speak to her. I am sure she'll know my voice. I want to ask her to forgive me, for her misfortunes are partly my fault. Mother Chauvin, my Mother Chauvin!»

She looked at him with a glassy eye, and without moving a muscle, she said in a solemn voice:—

«It seems that the people are bewitched here!»

Her head fell heavily on her breast; prostration was setting in.

«Go on,» cried the gendarme.

The driver pushed Renaud aside with his whip, and the cart went on softly through the snow.

The climber let himself fall on the bank. Within him all was dark — all was over. No one in his own home — no grandfather — no Mother Chauvin. He was alone in the world; no one would smile on him or call him by his name again. Work as hard as he would, there was no one to give his earnings to. In the long evenings he would have no one moving on the other side of the fire. The owls are happier than he would be, for they have their nests; and when one hoots in the dark there is another to answer him. No doubt he still had his dear forest and its soft breezes, the sweet honeysuckles and green pine-trees; but a forester who goes home and finds no human creature is forlorn and pitiable.

Renaud, in despair, thought of his lost friends, and longed to die. It was getting late.

«To-morrow,» he said, «I will let go the rope, like Father Chauvin.»

At this moment he heard the faint sound of a bell at regular intervals. A boy in a surplice was ringing it, preceding an old priest who was hurrying along the path, dressed in full canonicals, and carrying, with both hands pressed against his chest, the holy sacrament, the cup covered by a square fringed cloth. They wended silently along the lonely path, their forms looking shadowy as seen through the soft-falling snow, on which no footstep was heard. Now and then they stumbled over a hidden stone; but the priest continued on his way, squaring his elbows to protect his charge.

The acolyte entered the forest. Renaud removed his cap.

"Where are you taking the sacrament?"

The boy rang his bell, and whispered:—

"To Mélanie."

"Ah," sighed the poacher, "I sent her to her death. Poor girl! I must at least bid her good-by."

He followed the priest who was bearing the last consolation to the dying woman through the dark night. . . .

Numbers of people had found their way into the yard. This always happens in the forest. At the slightest disturbance, and on the most deserted spot, a crowd collects. Whence they come and how the rumor reaches them, it is impossible to say. No doubt the sonorous echoes in the forest and the sagacity of its inhabitants are the real causes.—They were watching the priest vanishing through the snow, and talking together.

"Here's a funeral won't be worth much to the parson."

"She had a brother who's at work somewhere. Will *he* be her heir?"

"Ah, she was like me: she had only her bits of furniture, not worth paying duty on."

In the cottage the mother, with the ghastly eagerness of her class, had taken possession of the body to lay it out.

"It's a great loss," said the father with a sigh. "Poor girl!"

The Little Parisian was sobbing.

"Will that boy ever let us have any peace?" said the father.

After a pause he continued:—

"We must decide at once what to do with the bastard."

"I shall soon have done here. Do you mean to feed him?"

The forester gave them a look of extreme astonishment.

"Feed him? one must be able to. One poor girl brought him up with her own money: that was her affair. But I am growing old; my work is too much for me already. It's too much to be expected to bring up other folks' brats."

The mother replied in a low but bitter tone:—

"Well, then, it's best to decide at once. When you go to register the death, take this brat to the maire. He'll make his usher write to Paris."

"Is it possible that you mean to forsake your girl's adopted child?" protested Renaud.

"What right have you to meddle?" said the man; and the old woman grumbled between her teeth, "Prison leavings!"

The climber drew the Little Parisian out of the cabin. For a minute Jean walked on without speaking. The Little Parisian sank down, stupefied, on a stone. Night had come; there was nothing to be seen but the snow, covering the ground like a shroud; a leaden sky overhead. Renaud meditated. This poor little shivering creature was alone in the world like himself,— a bastard without shelter, together with a despised poacher! Mélanie had loved him; now he was to be turned out of the forest — to be taken before a lot of clerks with their pens behind their ears. He was so pretty — a darling — like Jean's little brother! Would he even have anything to eat next day? Poor, sad, deserted child! you have the same fate as Renaud; the deserted Renaud is your only friend.

"Isn't your name Jacques?" he asked at length.

"Yes, Jean, but they always call me the Little Parisian."

"Well then, Jacques, as they have sent you away from here, will you come to me in my home?"

The child opened great, wondering eyes.

"What for?"

"To be my brother. I will do my best for you. We'll talk about your 'Lanie. I'll make you a good fire. And in summer we'll go ever so far into the woods to gather raspberries."

"That I will," the boy replied; "but if my 'Lanie wakes up again I'll come back."

Jean made only one bound to the door. "Good people, don't bother about the Little Parisian,— I'm taking him off with me." He carried him away in his arms; the falling snow lulled the child to sleep.

BROTHERLY LOVE

From 'The Woodman': Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

[The poacher Renaud takes pity on the delicate, friendless orphan lad before mentioned, and cares for him as far as his scanty forest resources and wild life permit.]

This adoption transformed our hero. Every morning and evening, instead of eating with the methodical deliberation characteristic of the peasant, he hastened his meal to have time to clean up his home. He swept away the dust, rubbed up the metals, and put everything in order. He turned himself into a woman to make his little charge comfortable.

When he reached the felling-place, with what a good heart he set to work! At the end of the week he was as keen as a miser after his pay. On Saturday evenings he came home by the town, in order to bring some fresh bread for the child, and almost always a beautiful sweetmeat tied on to a card, or even a red horse in barley-sugar. And how merrily he rubbed his hands when he opened the door! The urchin walked round him in delight, asking anxiously:—

"Have you got anything for little Jacques?"

"To be sure. Look in."

The Little Parisian felt in Jean's pockets and wallet, and at length found the expected dainty, laughing and skipping round his big friend.

On fine days they went together to the felling-place. The little fellow carried the gourd with the comical solemnity peculiar to children when they think they are of use. Renaud carried his tools, and learned to think aloud to amuse his boy. He tried to limp less; for every species of love has its coquettish desire to please. But Jacques was no longer aware of his friend's infirmity,—thanks to habit, which had gradually turned what was at first a subject of astonishment into a matter of course. He would have been more likely to ask the other foresters why they did not limp like Jean.

They ate their dinner in a wooden shelter, with their feet on the grass; and while the climber was felling his tree the Little Parisian roamed about, stirring the ants' nests with a thin stick to see what would happen. On Sundays, when they left the

cemetery, they went into the forest. Jean taught the child how to make a way for himself through the thicket with his arm. The little fellow learned with astonishing facility to share the tastes and habits of his guide. He loved the forest; its sounds, far from frightening him, were sweet in his ears as the voice of a friend. When spring came, it was wonderful to see his interest in every new flower.

"You too like the covert?" the poacher asked, with some emotion.

"Oh yes: it's so amusing to run about in it,—one finds all sorts of things. I used to come sometimes with my 'Lanie, but not as far as this."

"The farther one goes, the more beautiful it seems."

"But, dear Jean, as you are so fond of the trees, why do you hurt them with your axe? You look quite angry when you hit at them."

"Oh no, I'm not angry. I've known those old fellows ever since I was born; and I love them, too; and when the wind whispers among them I can almost make out what the leaves are saying. But when I've got to strip one, and I see him standing up before me with his branches stretched out, he seems to say that I am too weakly. Then I get excited, and there's a singing in my ears. Sometimes when I reach the top, the tree shakes with passion, like a horse shaking off a fly. Then I strike so hard that my heart beats; the branch hits my head in falling, and I strike still harder; I don't know what I'm doing. But as soon as the top is down I'm sorry: the foot trembles so oddly one would think it was alive."

Jacques began to laugh: he was puzzled by a new idea.

"Don't laugh," said Jean: "be sure there's some life in their hearts. Look at my blouse: don't the spots the bark makes look like blood? and when we put a green log on the fire, doesn't it sob?"

"Well, then, we mustn't cut down any more trees."

"Nay, it's a kindness to cut them down when they are stag-headed,—they would rot. And there are the young ones stifled underneath that want to get up. Every one must have his turn."

As they proceed, the child questions Renaud on all the life around them. The poacher knows his forest by heart; he can tell its stories, from the largest beech to the smallest insect.

"What is it one hears in the hole in that tree?"

« It's a swarm of bees. We'll smoke them out to-morrow, and you shall have the honey.»

«And that bird with an acorn in its beak?»

« That's a jay. He's collecting his provisions for the winter; but as he's silly, he'll forget where he puts them, and will starve with the rest.»

« Have some creatures more sense than others?»

« Yes: it's just like us,— there are rascals and fools. Any one who notices their ways knows they understand.»

« But they can't talk like us?»

« You may be sure that they make each other understand in their own way.»

«And perhaps they're not so bad as us, for they don't want gendarmes.»

This last word reminded the child of the poacher's capture: 'Lanie's father had so often talked about it before him. He longed to question his friend, hesitated — at last said: —

« Tell me, Jean, is it true?»

« What?»

« Is it true that you had a sweetheart at Vibraye?»

The climber turned as red as a cherry.

« Stuff and nonsense! I've never set foot in the place.»

« I believe you — but I've heard it said — But tell me, what's the meaning of a sweetheart?»

« I've never had one; but from what they say, it's a sort of lass that one dances with at the assemblies, and takes home through the lanes, and kisses in the dusk.»

« Did you ever meet any in the forest?»

« No, never, because I get out of their way. Girls make too much noise with their chatter, and they make me feel quite silly when they fix their eyes on me. And then it's a waste of time, for what's the good of kissing the hussies?»

« But you had other company in the forest, Renaud. I'm told you went there with — »

« Little goose! with whom?»

« With a gun.»

Jean hung his head without answering.

« Is it true? Oh, how I should have liked to see it. You haven't got it any longer?»

The poacher stammered out: —

« Don't ever talk about that. I have no gun.»

« What a pity. I should have so liked to hear you make it say 'Bang!' We would have gone out together, and you would have shot some nice little creatures for me.»

Jean Renaud trembled all over. He had left off poaching, in order to devote himself to the child. He feared danger now that he had become a father, and the spiders spun their webs undisturbed over the plank which concealed his gun. He had given up thinking about it. The child's caresses had lulled the passion to sleep, and here was the boy awakening it! That gun is at home—actually under his hands. Oh, if he might take the good weapon out of its hiding-place, and aim at a bounding fawn, and smell powder once more! It all comes back to his memory; the fierce passion lights up again;—but no, the orphan has need of him; he must not be imprisoned now. He turns pale with the effort, but he masters himself.

« Let's be off,» he says sadly. « Those are all lies,—the gun was broken long ago.»

The Little Parisian asked every Sunday to be taken farther into the forest; but he was too weak for so much fatigue. Renaud made for him a sort of wheelbarrow with long arms, like those the milkmaids use to carry their milk. He lined it thickly with grass, and insisted on his dear Jacques sitting in it when they went a long way. He wheeled it all along the paths, carefully avoiding the stones and ruts so as not to shake the child.

« You will see quite as well,» he said, « and you won't get tired.»

Sometimes the little fellow, overcome by so much fresh air, would fall asleep in the midst of the woods. Renaud, his perception sharpened by love, would stop on some pretext or other; for it never does to tell a child he is sleepy. It was Jean, the indefatigable Jean, who complained of fatigue. He stretched himself, and said he wanted to go home.

« Oh, I'm not a bit tired,» said Jacques, pouting. And his little eyes closed in spite of his efforts. Jean would rest the curly head softly on his shoulder, lifting the little sleeper carefully, carry him to the barrow, and wheel him slowly home.

It was at this time that the forester learned to sew in order to mend the orphan's clothes. As soon as the little blouse got torn in the brushwood, this man, whose tenderness made a woman of him, might be seen sitting outside his door, gravely

and patiently using his needle with his awkward fingers. The white thread made strange figures on the mended hole. He was so busily engaged that he hardly gave himself time to breathe, he tried so hard to make his darn strong and neat. Often on a Sunday morning he was heard washing a child's shirt in the river, beating it with a wooden beetle.

The two companions lived in this way for about ten months. September had already reddened the first leaves of the maple. They met Mélanie's father at the stone quarry. His manner was never very pleasant; this time he only answered curtly:—

"Good-day."

"Are you going for a walk?"

"Nay, I'm looking for my new spade that I've lost."

"Shall we lend a hand?"

"I don't care much for your company."

"And the child, won't you speak to him?"

"What should I say? I don't admire the way you're bringing him up."

"Really, do you want him to go into the saw-pit at his age?"

"No—nonsense. I should like him to go to church. He's been trusted to you, and you misuse him. But as your grandfather said before me, you're more like a wolf than a man."

Renaud had never thought on the subject. The voices of the forest, and another voice within himself, had whispered to him that there was something greater than the woods and the wood-cutters—up there where the stars were shining. But his faith, too abstract not to be vague, was not in any way connected with the Christian ceremonies, which he did not understand. His aspirations were religious, but ignorantly unbelieving when he tried to reason.

"I think I should be bored in heaven," he used to say, "as they have nothing to do but sit still and sing psalms. I'd rather roam about in the woods."

"'Lanie would have taken the boy to church," resumed the old man, "and when he was old enough, to confirmation. You are no better than an *arquelier*."

An *arquelier* means a mischievous vagabond. It is evidently a contemptuous diminutive of the word *arquebusier*, and has remained in use among our country-folk ever since the Middle Ages, when the peasantry suffered from the depredations of the hired soldiery.

"I don't hold much to such devout folks," retorted Renaud. "Isn't every one free to do what he thinks right? But wherever Mélanie would have taken the boy I'll take him."

From that day he took the Little Parisian every Sunday to mass. The two were to be seen standing, silent and motionless, at the entrance near the font. When the priest went up into the pulpit to preach, Jean coughed and spit in imitation of other people; the rest of the time he was perfectly quiet. When the blessed bread was distributed, he put his piece carefully into his cap, to give it to the little one when they left the church.

Jacques generally stood on tiptoe, looking into the choir. Jean remarked this, and looked in the same direction; but saw nothing except the schoolboys ranged in parallel lines, with the schoolmaster at their head. When the mass was over, the little band went out in single file, with a formidable clattering of sabots. Some pushed those in front or overturned a chair by mistake, then hid their mouths with their sleeves to laugh without noise.

"What were you looking at just now, Jacques? You were quite absorbed."

"The schoolboys and the gentleman in spectacles."

"There's nothing curious in them. In old times I too used to go to school. I found it very tiresome."

"I shouldn't find it tiresome. Can you read, Jean?"

"Not a word. What's the good?"

"To know about things. They say that books explain all sorts of nice things."

The climber shrugged his shoulders. But every time they met the schoolboys, Jacques looked at them with envy and talked of books with regret.

"You want, then, to be a scholar?"

"Yes, to be sure, dear Jean. I should be ever so glad to learn."

Renaud considered that the expense would be small, and that the child would be better at school in bad weather than all alone in the woods.

"Well, then, we'll put you to school."

He took the boy, eager and joyful, to the same master who had been the bugbear of his childhood.

"No offense, Jean Renaud," said the latter—"but I hope the little fellow will not be as slow as you were."

« Well now, master, boys are not all alike. This boy is clever. I never was. No offense — but I never was so bored in my life as when I was with you »

« All right: and is this little man your brother? »

Renaud replied, shyly and sadly: —

« Jacques was Mélanie's nursling. »

The good man asked no more questions; and the Little Parisian joined the class on the next day.

Renaud watched tenderly over the little scholar. He bought no winter waistcoat for himself, in order that Jacques might have a new suit of clothes. He washed his hands and face carefully every morning. The little wallet was filled with provisions to last all day. Jean made an enormous round to take the child half-way to school before going to his work. When he left him the little chap walked very steadily for fear of tearing his new blouse, and once in school astonished the master by his intelligence. And in the evening what a pleasure it was to follow the shady paths, and join his big brother in the midst of the forest, and then both go home by a short cut! When there, one would light the fire and the other set on the soup; then they pricked two lovely apples, and watched them frothing in the cinders.

Next year, when the Little Parisian had learned to read, Jean became uneasy.

« This boy's too clever for me. I fancy he'll get tired of my company. »

And he tried to think of something, besides providing for physical wants, to amuse his little companion. His unselfishness led him even to leave the forest, to frequent the *fêtes* in neighboring towns. He lifted the boy on to the merry-go-rounds, when the wooden horses turned slowly to the sound of a hand-organ; made him take shares in lotteries for macaroons and wine-glasses. They witnessed the rough sports of the young farmers, who drank all the more when they were not thirsty, and whose wit consisted in pinching the waists of the girls and making them scream without being found out. Vehicles filled with whole families drove in, raising a terrible dust. The violin squeaked in the place marked out by ropes for dancing. The dentist « from Paris, » established with great pomp on his unhorsed carriage, a huge case of instruments in the front, held firmly on the seat a peasant adorned with a swelled face, and informed the public that he was going to extract the tooth with

the same instrument that he used for crowned heads. At a little distance long tables were spread under sheds, charged with cider and strong-smelling drinks. The landlord's assistant had to make way with his elbows to the billiard table, to separate two sabot-makers who were settling a doubtful game with a fight.

"Do you enjoy the fun, my little Jacques?" said Renaud, trying to look delighted.

"On the contrary, I am bored to death. My head aches, and I feel sick. I like the forest ever so much better."

But there were also *fêtes* in the forest. There they felt at home, and Renaud took his little friend to all of them.

First, there was gathering the lilies-of-the-valley about Ascension Day. The fields are celebrated for their profusion from Grez to St. Agert. Gentle and simple alike love these sweet flowers, whose milky whiteness gleams in the shade, against the deep green of their pointed leaves. All the idle population of the neighboring towns crowds the forest in the charming season when the lilies burst into flower. The woods change their aspect. Young men from town arrive with their great-coats under their arms; young ladies sing in high soprano voices the romances of Louisa Puget; some young men are exchanging words of love with their sweethearts, others pursuing the objects of their fancy. In the evening, nosegays pass from hand to hand. The mothers follow, large and imposing, their caps adorned with artificial flowers, the strings floating in the breeze. Greasy papers cover the ground in open spaces. One hears the bottles knock against each other in the baskets carried by means of a walking-stick passed through the handles by some happy couple.

On the Fête of St. Louis (August 15th) the nutting begins. The strangers come again, and once more fill the forest with noisy merriment. The nuts in their hairy envelopes cover the branches. The draper's wife has stuffed her pockets with them; the policeman has filled his basket. The priest's nephew, a corporal on leave, strikes them down with a quarter-staff; the collector's wife uses her yellow parasol to bend down the branches. Some of the young men get excited, and challenge each other to a gymnastic bout. Elsewhere they are dancing in a ring. No one but the barber, who was formerly a waiter in Courbevoie, refuses to take part, and replies scornfully, "I only care for regular dances."

The Little Parisian draws his friend on one side.

"I don't care for this either: let's be off, brother."

"My darling, you love the real forest, then, as much as I do?"

"Yes, I *do* love it. But you don't know how I wish that what the people said was true — that dear Jean had a gun, and we could hunt the game together."

Renaud the Poacher trembled.

What! again this longing! How often has he cherished it himself during the two years they have lived together!

"What are you talking about?" he broke out: "are you mad? My gun? I swear it's broken; but why — why are you always thinking of sport?"

The Little Parisian looks dreamily up at the green vault over his head; he inhales the scent of the woods; he has all sorts of wild thoughts. The mysterious thicket attracts him; he begins to understand why he loves the Chemins-Verts. He replies: —

"I don't know if I am thinking of sport, but I long to get deeper and deeper into the forest, to watch all that goes on, to catch the birds on the wing."

The dead leaves lay in heaps on the path, the wind had blown them into ridges like the waves of the sea. He stepped over them proudly, and threw back his head, thrilling with youthful excitement, and exclaimed: —

"The forest is ours! this delicious air is ours!"

Renaud saw himself in this enthusiastic child.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

(1863–)

THE fiction of the English writer who began by signing his literary work with the initial "Q.," is among the most virile and pleasing written by the younger British school. A. T. Quiller-Couch — the full name of this author — makes stories that are full of vigor and invention; romantic in treatment, yet realistic in their close observation, and in the understanding sympathy with which he studies the life of humble folk and the types and scenes of his native country. He is a Cornishman, and has given his main attention to the people of that locality, spending most of his time within the sound of the Cornish seas. His novels and short tales in spirit and method affiliate him with Barrie, Kipling, and Stevenson, and he is little inferior to them in strength and originality. Although his literary production includes criticism and poetry, his reputation is based substantially on his stories. 'Dead Man's Rock' in 1887 won him much favor, and other books followed in due course: 'The Astonishing History of Troy Town,' 'The Splendid Spur,' and 'The Blue Pavilions,' historical novels; and the collections of short stories entitled 'Naughts and Crosses,' 'I Saw Three Ships; and other Winter's Tales,' 'The Delectable Duchy,' and 'Wandering Heath.' 'Ia,' a novelette, is a tale of love in a Cornish fishing village. Mr. Quiller-Couch's strongest novel is the brilliant 'The Splendid Spur,' recognized by the critics as one of the most stirring romances by a contemporaneous English novelist. In 'The Delectable Duchy,' which is finely representative of his short-story work, are grouped a number of Cornish tales and sketches, exquisite for truth, pathos, and poetry, rich with feeling for the lights and shadows in the life of the Welsh poor. The writer thus ranges from the dramatic to the idyllic, and is successful in both veins. His fiction as a whole is thoroughly healthy and inspiriting. The unpleasant realism and the decadent pessimism of the day he stands quite apart from. Like R. L. Stevenson, he unites the power of making

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

stories instinct with adventurous interest, with a literary gift and an insight into character which have gained him the approval of captious critics, and made him a favorite with those who read a story for the story's sake.

In his personality and manner of life, Quiller-Couch seems a man of affairs and of outdoor sports rather than the traditional book-man. He was born November 21st, 1863. His family has lived in Cornwall for generations, and he comes of good stock; father, uncle, and grandfather being distinguished scientists in the fields of biology and medicine. He was educated in various Devonshire schools, then went up to Trinity College, Oxford. As an undergraduate he contributed clever verse to the college paper, adopting the pseudonym "Q." He was and is an athlete,—as one might infer from his books,—and in his day was stroke of the college boat. He took his degree in 1887, and was appointed classical lecturer at Trinity; but soon turned to fiction, went to London, and joined the staff of the Speaker—Barrie being a fellow-worker. This newspaper connection has been retained ever since, although Mr. Quiller-Couch now lives in a charming country house at Fowey in Cornwall. The volume 'Adventures in Criticism' is made up of selected book reviews representing his journalistic work, which is decidedly fresh and good. The Elizabethan anthology, 'The Golden Pomp,' also testifies to his reading and scholarship.

The work of A. T. Quiller-Couch is refutation of the charge that the end-of-the-century in English literature has nothing to offer but the morbid and unwholesome. He is a strong, manly writer, whose steadily growing influence is tonic and welcome.

WHEN THE SAP ROSE: A FANTASIA

From 'The Delectable Duchy.' Copyright 1893, by Macmillan & Co.

An old yellow van, the "Comet," came jolting along the edge of the downs and shaking its occupants together like peas in a bladder. The bride and bridegroom did not mind this much; but the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, who had bound them in wedlock at the Bible Christian Chapel two hours before, was discomforted by a pair of tight boots, that nipped cruelly whenever he stuck out his feet to keep his equilibrium.

Nevertheless, his mood was genial; for the young people had taken his suggestion and acquired a copy of their certificate.

This meant five extra shillings in his pocket Therefore, when the van drew up at the cross-roads for him to alight, he wished them long life and a multitude of children with quite a fatherly air.

"You can't guess where I'm bound for. It's to pay my old mother a visit. Ah, family life's the pretty life — that ever *I* should say it!"

They saw no reason why he should be cynical, more than other men. And the bride, in whose eyes this elderly gentleman with the tight boots appeared a rosy-winged Cupid, waved her handkerchief until the vehicle had sidled round the hill, resembling in its progress a very infirm crab in a hurry.

As a fact, the Registrar wore a silk hat, a suit of black West-of-England broadcloth, a watch-chain made out of his dead wife's hair, and two large seals that clashed together when he moved. His face was wide and round, with a sanguine complexion, gray side-whiskers, and a cicatrix across the chin. He had shaved in a hurry that morning; for the wedding was early, and took place on the extreme verge of his district. His is a beautiful office — recording day by day the solemnest and most mysterious events in nature. Yet, standing at the cross-roads, between down and woodland, under an April sky full of sun and southwest wind, he threw the ugliest shadow in the landscape.

The road towards the coast dipped — too steeply for tight boots — down a wooded coombe; and he followed it, treading delicately. The hollow of the V ahead, where the hills overlapped against the pale blue, was powdered with a faint brown bloom, soon to be green, — an infinity of bursting buds. The larches stretched their arms upwards, as men waking. The yellow was out on the gorse, with a heady scent like a pineapple's; and between the bushes spread the gray film of coming bluebells. High up, the pines sighed along the ridge, turning paler; and far down, where the brook ran, a mad duet was going on between thrush and chaffinch, — "*Cheer up, cheer up, Queen!*" "*Clip, clip, clip, and kiss me — Sweet!*" — one against the other.

Now, the behavior of the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages changed as he descended the valley. At first he went from side to side, because the loose stones were sharp and lay unevenly; soon he zigzagged for another purpose, — to peer into the bank for violets, to find a gap between the trees where, by

bending down with a hand on each knee and his head tilted back, he could see the primroses stretching in broad sheets to the very edge of the pine woods. By frequent tilting, his collar broke from its stud and his silk hat settled far back on his neck. Next he unbuttoned his waistcoat and loosened his braces; but no, he could not skip,—his boots were too tight He looked at each tree as he passed. "If I could only see—" he muttered. "I'll swear there used to be one on the right, just here."

But he could not find it here,—perhaps his memory misgave him; and presently turned with decision, climbed the low fence on his left, between him and the hollow of the coombe, and dropped into the plantation on the other side. Here the ground was white in patches with anemones; and as his feet crushed them, descending, the babel of the birds grew louder and louder

He issued on a small clearing by the edge of the brook, where the grass was a delicate green, each blade pushing up straight as a spear-point from the crumbled earth. Here were more anemones, between patches of last year's bracken, and on the further slope a mass of daffodils. He pulled out a pocket-knife that had sharpened some hundreds of quill pens, and looking to his right, found what he wanted at once

It was a sycamore, on which the buds were swelling. He cut a small twig, as big round as his middle finger, and sitting himself down on a barked log close by, began to measure and cut it to a span's length, avoiding all knots. Then, taking the knife by the blade between finger and thumb, he tapped the bark gently with the tortoise-shell handle. And as he tapped, his face went back to boyhood again, in spite of the side-whiskers, and his mouth was pursed up to a silent tune.

For ten minutes the tapping continued, the birds ceased their contention, and broke out restlessly at intervals. A rabbit across the brook paused and listened at the funnel-shaped mouth of his hole, which caught the sound and redoubled it.

"Confound these boots!" said the Registrar, and pulling them off, tossed them among the primroses. They were "elastic-sides."

The tapping ceased. A breath of the landward breeze came up, combing out the tangle that winter had made in the grass, caught the brook on the edge of a tiny fall, and puffed it back six inches in a spray of small diamonds. It quickened the whole copse. The oak saplings rubbed their old leaves one on another,

as folks rub their hands, feeling life and warmth; the chestnut buds groped like an infant's fingers; and the chorus broke out again, the thrush leading,—"*Tiurru, tiurru, chippewee; tio-tee, tio-tee; queen, queen, que-een!*"

In a moment or two he broke off suddenly, and a honey-bee shot out of an anemone-bell like a shell from a mortar. For a new sound disconcerted them—a sound sharp and piercing. The Registrar had finished his whistle and was blowing like mad, moving his fingers up and down. Having proved his instrument, he dived a hand into his tail-pocket and drew out a roll, tied around with ribbon. It was the folded leather-bound volume in which he kept his blank certificates. And spreading it on his knees, he took his whistle again and blew, reading his music from the blank pages, and piping a strain he had never dreamed of. For he whistled of Births and Marriages.

O happy Registrar! O happy, happy Registrar! You will never get into those elastic-sides again. Your feet swell as they tap the swelling earth, and at each tap the flowers push, the sap climbs, the speck of life moves in the hedge-sparrow's egg; while far away on the downs, with each tap the yellow van takes bride and groom a foot nearer felicity. It is hard work in worsted socks; for you smite with the vehemence of Pan, and Pan had a hoof of horn.

The Registrar's mother lived in the fishing-village, two miles down the coombe. Her cottage leant back against the cliff so closely that the boys, as they followed the path above, could toss tabs of turf down her chimney: and this was her chief annoyance.

Now it was close on the dinner-hour, and she stood in her kitchen beside a pot of stew that simmered over the wreck-wood fire.

Suddenly a great lump of earth and grass came bouncing down the chimney, striking from side to side, and soused into the pot, scattering the hot stew over the hearth-stone and splashing her from head to foot.

Quick as thought, she caught up a besom and rushed out around the corner of the cottage.

"You stinking young adders!" she began.

A big man stood on the slope above her.

"Mother, cuff my head, that's a dear. I couldn' help doin' it."

It was the elderly Registrar. His hat, collar, tie, and waistcoat were awry; his boots were slung on the walking-stick over his shoulder; stuck in his mouth and lit was a twist of root-fibre, such as country boys use for lack of cigars, and he himself had used forty years before.

The old woman turned to an ash color, leant on her besom, and gasped.

"William Henry!"

"I'm not drunk, mother: been a Band of Hope these dozen years." He stepped down the slope to her and bent his head low. "Box my ears, mother, quick! You used to have a wonderful gift o' cuffin'."

"William Henry, I'm bound to do it or die."

"Then be quick about it."

Half laughing, half sobbing, she caught him a feeble cuff, and next instant held him close to her old breast. The Registrar disengaged himself after a minute, brushed his eyes, straightened his hat, picked up the besom, and offered her his arm. They passed into the cottage together.

THE PAUPERS

From 'The Delectable Duchy.' Copyright 1893, by Macmillan & Co.

I

οὐ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ γε κρεῖσσον καὶ ἄρειον,
ἢ ὅθ' ὁμοφρονέοντε νοήμασιν οἶκον ἔχητον
*ἀνὴρ ἠδὲ γυνή.**

ROUND the skirts of the plantation, and half-way down the hill, there runs a thick fringe of wild cherry-trees. Their white blossom makes, for three weeks in the year, a pretty contrast with the larches and Scotch firs that serrate the long ridge above; and close under their branches runs the line of oak rails that marks off the plantation from the meadow.

A laboring-man came deliberately round the slope, as if following this line of rails. As a matter of fact, he was treading

**"For greater strength and virtue are there none
Than where with single mind a man and wife
Maintain a household."

the little-used footpath that here runs close alongside the fence for fifty yards before diverging down-hill towards the village. So narrow is this path that the man's boots were powdered to a rich gold by the buttercups they had brushed aside.

By-and-by he came to a standstill, looked over the fence, and listened. Up among the larches a faint chopping sound could just be heard, irregular but persistent. The man put a hand to his mouth, and hailed —

"Hi-i-i! Knock off! Stable clock's gone noo-oon!"

Came back no answer. But the chopping ceased at once; and this apparently satisfied the man, who leaned against the rail and waited, chewing a spear of brome-grass, and staring steadily but incuriously at his boots. Two minutes passed without stir or sound in this corner of the land. The human figure was motionless. The birds in the plantation were taking their noonday siesta. A brown butterfly rested with spread wings on the rail — so quietly, he might have been pinned there.

A cracked voice was suddenly lifted a dozen yards off, and within the plantation: —

"Such a man as I be to work! Never heard a note o' that blessed clock, if you'll believe me. Ab-sorbed, I s'pose."

A thin withered man in a smock-frock emerged from among the cherry-trees with a bill-hook in his hand, and stooped to pass under the rail.

"Ewgh! The pains I suffer in that old back of mine you'll never believe, my son, not till the appointed time when you come to suffer 'em yourself'. Well-a-well! Says I just now, up among the larches, 'Heigh, my sonny-boys, I can crow over you, anyways: for I was a man grown when Squire planted ye; and here I be, a lusty gaffer, markin' ye down for destruction.' But hullo! where's the dinner?"

"There bain't none."

"Hey?"

"There bain't none."

"How's that? Damme! William Henry, dinner's dinner, an' don't you joke about it. Once you begin to make fun o' sacred things like meals and vittles —"

"And don't you flare up like that, at your time o' life. We're fashionists to-day: dining out. 'Quarter after nine this morning I was passing by the Green wi' the straw-cart, when old Jan

Trueman calls after me, 'Have 'ee heard the news?' 'What news?' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'me an' my misses be going into the House this afternoon — can't manage to pull along by ourselves any more,' he says; 'an' we wants you an' your father to drop in soon after noon an' take a bite wi' us, for old times' sake. 'Tis our last taste o' free life, and we'm going to do the thing fittywise,' he says."

The old man bent a meditative look on the village roofs below.

"We'll pleasure 'en, of course," he said slowly. "So 'tis come round to Jan's turn? But a' was born in the year of Waterloo victory, ten year' afore me, so I s'pose he've kept his doom off longer than most."

The two set off down the footpath. There is a stile at the foot of the meadow, and as he climbed it painfully, the old man spoke again.

"And his doorway, I reckon, 'll be locked for a little while, an' then opened by strangers; an' his nimble youth be forgot like a flower o' the field; an' fare thee well, Jan Trueman! Maria, too — I can mind her well as a nursing mother — a comely woman in her day. I'd no notion they'd got this in their mind."

"Far as I can gather, they've been minded that way ever since their daughter Jane died, last fall."

From the stile where they stood they could look down into the village street. And old Jan Trueman was plain to see, in clean linen and his Sunday suit, standing in the doorway and welcoming his guests.

"Come ye in — come ye in, good friends," he called, as they approached. "There's cold bekkon, an' cold sheep's liver, an' Dutch cheese, besides bread, an' a thimble-full o' gin-an'-water for every soul among ye, to make it a day of note in the parish."

He looked back over his shoulder into the kitchen. A dozen men and women, all elderly, were already gathered there. They had brought their own chairs. Jan's wife wore her bonnet and shawl, ready to start at a moment's notice. Her luggage in a blue handkerchief lay on the table. As she moved about and supplied her guests, her old lips twitched nervously; but when she spoke it was with no unusual tremor of the voice.

"I wish, friends, I could ha' cooked ye a little something hot; but there'd be no time for the washing-up, an' I've ordained to leave the place tidy."

One of the old women answered:—

"There's naught to be pardoned, I'm sure. Never do I mind such a gay set-off for the journey. For the gin-an'-water is a little addition beyond experience. The vittles, no doubt, you begged up at the Vicarage, sayin' you'd been a peck o' trouble to the family, but this was going to be the last time."

"I did, I did," assented Mr. Trueman.

"But the gin-an'-water—how on airth you contrived it is a riddle!"

The old man rubbed his hands together and looked around with genuine pride.

"There was old Miss Scantlebury," said another guest, a smock-frocked gaffer of seventy, with a grizzled shock of hair. "You remember Miss Scantlebury?"

"O' course, o' course."

"Well, she did it better 'n anybody I've heard tell of. When she fell into redooced circumstances she sold the eight-day clock that was the only thing o' value she had left. Brown o' Tregarrick made it, with a very curious brass dial, whereon he carved a full-rigged ship that rocked like a cradle, an' went down stern foremost when the hour struck. 'Twas worth walking a mile to see. Brown's grandson bought it off Miss Scantlebury for two guineas, he being proud of his grandfather's skill; an' the old lady drove into Tregarrick Work'us behind a pair o' grays wi' the proceeds. Over and above the carriage hire, she'd enough left to adorn the horse wi' white favors an' give the rider a crown, large as my lord. Aye, an' at the Work'us door she said to the fellow, said she, 'All my life I've longed to ride in a bridal chariot; an' though my only lover died of a decline when I was scarce twenty-two, I've done it at last,' said she; 'an' now heaven an' airth can't undo it!'"

A heavy silence followed this anecdote, and then one or two of the women vented small disapproving coughs. The reason was the speaker's loud mention of the Workhouse. A week, a day, a few hours before, its name might have been spoken in Mr. and Mrs. Trueman's presence. But now they had entered its shadow; they were "going"—whether to the dim vale of Avilion, or with chariot and horses of fire to heaven, let nobody

too curiously ask. If Mr. and Mrs. Trueman chose to speak definitely, it was another matter.

Old Jan bore no malice, however, but answered, "That beats me, I own. Yet we shall drive, though it be upon two wheels an' behind a single horse. For Farmer Lear's driving into Tregarrick in an hour's time, an' he've a-promised us a lift."

"But about that gin-an'-water? For real gin-an'-water it is, to sight an' taste."

"Well, friends, I'll tell ye: for the trick may serve one of ye in the days when you come to follow me, tho' the new relieving officer may have learnt wisdom before then. You must know we've been considering of this step for some while; but hearing that old Jacobs was going to retire soon, I says to Maria, 'We'll bide till the new officer comes, and if he's a green hand, we'll diddle 'en.' Day before yesterday, as you know, was his first round at the work; so I goes up an' draws out my ha'af-crown same as usual, an' walks straight off for the Four Lords for a ha'af-crown's worth o' gin. Then back I goes, an' demands an admission order for me an' the missus. 'Why, where's your ha'af-crown?' says he. 'Gone in drink,' says I. 'Old man,' says he, 'you'm a scandal, an' the sooner you're put out o' the way o' drink, the better for you an' your poor wife.' 'Right you are,' I says; an' I got my order. But there, I'm wasting time; for to be sure you've most of ye got kith and kin in the place where we'm going, and 'll be wanting to send 'em a word by us."

It was less than an hour before Farmer Lear pulled up to the door in his red-wheeled spring-cart.

"Now, friends," said Mrs. Trueman, as her ears caught the rattle of the wheels, "I must trouble ye to step outside while I tidy up the floor."

The women offered their help, but she declined it. Alone she put the small kitchen to rights, while they waited outside around the door. Then she stepped out with her bundle, locked the door after her, and slipped the key under an old flower-pot on the window ledge. Her eyes were dry.

"Come along, Jan."

There was a brief hand-shaking, and the paupers climbed up beside Farmer Lear.

"I've made a sort o' little plan in my head," said old Jan at parting, "of the order in which I shall see ye again, one by one.

'Twill be a great amusement to me, friends, to see how the fact fits in wi' my little plan."

The guests raised three feeble cheers as the cart drove away, and hung about for several minutes after it had passed out of sight, gazing along the road as wistfully as more prosperous men look in through church-yard gates at the acres where their kinsfolk lie buried.

II

The first building passed by the westerly road as it descends into Tregarrick is a sombre pile of some eminence, having a gateway and lodge before it, and a high encircling wall. The sun lay warm on its long roof, and the slates flashed gayly there, as Farmer Lear came over the knap of the hill and looked down on it. He withdrew his eyes nervously to glance at the old couple beside him. At the same moment he reined up his dun-colored mare.

"I reckoned," he said timidly, "I reckoned you'd be for stopping hereabouts an' getting down. You'd think it more seemly —that's what I reckoned: an' 'tis down-hill now all the way."

For ten seconds and more neither the man nor the woman gave a sign of having heard him. The spring-cart's oscillatory motion seemed to have entered into their spinal joints; and now that they had come to a halt, their heads continued to wag forward and back as they contemplated the haze of smoke, spread like a blue scarf over the town, and the one long slate roof that rose from it as if to meet them. At length the old woman spoke, and with some viciousness, though her face remained as blank as the Workhouse door.

"The next time I go back up this hill, if ever I do, I'll be carried up feet first."

"Maria," said her husband, feebly reproachful, "you tempt the Lord, that you do."

"Thank 'ee, Farmer Lear," she went on, paying no heed: "you shall help us down, if you've a mind to, an' drive on. We'll make shift to trickly 'way down so far as the gate; for I'd be main vexed if anybody that had known me in life should see us creep in. Come along, Jan."

Farmer Lear alighted, and helped them out carefully. He was a clumsy man, but did his best to handle them gently. When they were set on their feet, side by side on the high-road,

he climbed back, and fell to arranging the reins, while he cast about for something to say.

"Well, folks, I s'pose I must be wishing 'ee good-bye." He meant to speak cheerfully, but over-acted, and was hilarious instead. Recognizing this, he blushed.

"We'll meet in heaven, I daresay," the woman answered. "I put the door-key, as you saw, under the empty geranium-pot 'pon the window-ledge; an' whoever the new tenant's wife may be, she can eat off the floor if she's minded. Now drive along, that's a good soul, and leave us to fend for ourselves."

They watched him out of sight before either stirred. The last decisive step, the step across the Workhouse threshold, must be taken with none to witness. If they could not pass out of their small world by the more reputable mode of dying, they would at least depart with this amount of mystery. They had left the village in Farmer Lear's cart, and Farmer Lear had left them in the high-road; and after that, nothing should be known.

"Shall we be moving on?" Jan asked at length. There was a gate beside the road just there, with a small triangle of green before it, and a granite roller half buried in dock leaves. Without answering, the woman seated herself on this, and pulling a handful of the leaves, dusted her shoes and skirt.

"Maria, you'll take a chill that'll carry you off, sitting 'pon that cold stone."

"I don't care. 'Twon't carry me off afore I get inside, an' I'm going in decent or not at all. Come here, an' let me titti-vate you."

He sat down beside her, and submitted to be dusted.

"You'd as lief lower me as not in their eyes, I verily believe."

"I always was one to gather dust."

"An' a fresh spot o' bacon-fat 'pon your weskit, that I've kept the moths from since goodness knows when!"

Old Jan looked down over his waistcoat. It was of good West-of-England broadcloth, and he had worn it on the day when he married the woman at his side.

"I'm thinking—" he began.

"Hey?"

"I'm thinking I'll find it hard to make friends in—in there. 'Tis such a pity, to my thinking, that by reggilations we'll be parted as soon as we get inside. You've a-got so used to my little ways an' corners, an' we've a-got so many little secrets

together an' old-fash'ned odds an' ends o' knowledge, that you can take my meaning almost afore I start to speak. An' that's a great comfort to a man o' my age. It'll be terrible hard, when I wants to talk, to begin at the beginning every time. There's that old yarn o' mine about Hambly's cow an' the lawn-mowing machine — I doubt that anybody 'll enjoy it so much as you always do; an' I've so got out o' the way o' telling the beginning — which bain't extra funny, though needful to a stranger's understanding the whole joke — that I 'most forgets how it goes."

"We'll see one another now an' then, they tell me. The sexes meet for Chris'mas-trees an' such-like."

"I'm jealous that 'twon't be the same. You can't hold your triflin' confabs with a great Chris'mas-tree blazin' away in your face as important as a town afire."

"Well, I'm going to start along," the old woman decided, getting on her feet; "or else some one 'll be driving by and seeing us."

Jan too stood up.

"We may so well make our congees here," she went on, "as under the porter's nose."

An awkward silence fell between them for a minute; and these two old creatures, who for more than fifty years had felt no constraint in each other's presence, now looked into each other's eyes with a fearful diffidence. Jan cleared his throat, much as if he had to make a public speech.

"Maria," he began in an unnatural voice, "we're bound for to part, and I can trewly swear, on leaving ye, that —"

"— that for twoscore year and twelve it's never entered your head to consider whether I've made 'ee a good wife or a bad. Kiss me, my old man; for I tell 'ee I wouldn' ha' wished it other. An' thank 'ee for trying to make that speech. What did it feel like?"

"Why, 't rather reminded me o' the time when I offered 'ee marriage."

"It reminded me o' that, too. Com'st along."

They tottered down the hill towards the Workhouse gate. When they were but ten yards from it, however, they heard the sound of wheels on the road behind them, and walked bravely past, pretending to have no business at that portal. They had descended a good thirty yards beyond (such haste was put into them by dread of having their purpose guessed) before the

vehicle overtook them,—a four-wheeled dog-cart carrying a commercial traveler, who pulled up and offered them a lift into the town.

They declined.

Then, as soon as he passed out of sight, they turned, and began painfully to climb back towards the gate. Of the two, the woman had shown the less emotion. But all the way her lips were at work, and as she went she was praying a prayer. It was the only one she used night and morning, and she had never changed a word since she learned it as a chit of a child. Down to her seventieth year she had never found it absurd to beseech God to make her "a good girl"; nor did she find it so as the Workhouse gate opened, and she began a new life.

EDGAR QUINET

(1803–1876)

BY HENRY BÉRENGER

EDGAR QUINET belongs to that generation of great romantic French writers who were at the same time men of thought and men of action, poets and philosophers, historians and critics,— who were in a word models of the complete man, such as modern democracies too rarely succeed in creating. The life of Edgar Quinet was as full as his work is varied; but both are stamped with remarkable unity, both are the double and indissoluble expansion of a true and resolute genius, who was never inconsistent in any hour of his existence or in any line of his writings. Quinet is not only a great writer, he is a national character; and the new generations of France recognize, and will recognize for a long time to come, in him as in Lamartine, as in Victor Hugo, as in Michelet, an ancestor to whom they owe what is best in themselves.

EDGAR QUINET

He was born at the beginning of the nineteenth century, February 17th, 1803, on the southeast frontier of France, at Bourg in the Department of Ain. He seems to have had all his life the strong health and perfect equilibrium of body and mind which characterizes the races of the Jura and of Mâcon, and which was equally manifested by Victor Hugo, born at Besançon, and by Lamartine, born at Mâcon. He was descendant of an old bourgeois and parliamentary family. His father, Jérôme Quinet, who was war commissioner under both the Republic and the Empire, was also a scholar to whom we owe an important work on meteorology. His mother was a Protestant, with a mind both resolute and liberal, steadfast and sprightly, imbued with the ideas of the eighteenth century without having lost the religious gravity of her origin. Edgar Quinet evidently owes much to both his father and mother; but she who directed his early education seems to have exercised a profound moral and intellectual influence over him. He

had from the start a healthy, well-endowed nature, uniting the obstinate tenacity of the combatant to an ideal sensibility of the solitary and the poet. Both frank and sagacious, ardent and acute, there were united within him talents apparently the most opposed; and it was this which gave his genius a character at the same time so practical and so mystical, so occupied with reality while soaring toward the ideal.

After earnest studies, irregular enough, at the schools of Charolles and Bourg, then at the lycée of Lyon (1811 to 1817), and after a very fruitful stay in the paternal home at Certines, among majestic and attractive natural scenes, he started for England and Germany. It was there he discovered Herder, toward whom he was drawn in his first youthful musings upon the philosophy of history. His translation in 1825 of Herder's chief work made a great sensation, and rendered him famous. In 1827 he returned to that Germany of which he loved the dreamy and philosophic genius; there he connected himself with the greatest minds of the time, scholars or poets,—Niebuhr, Uhland, Creuzer. In 1829 he left for Greece, from which he brought back his work upon 'La Grèce Moderne,' and above all, profounder views upon the historical evolution of humanity.

The Revolution of 1830, first revival of the democratic spirit in France, thrust Quinet into action. He was a democrat by nature as well as by origin, but he dreamed of a democracy highly intellectual. His activity from 1830 to 1833 was enormous. He published numerous and remarkable political pamphlets; in philosophy and Romance literature he was the precursor of Fauriel and Paris; finally, after a trip to Italy, he published his noble and celebrated poem, 'Ahasvérus,' a work written in prose by a lyric genius of the first order,—a kind of pilgrimage of the human species across the ages, which made a great stir among the choice scholars of all Europe. He married in Germany, and returning to Paris, for six years he distinguished himself as one of the most brilliant controversialists of the French press; and collected his principal articles under the name of 'Allemagne et Italie.' Although he had shown himself almost hostile to the government of King Louis Philippe, and had already proclaimed his republican faith, it was due not less to his character than to his celebrity that he was appointed professor of literature in the Faculty of Letters of Lyons, in 1839. He exercised so potent an influence over intellectual youth that M. Villemain, then minister, had him appointed professor of the Collège de France in 1841. It was then that, together with his friends Michelet and Mickiewicz, he began that eloquent apostolate to the students of Paris, from which resulted two important works: 'Les Révolutions d'Italie' and 'Les Jésuites.' The character of his instruction was so liberal, so

secularizing, and so republican, that in 1846 the government resolved to put an end to it.

From 1847 Quinet entered active politics. He was one of the promoters and one of the founders of the Republic of 1848. Representative of the people in the Constituent Assembly and the Legislative Assembly, colonel of the National Guard in the days of June, he conducted himself like a wise and clear-sighted citizen. He foretold the Coup d'État of 1851, and vainly attempted to oppose the growing Cæsarism. He was exiled by Bonaparte after the Coup d'État, and remained, like Victor Hugo, nineteen years in exile, conscientiously protesting against the violation of law. This period of exile — first at Brussels (1852-1858), where he was married again, this time to the daughter of the poet Assaki; then at Veylaux in Switzerland (1858–1870) — was extremely fruitful for the thinker and the poet. It was then that he published 'Marnix de Saint-Aldegonde' (1856); 'L'Histoire de Mes Idées' (1858); 'Merlin l'Enchanteur' (1860); and above all, the admirable 'Révolution Française' (1865), which is perhaps the finest book ever written upon the subject, even when compared with the works of Thiers, Michelet, and Taine.

After the fall of the Empire, and the disasters of 1870, Edgar Quinet returned to France. Elected deputy from Paris by two hundred thousand votes, he took a seat with Victor Hugo on the extreme left of the Chamber, and continued to vote against all the laws of clerical and monarchical reaction, and in favor of all the secularizing and democratic laws. Before his death in 1876 he was able to foresee the certain realization of his ideas by the generation whose parliamentary guides were Jules Ferry and Léon Gambetta. In 1874 he had published 'L'Esprit Nouveau' in which are solemnly affirmed the principal articles of his social, moral, and intellectual creed.

Edgar Quinet as man and as author appears one of the most complete minds of France. By his poetic intuitions he created and rediscovered mysterious legends, in which are incarnated the spirit of the race; by his critical investigations he analyzed and revived the noblest epochs of modern Europe; by his constructive power of thought, he synthesized the evolutionary philosophy of the new humanity; finally, by his enthusiasm and political tenacity, he offered the noble sight of a citizen superior to the ephemeral passions of party. He lacked only a little more sobriety of style, and a little more precision of thought, to be a genius of the first order. Such as he is, he deserves to remain — what he wished to be and what he was to the youth of his time: the initiator of the new France and of the new humanity.

Henry Bérenger

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS

From 'Italy'

When I reached Naples, Vesuvius was in full eruption. During the day the lava rolled its black streams on the side of the Annunziata and Pompeii. Toward evening the torrents changed into a burning belt tying and untying itself in the darkness. I impatiently awaited the morrow, in order to climb to the edge of the crater in the middle of the night.

At eight in the evening I started from the little town of Torre del Greco. After an hour's walk I arrived at the hermitage. The night was very black. I lighted my torch; the hermit wished me a pleasant journey; I went on my way with my guide, and soon reached the foot of the cone.

At that distance I was too near the volcano to see it; but I heard over my head explosions which the echoes magnified formidably, and a rain of stones rolling in the darkness. From this tempest issued a great sigh, like that of a giant who is stoned. The wind put out my torch. I finished my ascent in total darkness. But just as I reached the summit, an infernal light illumined the sky. Behold the spectacle which I had then before me.

The earth trembled; it was warm to the touch. Through its fissures shone the fiery veins of a hidden furnace. In the midst of the great crater to which I had come, a new cone was forming which seemed all in flames. From the mouth of this gulf was exhaled a vast and long-sustained breath. This sigh, and a profound and regular respiration like that of a forge, rose from the bosom of the oppressed mountain. A terrible detonation followed them. Flaming stones were cast in groups beyond our vision, and rattled down noisily on the edges of the cone. For an instant the steep sides and the interior of the abyss were lighted as in broad day.

Lava was issuing from the ground by openings distant from the crater. It rolled crackling from four mouths. Soon afterward the mountain uttered another giant sigh. Glancing toward the sea at the moment of the explosion, I saw distinctly little boats at anchor.

The mountain trembled still more; but the waves were not affected, and nothing seemed to me more beautiful than the sleep

of the sea, smiling under the unchained volcano. The Bay of Naples resembled thus Ariosto's Angelica under the jaws and outstretched wings of the Chimera.

I sat down upon the trembling ground; nature was seized with a vertigo to which I abandoned myself with delight. The intervals in quick succession of noise and silence, of light and darkness, the calm of the night, the calm not less great of the sea, this mountain shaken by starts,—all these contrary effects were strengthened the one by the other. Without seeking why, I found in this spectacle a host of images applicable to the moral state in which I then was, and which had strongly prevailed since my departure from Rome. I passed the night on the summit. When day appeared, I was able to enjoy at my leisure the view of the famous gulf which lay at my feet. In the distance, the island of Capri, which is shaped like an ancient galley, closed the entrance to the sea. The sun rose from the other side of Pompeii; it hovered some time over the tombs like a funeral torch. This was the signal for a multitude of little barks to leave shore and hoist sail. I heard at that moment the noise of the awakening towns and villages. The vines interlaced in the poplars, like gigantic thyrsi, began to shiver under the sea breeze; an instant later the light sparkled on the ruffled waves; a golden vapor like the dust of stars rose from the horizon; the air became charged with perfumes. All nature seemed intoxicated as in a pagan festival; and as long as the volcano continued agitated, this Christian Campania resembled the Sibyl hesitating on her stand.

In Naples, the city of passions, I observe that the most considerable monuments of art are the tombs. Moreover, these tombs nearly all belong to the epoch of Spanish domination. The dead, upright on their mausoleums, torch or dagger in hand, are sustained by a singular pride: they seem still to rule over the living, who pass lightly with furtive step over the soil below them. The towers of Anjou, bathed by the sea, hold also this captive earth. The palace of Jeanne la Folle, abandoned to the waves which are every day seizing upon it, the beautiful arch of Aragon, are other witnesses of the conquest. All the nations have left the traces of their rule here in a particular architecture. Only the Neapolitans are absent from the monuments of Naples.

This mimic people warms itself in the sun. It alone of all Italy has never belonged to itself. Without a past, it has no

regrets; without a near future, it has no desire. It cries, it gesticulates, it spreads its nets, it runs, it declaims, it muses, it menaces,—and all that at once. Polichinel is its hero.

Yet when a soul chances to awaken from the bosom of this mendicant sybarism, it is exalted in spiritualism or armed with boundless energy. Pythagoras and his school, St. Thomas Aquinas, Vico, Spagnoletto, Salvator Rosa, were strange lazzaroni.

Toward the middle of the day, sailors from Chia, from Sicily, from Malta, seat themselves in a circle on the pier; a sail shades the audience, which impatiently awaits the improvisator. At last he appears; he is dressed in sailor's fustian; in his hand he carries a switch instead of the laurel branch of his ancestors. The eyes of the lazzaroni devour his lips in anticipation of the story he is going to narrate. Sometimes he sings in a hoarse voice a recitative with a plaintive modulation, which mingles with the sighing of the vessels in port; sometimes he descends to spoken prose, according to the nature and the more or less lyric circumstances of his narration. He recounts the deeds of the knight Rinaldo, or those of an unfortunate brigand of Calabria. The noble public doubles its attention; the climax is at hand: but behold, the bells sound the *Ave:* the singer stops short; he makes the sign of the cross with a prayer in the name of the virtuous assembly. Beside him the same Olympian sun which grazes Virgil's tomb, gilds with a last ray the brow of Polichinel sleeping at the corner of his theatre. The sail goes down, the crowd disperses on all sides; one day more has passed over the empire of Masaniello.

Meanwhile the young monk of Camaldules, on the mountain, hears at his feet the murmurs rising from the shore. A thousand images of pagan voluptuousness surround him with a circle of damnation. He goes into his cell and prays; and the breeze bears to him the sighs of Chia and Villa-Reale. He opens his holy breviary, and the demon resuscitated from Greece writes upon it playfully, with the end of his claw, litanies of love. Over him bend magic skies; enchantments fasten to his scapulary; from his chalice he quaffs long draughts of the philtre of inexorable regrets. He is fortunate if old age chills his heart prematurely. Only death can deliver him from these cruel delights.

Ah! above all, let him incase himself in triple haircloth when his eyes meet Posilipo, Capri, and white Nisida: for it is there

that memories are forgotten, and vows falsified; heroic projects, fruitful sorrows, are forgotten under those skies which rain love. A voluptuousness more dangerous than befits human lips escapes continually from the mountains, the lakes, the quivering stars. Impalpable sirens languish under the sleeping waves; he only who has escaped their embraces can count on his thick armor.

When the Romans grew corrupt, they became disgusted with the grandeur and severity of Rome. They sought a nature intoxicated as they were, monstrous as they were. If they had been able to tear Rome from its sad and serious foundations they would have done so. The mixture of voluptuousness and terror they were seeking in the time of Tiberius, of Nero, of Caligula, was found on the promontories of Capri and Miseno. There they came to establish their feasts, and to enjoy in peace, in that pagan nature, the last days of paganism.

The villas of Cæsar on the Gulf of Baiæ were close beside Lake Avernus and Lake Acherus, the Elysian Fields, the entrance to the infernal regions,—as though they wished to redouble the insolence of their festivity by this opposition. This great revel of Roman society a few steps from Acheron was the banquet of the ancient Don Juan at the commander's. Little lakes, adjoining the infernal regions, shone in the depths of extinct craters as in cups of lava; on their margins climbed faded garlands of eglantine, poor blossoms which survived the orgy of the empire.

Christianity, which everywhere in Italy has seized upon pagan ruins to replace them with its chapels or hermitages, has abandoned these, as though despairing of stifling the reviving voluptuousness. I ascended Cape Miseno; the infernal trumpets which from this direction troubled Nero's sleep, no longer sounded; the beach was silent; the empty gulf stretched its gaunt arms out in the shadows. It was late. The sea was phosphorescent, the stars were shining. I swam part of the way from Miseno to Pozzuoli in the midst of ringing bells. The pale light of the moon mingled with the electric light of the waves; they alone still guarded the souvenir of imperial pleasures.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

A NIGHT IN THE ORIENT

From 'Ahasvérus'

CHORUS OF STARS—

The griffin and the ibis have led the tribes through the valleys to the land of their inheritance. And us too,—a guide has led us across the mountains and valleys of the firmament, on the cloud where we must sleep to-night.

The Moon—

The patriarch of Chaldea, sitting before his tent, watches his flocks feeding about him on the slope of the mountain. Feed too my flocks of bounding stars, around my silver tent which I have planted on a spring cloud.

A Star—

Every tribe is sleeping in its marble city; every star in its silver robe. My rays hang scattered from the pillars of Persepolis. Nineveh has battlemented towers where they stoop to the windows. But I like better the walls of Babylon; upon her roofs they noiselessly gather and grow drowsy like snowflakes on the summit of mountains.

Another Star—

Perhaps, my sisters, we are taking the same journey as the tribes of men. Astray like them, I would like to converse with them. Gladly I would send them dreams with my golden beams. I would give my words to the wind; the wind would carry them to the desert flower, the flower to the river, the river would repeat them on its way through the cities.

All—

Yes, that is what we must do.

A Flower of the Syrian Desert—

My head bows under the light of the stars; my chalice swells with dew as a heart is filled with a secret which it longs to repeat. In the night my blossom blushed with spots the color of blood, like the robe of a Levite upon the day of sacrifice; the murmur of the stars descended into my chalice and mingled with my perfume. I carry a secret in my chalice; I have the secret of the universe, which escaped it in dream during the night, and no voice with which to repeat it. Ah! tell me where

is the nearest city. Is it Jerusalem or is it Babylon? Let the passers-by come gather the mystery which burdens my crown and inclines my head.

The Euphrates—

Flower of the desert, bend thy head a little lower over my bed, that I may hear thy murmur better; always bounding from wave to wave, I will carry it to the walls of Babylon: tell me thy secret; I will deposit it on the silvery waves at the foot of the towers of the Chaldeans.

Dwellers of Babylon upon their roofs—

See how the Euphrates sparkles under the willows this evening, like the blade of a poniard fallen from the table of a feast. Its murmurs could not be gentler were it rolling over sacred vessels of gold and silver in the depths of its bed.

A Slave—

Or if a whole nation hanging on its banks had let their tears fall in one by one.

A King—

Or if an empire with the tiaras of its priests, with the robe of its kings, with its glittering gods, had been swallowed up for a thousand years on its gravel bed, like a flower of the waters.

Chorus of Priests—

The light of the night illumines the inscriptions of Semiramis engraved on the rock of the mountain of Assur. Every word shines from here like a sword of fire, which writes on the stone the speech of the firmament. How the lyre answers the lyre, as the voices of the stars, as their mute wills, gleam among us with the voices of nations and echoes which endure a century. The Orient has stretched about it its peoples and empires, as the night has its robe embroidered with stars for the gods to attire themselves in by day. But as yet the universe is only just dawning, and He who has rewarmed it with his breath holds it like a young dove in his hand. While the steps of the God of Gods are visible on the grass of Eden and Cashmere, let us note his traces on the heights of the mountains. Neither the sun nor the hearts of men have yet drunk his breath at this hour. As the Arab rises in the night to lick the dew of the desert before noonday, thus we rise in the first days of the universe to draw

from our urns the thought of Eternity before its spring has dried. Drop by drop it falls from the stars, and from the vault of heaven, and from every leaf of the palm-tree; let us intoxicate ourselves with its liquor as with a resinous wine. O you nations of India, of Chaldea, of Egypt, in turn, take and drink the cup of eternity, which he has left filled in quitting his banquet. Let all the new-born peoples lift to their lips, without delay, the vessel in which the Infinite ferments to the brim. After us, our sphinxes; after them, our idols of granite and bronze. If the universe wavers to our eyes,—if it separates into a thousand different gods, birds with the heads of men, serpents with the bodies of women, crowned unicorns,—let it be as in our feasts when the heart is gorged with Idumean wines, and as each guest seems to see the golden vessels totter, clatter together, and break on the porphyry table. Let us hasten from India even to Araxe: who knows if the time is not coming when the universe after centuries will be like a flower withered and scorched at night by an Arabian sun, and if men's lips will not press in vain the cup where we drink, and which then will have no longer its perfume or eternal beverage?

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THE WANDERING JEW

From 'Ahasvérus'

The Brothers of Ahasuerus—

Ahasuerus, come, enter the house. Latch the door. Are you not afraid of the wind which is blowing, and of the noise in the city?

Ahasuerus—

Go in, little brothers; go to sleep on your mats. I wish to stay on my bench, and watch the crowd pass.

The Brothers—

There it is! Let us escape!

The Crowd [*following Christ, who is carrying the cross*]—

Salutation to the king, to the fine king of Judea! Lead him to the summit of Calvary, that he may see farther—see all his

empire. Has the king of Babylon, or Egypt, or Persia, ever mounted a throne so elevated? The precincts of the city are not good enough for him at present. When our high towers are fallen, when serpents are climbing our stairs instead of us, when the desert is at our table, then he shall return if he wishes, with his crown of thorns, with his torn robe, his bleeding feet, to be the king of our ruin.

Ahasuerus—

They are coming. I can hear their steps. My heart beats in my breast.

The Crowd—

Have they restored to Barabbas his sword, his cloak, his horse, and his quiver full of arrows? Give him in his purse ten demers of shining silver. Dress him in red as a messenger; he shall go through the town to tell the robbers, the weavers, the slaves who turn the mills, "Do you know the news? Your king is awaiting you on the platform of his tower of Golgotha."

Ahasuerus—

The voices of these people intoxicate me like a leathern bottle of the wine of Carmel. Their wrath is surely just.

The Crowd—

Pilate, wise Pilate, hast thou taken thy golden ewer? Again, again, see that spot thou hast not removed. Rome washes her hands,—that innocent virgin, who has held only the spindle in her mother's chamber, does not wish to wear a bloody ring on her finger; but we without delay will follow the steps of our King's son. Truly, is he not greater than David? See, he weeps, and he has neither sword nor sling; his cup-bearers are two robbers. If he wishes to punish us, let him command: perhaps this time he will not send us as far as the willows of Babylon. Must we return, with hands tied behind our backs, to the desert, to Egypt? Let us start; for a long time we have known the way —and a short path to return.

Ahasuerus—

They come—they are there—they pass—they recede; their cries fill the street: if this man was indeed a soothsayer, the wind which blows from the desert would overturn the terraces with the towers. He is an impostor: death to him!

The Crowd—

If he is a Chaldean, magician, he has as servants—in the desert, under the remains of cities—marble unicorns, winged lions, whose manes have been trimmed by spirits with scissors of gold; he has as messengers, sphinxes which repose from their courses at the doors of temples in blocks of rock. Let him tell his griffins to come and escort him;—but the wings of his griffins are too heavy, the sleep of his sphinxes is too profound. Before his enchanted troop of unicorns and winged lions leap about him, before the stone hawks and ibises descend from their obelisks to defend him, behold the vultures of Judea who tomorrow shall take the crown from his head to carry it to their nest in the woods. Oh no, do not pause at thy nest, my vulture of Carmel! mount higher than the roc, higher than the cloud, higher than the star; mount to Jehovah! "Knowest thou what I bear in my beak? O Jehovah! in truth, it is not a bit of Joppa wool, it is not a twig of heather,—it is the crown of thorns of Judea, which I took at Calvary from the head of thy son of Nazareth."

Ahasuerus—

As he advances, his halo shines more brightly than that of an elect prophet: that is one of his enchantments.

Christ—

It is thou, Ahasuerus?

Ahasuerus—

I do not know you.

Christ—

I am thirsty: give me a little water from thy spring.

Ahasuerus—

My well is empty.

Christ—

Take thy cup: thou shalt find it full.

Ahasuerus—

It is broken.

Christ—

Help me to carry my cross by this hard way.

Ahasuerus—

I am not your cross-bearer: call a griffin from the desert.

Christ—

Let me sit down on thy bench, at the door of thy house.

Ahasuerus—

My bench is full: there is no place for any one.

Christ—

And on thy sill?

Ahasuerus—

It is empty, and the door is bolted.

Christ—

Touch it with thy finger, and thou shalt enter to get a stool.

Ahasuerus—

Go your way.

Christ—

If thou desired, thy bench should become a golden stool at the door of my father's house.

Ahasuerus—

Go, blaspheme where you will. Already you are making my vine and fig-tree to wither. Do not lean on the railing of my steps: it would crumble at hearing you speak. You wish to enchant me.

Christ—

I wished to save thee.

Ahasuerus—

Soothsayer, depart from my shadow. Your way is before you. Go, go!

Christ—

Why didst thou say it, Ahasuerus? It is thou who shalt continue to go until the last judgment, during more than a thousand years. Go take thy sandals, and thy garments for travel: everywhere thou passest, they shall call thee "The Wandering Jew." Thou shalt not find a place to sit down, or a mountain spring to quench thy thirst. In my stead thou shalt bear the

burden which I leave on the cross. For thy thirst, thou shalt drink what I leave in my chalice. Others shall take my tunic, thou shalt inherit my eternal sorrow. Hyssop shall sprout from thy traveler's staff, absinth shall come in thy leather bottle, despair shall press thy loins in thy leather belt. Thou shalt be the man who never dies. Thy age shall be mine. To see thee pass, the eagles will perch on the edge of their eyries; the little birds will half hide themselves under the crests of the rocks; the star will stoop from its cloud to hear thy tears falling drop by drop in the abyss. I am going to Golgotha: thou shalt walk from ruin to ruin, from kingdom to kingdom, without ever reaching thy Calvary. Thou shalt break thy staircase under thy feet, and be no longer able to descend. The gate of the city shall say to thee, "Go farther, my bench is occupied;" and the stream where thou wishest to sit shall say, "Go farther, go farther, to the sea: my bank is full of brambles." And the sea too—"Farther, farther: are you not the eternal traveler who goes from nation to nation, from century to century, drinking his tears from his cup, who never sleeps day or night either on silk or on stone, and who cannot return on the path by which he came?" The griffins will sit down, the sphinxes will sleep. Thou shalt have neither seat nor sleep. Thou shalt ask for me from temple to temple without ever meeting me. Thou shalt cry "Where is he?" until the dead show you the way to the last judgment. When thou beholdest me again, my eyes will be flaming, my finger will issue from under my robe to summon thee to the valley of Jehoshaphat.

A Roman Soldier—

Did you hear? While he spoke my sword groaned in its scabbard; my lance sweated blood; my horse wept. I have carried my sword and my lance long enough. As I listened, my heart was consumed in my bosom. Open the door, my wife and little ones, that I may hide in my Calabrian hut.

The Crowd—

Why climb farther to Calvary? What if he were perchance a God in an unknown country, or yet a Son whom the Eternal in his old age has forgotten? Let us go hide in our courts before he can recognize us. Put out the lamps on our tables. Did you see the hand of steel which wrote on the house of Ahasuerus,—The Wandering Jew? Let not this name remain on the stone!

Let him who bears it be the scapegoat of Judea. When he passes, Babylon, Thebes, and the surrounding country shall gather a stone from their ruins to hurl at him. But for us, without ever quitting again our homes and our vines, we will fill our bottles for the Passover, with our wine of Carmel.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST ENVIRONMENT

From 'The Story of My Thoughts'

MY PEACE was especially troubled when I listened to the inner voice which called me to letters; for I distrusted this voice, I regarded it as a tempting demon wishing to deceive me. Or if I yielded to it, I felt my powerlessness almost at once. I saw myself alone, with no guide, no model, whom I wished to follow. Everything hindered. I began in several ways at the same time, and could not tell upon which to decide.

My age, my weakness, my ignorance, my isolation, counted for much in this grievous perplexity. The situation of France also had something to do with it. To understand the exhaustion of a poor mind like mine at this first awakening, one must figure to oneself that none of the traces which have been stamped upon the moral world by our generation were then visible. This generation which was to renew so many ideas, so many opinions, and the language itself, had as yet produced nothing.

Not one of the new ideas, of the new forms, had as yet brilliantly burst forth. None of the new names which we have been accustomed to pronounce for forty years had then emerged from obscurity. Those who were to make them illustrious certainly were distrustful of themselves. Every year I spent several weeks with friends at Ouilly, on the other side of the valley of Saint-Point. Who knew that on the opposite side of the hill there was a great poet named Lamartine, hidden under those trees whose shadow reached even to where I was? Did he himself know it then?

Whichever way I looked, I found a great void on the horizon. I felt this void in poetry, in history, in philosophy, in everything. I suffered from it, because I was incapable of filling it, and I did not know that others were suffering from the same ill. Each

in his own obscurity was working to fill the voids of which I was at least conscious.

In my first fever I attempted all the ways at once. Upon each I met the same aridity, the same sterility, through all the moral world, without any work to indicate what direction to follow, or any man to say authoritatively, "This is the way."

I was then sadly distressed at my own impotence, and I may say at the impotence of my time; since I did not see a guide in whom I could trust, or even a companion upon the way which I both trembled and burned to enter. I had a presentiment of an almost entire renewal of the things of the mind. And as I saw no one working at it, I believed myself alone. This solitude was crushing me just at the moment when so many imperishable works were being silently prepared and secretly brooded over.

Although this suffering often became despair, there was nothing in it resembling spleen, weariness of life, all that brought on the wave of passions toward the end of the last century. It seems to me that it was in many ways the opposite of weariness and satiety. It was rather a blind impatience to live, a feverish expectation, a premature ambition for the future, a kind of intoxication of renascent thought, a frenzied thirst of the soul after the desert of the Empire. All that, joined to a consuming desire to produce, to create, to do something, in the midst of a world still empty.

Those whom I questioned later upon those years told me they experienced something similar.

Each one thought himself alone as I did; each one was musing as in a desert island. The renascent force of the century was stirring them all at once, and they were experiencing the pains of moral growth, piercing to the very bones. How many plaints were then exhaled! How many sincere tears were shed! Nature too laments when about to bring forth.

The generation of which I am speaking did not understand itself as yet; that was why it was groaning: but it was about to do its work. At least the seeds were sown; they were beginning to sprout. France resembled the earth in the first days of March after a long winter. Not a leaf, not a flower. Nothing more than short grass piercing the last snows. The birds have not yet returned; all is silent, but all is in expectation of the new season; the good grain germinates silently in the furrow. The laborer has a sure presentiment that the corn is coming up.

I too in my isolation felt — towards the autumn of 1820, in the midst of the forest of Seillon, on the borders of the ponds, in the company of teal and heron — that profound moral vegetating process which, obscurely, silently, was tormenting French brains from one frontier to the other. And this vegetating process, still hidden, intoxicated me with a mysterious irresistible breath.

I was ignorant of all the names which were about to arise, I loved them in advance. I had a morbid desire to anticipate these minds that I was summoning; I experienced all the impatience of a bird at the moment of migration. Not that I wished to depart for a foreign land. I desired to emigrate toward that new moral world — toward those half-seen ideas which escaped me as I approached them. I rushed forward, I fell back almost at once; I had not wings for so great a flight.

I rose again, however; and the idea which we were all then forming of France furnished me with a great resource against this first oppression. France, after her two downfalls, her two invasions, distressed, pierced to the heart, all bleeding, appeared to us so beautiful, so noble, so proud, in her calamities! Her disgraces did not count: they rendered her a hundred times more touching in our eyes. There was not then in the whole world a single man who did not believe her made for truth, for liberty, for all that honors human-kind. With what filial tenderness we looked at and counted her wounds! Who did not wish to cure them at the price of his life? Who did not wish to carry her as homage his work, his book, his sketch, his mite of ideas; or in default of these, a part of his heart?

France was to be reborn, — I could not doubt it. And what prevented us from aiding this renascence? Why should not I too bring to it my grain of sand? Scarcely had this thought appeared to me than I felt myself transformed. What strength to endure everything! What a spur! At those moments I believed myself to be, and I was in truth, capable of something. I beheld as though it were accomplished what I so fervently desired.

I applied myself again to the work. But alas! At once two minds which I found within me embarrassed me, and prevented me from advancing: that of the eighteenth century which desired to go on living, with which I had been reared, nourished; and that of the nineteenth, which claimed its birth. Which should I obey? which heed? There were indeed two spirits

who took for their battle-ground the soul of every man of that time. I did not want to renounce either the one or the other; and I was too new, too unarmed as yet, to attempt to conciliate them. What then did I do? I yielded now to one, now to the other, at the risk of dissipating myself. This violent combat, which I was incapable of determining, was another cause of anguish and profound grief; it was like the torture of Brunehault.

To direct us in this conflict of the two centuries which were enveloping us at the same time, we had two figures only,—those of Châteaubriand and Madame de Staël. But with them the combat, far from ceasing, recommenced. For they differed from each other as much as can be imagined: the one Catholic, the other Protestant; the one turned toward the Middle Ages, the other toward the uncertain regions of the future. In seeing them so opposed in ideas, in sentiments, even in hopes, one felt more astray, more deserted than ever. The choice between such diverse ways, far from being decided by their example, became practically impossible.

By another contradiction, the language of Châteaubriand was emancipated while his thought did not seem to be. His colors dazzled without enlightening me, and his ideas repelled me. I followed them only with distrust, and scarcely admitted them to my mind. On the contrary, the genius of Madame de Staël was free while her expression seemed enchained. In the confused clearness of her oracles I said to myself, "This is the side for me to advance. Here is the century of life; here are all my expectations." I expected the sunrise; but I saw nothing but a vague twilight, never penetrated by the full light of the new day.

From these two figures, if I gazed upon what were then called the masses, I had uncertainty on one side and complete night on the other. On the latter was no apparent desire, no enthusiasm for other ideas than those they believed themselves to possess: on the contrary, doubt, sneers, mockery, at the least effort to leave the beaten paths; the old names opposed to the new like an invincible barrier; no expectation, no presentiment of something unknown; the language impoverished by silence, weakened, become so timid that all thought frightened it.

If a literary philosophical revolution was in preparation, evidently it was to be accomplished not by the will of the greatest

number, but by the ardor, the daring of a few solitary spirits who would undertake at their own risk and peril to reawaken the drowsy crowd. But who would dare begin? I sought far off, I listened, I cried inwardly, with anguish, "Is there no one, then?"

The astonishment, the incredulity of others, the anxiety of my mother, were my only answer. These sentiments won me in my turn.

Who? I? Write? What madness! Had I well considered? Even if I could, dare I? Did I know even what an author was? Had I ever beheld one with my eyes? To follow the trail of ideas which existed nowhere in the air, to make one's life and occupation of them, to embark one's destiny on this plank,—was it not the vainest, most senseless of enterprises, perhaps even the most culpable, to judge by the dismay of all my friends?

I awoke with a start as from a beautiful dream. All those vivid lights of our generation which had appeared to me suddenly went out. The premature glories of which I had caught sight disappeared one after another. All the hidden movement, developed in a solitary and inexperienced spirit, made way for reality. Of that expectation, of that presentiment, of that fever of hope, there remained a naked, despoiled land, gleams of will-o'-the-wisps on great leaden lakes, and the eternal sighing of our forests.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

QUINTILIAN

(35 ?–95 ? A. D.)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

MARCUS FABIUS QUINTILIANUS, for many years teacher of rhetoric and pleader of causes at Rome, and author of the most exhaustive treatise upon the art of oratory ever written, offers a marked example of that even balance of qualities and mild uniformity of moral and intellectual tint, which render it peculiarly difficult after a lapse of time either to form a vivid idea of a writer's personality, or to receive a pungent impression from his work. Like his friend the epigrammatist, Martial, Quintilian was a native of Spain; and the two men were very nearly of the same age. Quintilian was born at Catagurris, now Calahorra, on the Ebro, about the year 40 A. D. He was educated at Rome, studying first under one Palæmon, a *grammaticus* or grammar-master, of worthless character but great ability, who had been born a slave; later with the noted rhetorician Domitius Afer of Nîmes, who flourished in the reigns of Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. Concerning the latter, Quintilian once told a class of his own pupils a striking anecdote. Domitius greatly resented, in his old age, the fashion which had sprung up of interrupting a speaker by rounds of applause,—"as if," says Pliny junior, who has preserved the incident, "he were an actor, with a hired *claque*." On one occasion, when Domitius was pleading a case before the Centumviri in his usual grave and deliberate manner, his voice was suddenly drowned by an unseemly uproar. He stopped short until the noise had subsided; then resumed, and was again interrupted. When this had happened for the third time, he abruptly concluded his harangue with the remark,—"Centumvirs, our art is dead!"

The father of Quintilian had also some reputation as a public speaker in Rome. Seneca speaks of having once listened to a declamation "by the Old Quintilian"; and the son, in that part of his *magnum opus* which treats of rhetorical ornament, quotes as a specimen of *paronomasia*, or play upon words, a not particularly brilliant pun of his father's on the verbs *immorior* and *immoror*. Quintilian returned to Spain after his studies were finished, and presumably began the practice of his profession there; but went again to Rome

in the train of Galba, the governor of Spain, when the latter was proclaimed Emperor, upon Nero's death. Quintilian was now (68 A. D.) not far from thirty; and for the twenty succeeding years, though Rome changed rulers five times during the interval, he continued to prosper at the capital, as an orator and instructor in rhetoric. The younger Pliny was one of his pupils; Tacitus the historian was probably another. Quintilian had as a client, upon one occasion, that same Queen Berenice who once went, "with great pomp, to hear Paul of Tarsus plead at Cæsarea;" and the Spaniard also enjoyed the privilege of speaking *apud ipsam*,—in the presence of the royal, though no longer youthful, charmer.

The two collections of speeches which once passed under Quintilian's name are now held to be all spurious; but he himself speaks of having been driven, by the nuisance of garbled reports and unauthorized publications, to edit his plea in the case of one Nævius of Arpinum; and he also makes repeated reference, in his main work, to a previous essay on the Decline of Oratory—which has perished. At the age of about fifty, he retired from the practice of his twofold calling, and applied himself to the composition of the treatise by which his name is remembered,—'Institutionis Oratoriæ XII Libri' (Twelve Books concerning the Education of an Orator), commonly known as the 'Institutes.' Thanks to heavy fees and imperial bounty,—for he was granted by Vespasian a handsome salary from the imperial treasury, and was the first rhetorician ever so endowed,—Quintilian was now a rich man, and had lately married a very young wife; probably out of that senatorial family into which one of his beloved and deeply mourned sons was early adopted. Beside a short preface addressed to his bookseller Trypho, and a general introduction, there are separate introductions to eight out of the twelve books of the 'Institutio'; and from them we gather almost all the remaining facts which are to be learned concerning the life of Quintilian. In the proem to the fourth book he tells his friend Marcellus Victor, to whom the whole work is inscribed, that he finds a fresh incentive to care in its composition, in the fact that the Emperor Domitian has appointed him tutor to his grandnephews, the sons of Flavius Clemens and Vespasian's granddaughter Domatilla. These boys had lately been adopted by the potentate, and named for succession to the throne; and Quintilian also received, at the request of their father, the appointment of Honorary Consul. He does not appear to have been particularly a sycophant; but he would have been more than human, and much more than first-century Roman, if he had not gone on to write of his imperial patron in a strain which is a little sickening when compared with what we know, from other sources, of that dull and ruthless tyrant.

In the preface to the sixth book of the 'Institutes' we see Quintilian in a nobler light, and are brought near for a moment to the unspoiled heart of the man. Very simply and affectingly he makes the avowal that he had all but abandoned, at this point, the labor of his life, in the despair occasioned by those crushing domestic breavements which made his latter days desolate. The girl-wife had died at nineteen, after giving birth to two boys: one of whom followed his mother in early infancy; while the other, a remarkably brilliant and promising child, lived to be only nine, and then succumbed to a long illness attended by great suffering, which he bore with the utmost courage and sweetness. "What shall I do?" cries the stricken father, "or what further use can there be in life for one to whom the gods are so hostile? What good parent could forgive me, if I could go calmly on with my studies, after having survived all my own?" Nevertheless, in the end, like Job when similarly afflicted, he "girded up his loins like a man," and "answered" the Power which had bereft him, by renewed devotion to his work; finding there, no doubt, as many another sufferer has done, the best antidote to pain. It has been supposed by some, on the strength of an epistle of Pliny's (Book vi., xxxi.), that Quintilian married again after sixty, and had a daughter who lived to maturity; but this is most unlikely. The Quintilian for whose daughter the Complete Letter-Writer incloses a wedding present of fifty thousand nummi (about $2500) was plainly another man. Pliny does allude in several places to the orator and his valued instructions, but always as though he were already dead; and the probability is that he did not long survive the accession of Trajan.

The contemporaries of Quintilian, even the most caustic of them, have nothing but good to say of the man. Martial decorates him with a honeyed epigram (Book xi., xc.):

> "Quintiliane vagæ moderator summe juventæ
> Gloria Romanæ, Quintiliane togæ."

And even Juvenal, though protesting in his sixth satire, that only through unparalleled good fortune could a teacher of rhetoric ever have become a consul and a large landed proprietor, yet admits, very handsomely for him, that these distinctions were deserved in Quintilian's case; and that he was "fortunate and handsome and clever; fortunate [again!] and wise, high-minded and open-hearted." In his own writings Quintilian shows himself not merely the loving husband and father, but indulgent and sympathetic with all children; and remarkably gentle in his judgments, and temperate in his strictures upon other writers, — even on one whose foibles, personal and literary, were as distasteful to him as those of Seneca. He knew,

so to speak, all that had been written in his day; and his own taste was excellent. He loved the best, and he loved it unaffectedly. Himself the purest Latin prose-writer of the "silver age," his heart was in the "golden age"; and his feeling for Cicero and Virgil, as well as for Homer and the great Greeks, was almost a religion.

The most interesting portions of the 'Institutionis Oratoriæ' are the General Introduction, in which the scheme of the work is unfolded; the first and second books, which are devoted to infantile and primary-school education; the tenth, which enumerates the authors with whom an accomplished speaker should be familiar, and gives brief but often admirable criticisms of their best-known works; the eleventh, which deals with the personal graces an orator ought most to cultivate; and the twelfth, which amplifies the proposition laid down at the outset, that the orator who would achieve success must be essentially a good man. We note the fact that Quintilian, like the ancients generally, conceives of human knowledge as one organic whole, each of whose parts has a vital and necessary dependence upon all the rest. In Cicero's time, he says, it was taken for granted that a great orator would also be a cultivated and conscientious man: but now Quintilian has to deplore what he rather affectedly calls "a most inartistic division of the great art"; insomuch that the mere *causidicus*, who will talk upon any side for pay, is considered as much an orator as he who gives eloquent expression to his own convictions.

When he comes to treat of elementary instruction, Quintilian starts with the cheerful assumption that the vast majority of children are naturally clever and capable. A dull mind he thinks as rare among them as a deformed body. He would have the future orator's training begin in the cradle; and insists that the nurse to whose charge he is committed for his first three years should be a woman of some instruction, and especially of refined speech, else he will never articulate properly. Our author observes, at this point, that it might be well for the infant also to have had a highly educated father, and a mother as able as the celebrated Cornelia, and the daughters of Lælius the wise. But he seems to admit that this is rather a plupefect requirement, not easy to be met after the child is an accomplished fact. Let him have, at all events, an ivory alphabet among his playthings; for Quintilian thinks, though he does not clearly say why, that it is better to know the form of the letters by sight, before one learns the sound of them by the ear. He would have the little one taught to speak Greek first; yet not to use it so exclusively as to affect his pronunciation of Latin. He scouts the apparently favorite idea that regular study should not begin before the age of seven. A child, he says, is expected to have learned good manners before he leaves his nurse's hands at three; and why not a little book knowledge

as well? Nevertheless, he is always for a mild, encouraging, indulgent system. Let the child engage in little contests of skill with his elders; *and be allowed to suppose*, he naïvely adds, that he has won the victory.

Quintilian is totally opposed, however, to the idea of private or home instruction for a boy, after his tenderest years are past. Let him be sent early to school. It is all-important that one who is to live and strive with men, especially one who aspires to influence them by his persuasive power, should learn betimes to fight his way and find his level among his kind. Quintilian does not blink the danger that a boy will have his morals corrupted at school, but he thinks it less than that of being permanently enervated by the senseless luxury of a wealthy Roman home. "What will he not expect in after years," he says, "who has *crept upon purple?*" Yet that the little one may have all reasonable defense against the perils of the street and the playground, Quintilian would have the *pædagogus*, or slave who was told off to help the pupil prepare his lessons and attend him to his class, as rare a being in his way, as the ideal *bonne*. The requirements appear excessive; and one wonders how the supply of these highly accomplished attendants can have borne any proportion to the demand, until one remembers the multitude of cultured captives of both sexes, and fugitives from conquered Greek cities, who were then to be had in Rome almost for the asking.

To commit to memory and recite, under careful correction, passages from the best writers, Quintilian considers an indispensable exercise in early youth. Tragedy is in the main good reading for boys. The lyric poetry of Horace (he never so much as names Catullus) will not hurt them if carefully expurgated. Elegy, and sentimental verse generally, he thinks very bad for them; comedy, useful in the way of widening their knowledge of men and things. The archaic Latin authors are healthful, "though most of them are stronger in genius than in art."

When the child has learned of his primary teachers to "read, write, and cipher," and but little more, Quintilian would have him placed in a rhetorical school at an earlier age than is usually thought desirable. Here he would have him learn both music and geometry; using the words in their comprehensive Greek sense,—the former to include the whole range of the liberal arts; the latter, every branch of what then passed for physical science. Quintilian makes very light of the fear that the powers of a growing lad will be too heavily taxed by this extensive curriculum. Overstudy, in fairly vigorous youth, seems to him almost an impossibility. At no period of life, he truly says, is there so little suffering from fatigue; at none are impressions received and facts and precepts acquired so easily.

But all this broad and varied culture is only preliminary to the special training which will be needful for the finished orator. That part of the 'Institutio' (Books iv. to ix. inclusive) which treats of the subject-matter and proper arrangement of a speech, and of elocution, gestures, and the outward graces of oratory, is excessively technical and minute; and Quintilian, with habitual humility before his idol, almost apologizes in his last book for having ventured so far beyond the bound observed by Cicero in his more popular essay 'De Oratore.' Of the maxims laid down in this main body of the work, some are now entirely obsolete; while others perhaps only appear trivial because they have so long been accepted without question. Quintilian writes always with the same good sense, good temper, and carefully chosen language; in a style which is as like Cicero's as reverent imitation can make it. But then Cicero has a dozen styles — ranging all the way from the closest argumentation to the lightest chaff — and Quintilian has only one. He abounds in figures and illustrations; but these disappoint the reader a little by being taken so much more from other authors than from daily life and personal experience, whereby they shed little light upon Roman scenes and the manners of the time. Vivid pictures caught in passing, like that of the patrician baby upon its purple rug, and the "smooth-faced" dandy, with "hair fresh from the curling-tongs, and an unnaturally brilliant complexion," are extremely rare in Quintilian. Now and then, however, he estimates a talent, or sums up a reputation, in a few strong and very apt words: as where he says that if Julius Cæsar had chosen to devote himself wholly to the forum he could have had no rival except Cicero, and that he spoke with the same fire with which he fought; and of Cicero's friend Cælius, that he had much ability and a pleasant wit, and was "a man worthy to have had better thoughts and a longer life."

After the series of literary appreciations (Book x.), which the historian Gibbon said he had read many times, and never without both pleasure and profit, Quintilian returns, at the end of his treatise, to the moral qualifications of the perfect orator; and argues with much cogency and skill for the original proposition, that a great speaker must needs be a good man. When he descends to particulars under this head, it becomes evident that his standards were not always those which are held in our own time to be the highest. He thinks that one may sometimes tell a lie, or even excuse a vice, to promote a virtuous object; and he quite approves of endeavoring ingeniously to divert the attention of a judge from inconvenient aspects of the truth. He is an impenitent utilitarian, yet a high-minded one; and the sophisms which he gravely permits are mostly of the kind which are more apt, even now, to be condemned in theory than scrupulously avoided in forensic and parliamentary practice.

The resurrection of the 'Institutes' at the Renaissance was due to the ardent researches of the humanist, Gian Francesco Poggio Bracciolini, in the convent library of St. Gall. He copied the whole of the MS. with his own hand, and that copy is still preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence. The only complete and trustworthy English translation of his works is that of the Rev. John Selby Watson, head-master of Stockwell Grammar School (included in Bohn's Classical Library), from which the following quotations have been made.

Harriet Waters Preston

ON THE OBJECT AND SCOPE OF THE WORK

From the 'Institutes'

WE ARE to form, then, the perfect orator, who cannot exist unless as a good man; and we require in him, therefore, not only consummate ability in speaking, but every excellence of mind. For I cannot admit that the principles of moral and honorable conduct are, as some have thought, to be left to the philosophers; since the man who can duly sustain his character as a citizen, who is qualified for the management of public and private affairs, and who can govern communities by his counsels, settle them by means of laws, and improve them by judicial enactments, can certainly be nothing else but an orator. Although I acknowledge, therefore, that I shall adopt some precepts which are contained in the writings of the philosophers, yet I shall maintain, with justice and truth, that they belong to my subject, and have a peculiar relation to the art of oratory. If we have constantly occasion to discourse of justice, fortitude, temperance, and other similar topics, so that a cause can scarce be found in which some such discussion does not occur; and if all such subjects are to be illustrated by invention and elocution, can it be doubted that wherever power of intellect and copiousness of language are required, the art of the orator is to be there pre-eminently exerted? These two accomplishments, as Cicero very plainly proves, were, as they are joined by nature, so also united in practice, so that the same persons were thought at once wise and eloquent. Subsequently the study divided itself, and through want of art it came to pass that the arts were considered to be diverse: for as soon as the tongue became an

instrument of gain, and it was made a practice to abuse the gifts of eloquence, those who were esteemed as eloquent abandoned the care of morals; which, when thus neglected, became as it were the prize of the less robust intellects. Some, disliking the toil of cultivating eloquence, afterwards returned to the discipline of the mind and the establishment of rules of life, retaining to themselves the better part, if it could be divided into two: but assuming at the same time the most presumptuous of titles, so as to be called the only cultivators of wisdom,—a distinction which neither the most eminent commanders, nor men who were engaged with the utmost distinction in the direction of the greatest affairs and in the management of whole commonwealths, ever ventured to claim for themselves; for they preferred rather to practice excellence of conduct than to profess it. That many of the ancient professors of wisdom, indeed, both delivered virtuous precepts, and even lived as they directed others to live, I will readily admit; but in our own times the greatest vices have been hid under this name in many of the professors: for they did not strive, by virtue and study, to be esteemed philosophers; but adopted a peculiarity of look, austerity of demeanor, and a dress different from that of other men, as cloaks for the vilest immoralities.

But those topics which are claimed as peculiar to philosophy, we all everywhere discuss; for what person (if he be not an utterly corrupt character) does not sometimes speak of justice, equity, and goodness? who, even among rustics, does not make some inquiries about the causes of the operations of nature? As to the proper use and distinction of words, it ought to be common to all who make their language at all an object of care.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON THE EARLY PRACTICE OF COMPOSITION

From the 'Institutes'

FROM boys perfection of style can neither be required nor expected; but the fertile genius, fond of noble efforts, and conceiving at times a more than reasonable degree of ardor, is greatly to be preferred. Nor, if there be something of exuberance in a pupil of that age, would it at all displease me.

I would even have it an object with teachers themselves to nourish minds that are still tender with more indulgence, and to allow them to be satiated, as it were, with the milk of more liberal studies. The body which mature age may afterwards nerve, may for a time be somewhat plumper than seems desirable,—hence there is hope of strength; while a child that has the outline of all his limbs exact commonly portends weakness in subsequent years. Let that age be daring; invent much, and delight in what it invents, though it be often not sufficiently severe and correct. The remedy for exuberance is easy: barrenness is incurable by any labor. That temper in boys will afford me little hope, in which mental effort is prematurely restrained by judgment. I like what is produced to be extremely copious, profuse even beyond the limits of propriety. Years will greatly reduce superfluity; judgment will smooth away much of it; something will be worn off, as it were, by use, if there be but metal from which something may be hewn and polished off,—and such metal there will be if we do not make the plate too thin at first, so that deep cutting may break it. That I hold such opinions concerning this age, he will be less likely to wonder who shall have read what Cicero says: "I wish fecundity in a young man to give itself full scope."

Above all, therefore, and especially for boys, *a dry master* is to be avoided, not less than a dry soil, void of all moisture, for plants that are still tender. Under the influence of such a tutor they at once become dwarfish; looking, as it were, towards the ground, and daring to aspire to nothing above every-day talk. To them leanness is in place of health, and weakness instead of judgment; and while they think it sufficient to be free from fault, they fall into the fault of being free from all merit. Let not even maturity itself, therefore, come too fast; let not the must, while yet in the vat, become mellow; for so it will bear years, and be improved by age.

Nor is it improper for me, moreover, to offer this admonition: that the powers of boys sometimes sink under too great severity in correction; for they despond, and grieve, and at last hate their work,—and what is most prejudicial, while they fear everything they cease to attempt anything. There is a similar conviction in the minds of the cultivators of trees in the country, who think that the knife must not be applied to tender shoots, as they appear to shrink from the steel, and to be unable as yet

to bear an incision. A teacher ought therefore to be as agreeable as possible, that remedies which are rough in their own nature may be rendered soothing by gentleness of hand: he ought to praise some parts of his pupils' performances, to tolerate some, and to alter others, giving his reasons why the alterations are made; and also to make some passages clearer by adding something of his own. It will be of service at times, also, for the master to dictate whole subjects himself, which the pupil may imitate and admire for the present as his own. But if a boy's composition were so faulty as not to admit of correction, I have found him benefited whenever I told him to write on the same subject again, after it had received fresh treatment from me, observing that "he could do still better"; since study is cheered by nothing more than hope. Different ages, however, are to be corrected in different ways; and work is to be required and amended according to the degree of the pupil's abilities. I used to say to boys when they attempted anything extravagant or verbose, that "I was satisfied with it for the present; but that a time would come when I should not allow them to produce compositions of such a character." Thus they were satisfied with their abilities, and yet not led to form a wrong judgment.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON NATURE AND ART IN ORATORY

From the 'Institutes'

I AM aware that it is also a question whether *nature* or *learning* contributes most to oratory. This inquiry, however, has no concern with the subject of my work, for a perfect orator can be formed only with the aid of both; but I think it of great importance how far we consider that there is a question on the point. If you suppose either to be independent of the other, nature will be able to do much without learning, but learning will be of no avail without the assistance of nature. But if they be united in equal parts, I shall be inclined to think that when both are but moderate, the influence of nature is nevertheless the greater; but finished orators, I consider, owe more to learning than to nature. Thus the best husbandman cannot improve soil of no fertility, while from fertile ground something good will be

produced even without the aid of the husbandman; yet if the husbandman bestows his labor on rich land, he will produce more effect than the goodness of the soil of itself. Had Praxiteles attempted to hew a statue out of a millstone, I should have preferred to it an unhewn block of Parian marble; but if that statuary had fashioned the marble, more value would have accrued to it from his workmanship than was in the marble itself. In a word, nature is the material for learning; the one forms and the other is formed. Art can do nothing without material; material has its value even independent of art: but perfection of art is of more consequence than perfection of material.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON EMBELLISHMENTS OF STYLE

From the 'Institutes'

I COME now to the subject of *embellishment;* in which doubtless, more than in any other department of oratory, the speaker is apt to give play to his fancy. For the praise of such as speak merely with correctness and perspicuity is but small; since they are thought rather to have avoided faults than to have attained any great excellence. *Invention* of matter is often common to the orator and to the illiterate alike; *arrangement* may be considered to require but moderate learning, and whatever high arts are used, are generally concealed, or they would cease to deserve the name of art: and all these qualities are directed to the *support* of causes alone. But by polish and embellishment of style, the orator recommends himself to his auditors in his proper character; in his other efforts he courts the approbation of the learned, in this the applause of the multitude. Cicero, in pleading the cause of Cornelius, fought with arms that were not only stout, but dazzling; nor would he merely by instructing the judge, or by speaking to the purpose and in pure Latin and with perspicuity, have caused the Roman people to testify their admiration of him not only by acclamations, but even tumults of applause. It was the sublimity, magnificence, splendor, and dignity of his eloquence, which drew forth that thunder of approbation. No such extraordinary commendation would have attended on the speaker if his speech had been of an every-day character,

and similar to ordinary speeches. I even believe that his audience were insensible of what they were doing; and that they gave their applause neither voluntarily nor with any exercise of judgment, but that, being carried away by enthusiasm, and unconscious of the place in which they stood, they burst forth instinctively into such transports of delight.

But this grace of style may contribute in no small degree to the success of a cause, for those who listen with pleasure are both more attentive and more ready to believe: they are very frequently captivated with pleasure, and sometimes hurried away in admiration. Thus the glitter of a sword strikes something of terror into the eyes; and thunder-storms themselves would not alarm us so much as they do if it were their force only, and not also their flame, that was dreaded. Cicero, accordingly, in one of his letters to Brutus, makes with good reason the following remark: "That eloquence which excites no admiration, I account as nothing." Aristotle also thinks that to excite admiration should be one of our greatest objects.

But let the embellishment of our style (for I will repeat what I said) be manly, noble, and chaste; let it not affect effeminate delicacy, or a complexion counterfeited by paint, but let it glow with genuine health and vigor. Such is the justice of this rule, that though, in ornament, vices closely border on virtues, yet those who adopt what is vicious disguise it with the name of some virtue. Let no one of those, therefore, who indulge in a vicious style, say that I am an enemy to those who speak with good taste. I do not deny that judicious embellishment is an excellence, but I do not allow that excellence to them. Should I think a piece of land better cultivated, in which the owner should show me lilies, and violets, and anemones, and fountains playing, than one in which there is a plentiful harvest, or vines laden with grapes? Should I prefer barren plane-trees, or clipped myrtles, to elms embraced with vines, and fruitful olive-trees? The rich may have such unproductive gratifications; but what would they be if they had nothing else?

Shall not beauty, then, it may be asked, be regarded in the planting of fruit-trees? Undoubtedly: I would arrange my trees in a certain order, and observe regular intervals between them. What is more beautiful than the well-known quincunx, which, in whatever direction you view it, presents straight lines? But a regular arrangement of trees is of advantage to their growth, as

each of them then attracts an equal portion of the juices of the soil. The tops of my olive, that rise too high, I shall lop off with my knife; it will spread itself more gracefully in a round form, and will at the same time produce fruit from more branches. The horse that has thin flanks is thought handsomer than one of a different shape, and is also more swift. The athlete, whose muscles have been developed by exercise, is pleasing to the sight, and is so much the better prepared for the combat. True beauty is never separate from utility. But to perceive this requires but a moderate portion of sagacity.

What is of more importance to be observed, is, that the graceful dress of our thoughts is still more becoming when varied with the nature of the subject. Recurring to our first division, we may remark that the same kind of embellishment will not be alike suitable for *demonstrative*, *deliberative*, and *judicial* topics. The first of these three kinds, adapted only for display, has no object but the pleasure of the audience; and it accordingly discloses all the resources of art, and all the pomp of language: it is not intended to steal into the mind, or to secure a victory, but strives only to gain applause and honor. Whatever, therefore, may be attractive in conception, elegant in expression, pleasing in figures, rich in metaphor, or polished in composition, the orator — like a dealer in eloquence, as it were — will lay before his audience for them to inspect, and almost to handle; for his success entirely concerns his reputation, and not his cause. But when a serious affair is in question, and there is a contest in real earnest, anxiety for mere applause should be an orator's last concern. Indeed, no speaker should be very solicitous about his words where important interests are involved. I do not mean to say that no ornaments of dress should be bestowed on such subjects, but that they should be as it were more close-fitting and severe, and thus display themselves less; and they should be, above all, well adapted to the subject. In deliberations the Senate expects something more elevated, the people something more spirited; and in judicial pleadings, public and capital causes require a more exact style than ordinary: but as for private causes, and disputes about small sums, which are of frequent occurrence, — simple language, the very reverse of that which is studied, will be far more suitable for them. Would not a speaker be ashamed to seek the recovery of a petty loan in elaborate periods? or to display violent feeling in speaking

of a gutter? Or to perspire over a suit about taking back a slave?

But let us pursue our subject; and as the embellishment, as well as the perspicuity of language, depends either on the choice of single words, or on the combination of several together, let us consider what care they require separately, and what in conjunction. Though it has been justly said that perspicuity is better promoted by *proper* words, and embellishment by such as are *metaphorical*, we should feel certain, at the same time, that whatever is *improper* cannot *embellish*. But as several words often signify the same thing (and are called synonyms), some of those words will be more becoming, or sublime, or elegant, or pleasing, or of better sound, than others; for as syllables formed of the better sounding letters are clearer, so words formed of such syllables are more melodious; and the fuller the sound of a word, the more agreeable it is to the ear; and what the junction of syllables effects, the junction of words effects also, proving that some words sound better in combination than others.

But words are to be variously used. To subjects of a repulsive character, words that are harsh in sound are the more suitable. In general, however, the best words, considered singly, are such as have the fullest or most agreeable sound. Elegant, too, are always to be preferred to coarse words; and for mean ones there is no place in polished style. Such as are of a striking or elevated character are to be estimated according to their suitableness to our subject. That which appears sublime on one occasion, may seem tumid on another; and what appears mean when applied to a lofty subject, may adapt itself excellently to one of an inferior nature. In an elevated style a low word is noticeable and indeed a blemish; and in like manner a grand or splendid word is unsuited to a plain style, and is in bad taste, as being like a tumor on a smooth surface.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON THE HANDLING OF WITNESSES IN COURT

From the 'Institutes'

SINCE, then, there are two sorts of witnesses, those who appear voluntarily and those whom the judge summons according to law, . . . let us distinguish the duty of the pleader who produces witnesses from that of him who refutes their testimony.

He that produces a *voluntary* witness may know what he has to say, and consequently appears to have the easier task in examining him. But even this undertaking requires penetration and watchfulness: and we must be cautious that the witness may not appear timid, or inconsistent, or foolish; for witnesses may be confused or caught in snares by the advocates on the opposite side, and when they are once caught, they do more harm than they would have done service if they had been firm and resolute. They should therefore be well exercised before they are brought into court, and tried with various interrogatories such as are likely to be put by an advocate on the other side. By this means they will either be consistent in their statements, or if they stumble at all, will be set upon their feet again, as it were, by some opportune question from him by whom they were brought forward. But even in regard to those who are consistent in their evidence, we must be on our guard against treachery; for they are often thrown in our way by the opposite party, and after promising everything favorable, give answers of a contrary character, and have the more weight against us when they do not refute what is to our prejudice, but confess the truth of it. We must inquire, therefore, what motives they appear to have for declaring against our adversary: nor is it sufficient to know that they *were* his enemies,—we must ascertain whether they have ceased to be so; whether they may not seek reconciliation with him at our expense; whether they have been bribed; or whether they may not have changed their purpose from penitential feelings,—precautions not only necessary in regard to witnesses who know that which they intend to say is true, but far more necessary in respect to those who promise to say what is false. For they are more likely to repent, and their promises are more to be suspected; and even if they keep to their word, it is much more easy to refute them.

Of witnesses who are *summoned* to give evidence, some are willing to hurt the accused party, and some unwilling; and the accuser sometimes knows their inclination, and is sometimes ignorant of it. Let us suppose for the moment that he knows it; yet in either case, there is need of the greatest circumspection on the part of him who examines them. If he find a witness disposed to prejudice the accused, he ought to take the utmost care that his disposition may not show itself; and he should not question him at once on the point for decision, but proceed to it circuitously, so that what the examiner chiefly wants him to say

may appear to be wrung from him. Nor should he press him with too many interrogatories, lest the witness, by replying freely to everything, should invalidate his own credit; but he should draw from him only so much as it may seem reasonable to elicit from one witness. But in the case of one who will not speak the truth unless against his will, the great happiness in an examiner is, to extort from him what he does not wish to say; and this cannot be done otherwise than by questions that seem wide of the matter in hand: for to these he will give such answers as he thinks will not hurt his party; and then, from various particulars which he may confess, he will be reduced to the inability of denying what he does not wish to acknowledge. For, as in a set speech we commonly collect detached arguments, which taken singly seem to bear but lightly on the accused, but by the combination of which we succeed in proving the charge,—so a witness of this kind must be questioned on many points regarding antecedent and subsequent circumstances, and concerning places, times, persons, and other subjects: so that he may be brought to give some answer; after which he must either acknowledge what we wish, or contradict what he himself has said. If we do not succeed in that object, it will be manifest that he is unwilling to speak; and he must be led on to other matters, that he may be caught tripping, if possible, on some point, though it be unconnected with the cause. He may also be detained an extraordinary time, that by saying everything, and more than the case requires, in favor of the accused, he may make himself suspected by the judge; and he will thus do no less damage to the accused than if he had stated the truth against him. But if (as we supposed in the second place) the accuser be ignorant of the witness's disposition, he must sound his inclination cautiously; interrogating him, as we say, step by step, and leading him gradually to the answer which is necessary to be elicited from him. But as there is sometimes such art in witnesses, that they answer at first according to an examiner's wish, in order to gain greater credit when they afterwards speak in a different way, it is wise in an orator to dismiss a suspected witness before he does any harm.

For advocates that appear on behalf of defendants, the examination of witnesses is in one respect *more easy*, and in another *more difficult*, than for those who are on the side of the prosecutor. It is *more difficult* on this account,—that they can seldom or never know, before the trial, what the witness is going to say;

and it is *more easy*, inasmuch as they know, when he comes to be questioned, what he has said. Under the uncertainty, therefore, which there is in the matter, great caution and inquisition is necessary to ascertain what sort of character he is that prosecutes the defendant; what feeling he entertains against him; and from what motives: and all such matters are to be exposed and set aside in our pleading, whether we would have the witnesses appear to have been instigated by hatred, or by envy, or by desire of favor, or by money. If the opposite party too produce but few witnesses, we may reflect on their *small number;* if they are extraordinarily numerous, we may insinuate that they are *in conspiracy;* if they are of humble rank, we may speak with contempt of their *meanness;* if persons of consequence, we may deprecate their *influence.* It will be of most effect, however, to expose the motives on which the witnesses speak against the defendant, which may be various, according to the nature of causes and the parties engaged in them; for to such representations as I have just mentioned, the opposite party can answer with commonplace arguments: as, when the witnesses are few and humble, the prosecutor can boast of his simple honesty, in having sought for none but such as were acquainted with the case in hand; while to commend a large number, or persons of consideration, is a somewhat easier task. But occasionally, as we have to commend witnesses, so we have to decry them. . . . As to what we should say against the witnesses respectively, it can only be drawn from their individual characters.

The manner of questioning witnesses remains to be considered. In this part of our duty, the principal point is to know the witness well: for if he is timid, he may be frightened; if foolish, misled; if irascible, provoked; if vain, flattered; if prolix, drawn from the point. If, on the contrary, a witness is sensible and self-possessed, he may be hastily dismissed as malicious and obstinate; or he may be confuted, not with formal questioning, but with a short address from the defendant's advocate; or he may be put out of countenance, if opportunity offer, by a jest; or if anything can be said against his moral character, his credit may be overthrown by infamous charges. It has been advantageous, on certain occasions, not to press too severely on men of probity and modesty; for those who would have fought against a determined assailant are softened by gentle treatment.

Translation in Bohn Library.

ON ANCIENT AUTHORS

Homer

As Aratus, then, thinks that "we ought to begin with Jupiter," so I think that I shall very properly commence with Homer; for, as he says that "the might of rivers and the courses of springs take their rise from the ocean," so has he himself given a model and an origin for every species of eloquence. No man has excelled him in sublimity on great subjects, no man in propriety on small ones. He is at once copious and concise, pleasing and forcible; admirable at one time for exuberance, and at another for brevity; eminent not only for poetic, but for oratorical excellence. To say nothing of his laudatory, exhortatory, and consolatory speeches, does not the ninth book of the Iliad, in which the deputation sent to Achilles is comprised, or the contention between the chiefs in the first book, or the opinions delivered in the second, display all the arts of legal pleadings and of councils? As to the feelings, as well the gentle as the more impetuous, there is no one so unlearned as not to acknowledge that he had them wholly under his control. Has he not at the commencement of both his works—I will not say observed, but established, the laws of oratorical exordia? for he renders his reader *well affected* towards him by an invocation of the goddesses who have been supposed to preside over poets; he makes him *attentive* by setting forth the grandeur of his subjects, and *desirous of information* by giving a brief and comprehensive view of them. Who can state facts more concisely than he who relates the death of Patroclus, or more forcibly than he who describes the combat of the Curetes and Ætolians? As to similes, amplifications, illustrations, digressions, indications, and proofs of things, and all other modes of establishment and refutation, examples of them are so numerous in him that nearly all those who have written on the rules of rhetoric produce from him illustrations of their precepts. What peroration of a speech will ever be thought equal to the entreaties of Priam beseeching Achilles for the body of his son? Does he not indeed, in words, thoughts, figures, and the arrangement of his whole work, exceed the ordinary bounds of human genius? So much indeed that it requires a great man even to follow his excellences, not with rivalry (for rivalry is impossible) but with a just conception of them.

Virgil and Other Roman Poets

Accordingly, as Homer among the Greeks, so Virgil among our own countrymen, presents the most auspicious beginning;—an author who of all poets of that class, Greek or Roman, doubtless approaches nearest to Homer. I will here repeat the very words which when I was a young man I heard from Domitius Afer, who, when I asked him what poet he thought came nearest to Homer, replied, "Virgil is second to him, but nearer the first than the third. Indeed, though we must give place to the divine and immortal genius of Homer, yet in Virgil there is more care and exactness, for the very reason that he was obliged to take more pains; and for what we lose in the higher qualities we perhaps compensate in equability of excellence."

All our other poets will follow at a great distance. Macer and Lucretius should be read indeed, but not in order to form such a style as constitutes the fabric of eloquence: each is an elegant writer on his own subject, but the one is tame and the other difficult. Varro Atacinus, in those writings in which he has gained a name as the interpreter of another man's work, is not indeed to be despised, but is not rich enough in diction to increase the power of an orator. Ennius we may venerate, as we venerate groves sacred from their antiquity; groves in which gigantic and aged oaks affect us not so much by their beauty as by the religious awe with which they inspire us.

There are other poets nearer to our own times, and better suited to promote the object of which we are speaking. Ovid allows his imagination to wanton, even in his heroic verse, and is too much a lover of his own conceits; but deserves praise in certain passages. Cornelius Severus, though a better versifier than poet, yet if he had finished his 'Sicilian War,' as has been observed, in the manner of his first book, would justly have claimed the second place in epic poetry. But an immature death prevented his powers from being brought to perfection; yet his youthful compositions display very great ability, and a devotion to a judicious mode of writing which was wonderful, especially at such an age.

Historians and Orators

In history, however, I cannot allow superiority to the Greeks: I should neither fear to match Sallust against Thucydides, nor should Herodotus feel indignant if Livy is thought equal to him,—an author of wonderful agreeableness and remarkable perspicuity in his narrative, and eloquent beyond expression in his speeches, so admirably is all that is said in his pages adapted to particular circumstances and characters; and as to the feelings (especially those of the softer kind), no historian, to speak but with mere justice, has succeeded better in describing them. Hence, by his varied excellences, he has equaled in merit the immortal rapidity of Sallust: for Servilius Nonianus seems to me to have remarked with great happiness that they were rather equal than like,—a writer to whom I have listened while he was reading his own histories; he was a man of great ability, and wrote in a sententious style, but with less conciseness than the dignity of history demands. That dignity Bassus Aufidius, who had rather the precedence of him in time, supported with admirable effect, at least in his books on the German war; in his own style of composition he is everywhere deserving of praise, but falls in some parts below his own powers. . . .

But our *orators* may, above all, set the Latin eloquence on an equality with that of Greece; for I would confidently match Cicero against any one of the Greek orators. Nor am I unaware how great an opposition I am raising against myself, especially when it is no part of my design at present to compare him with Demosthenes; for it is not at all necessary, since I think that Demosthenes ought to be read above all other orators, or rather learned by heart. Of their great excellences I consider that most are similar; their method, their order of partition, their manner of preparing the minds of their audience, their mode of proof, and in a word, everything that depends on invention. In their style of speaking there is some difference: Demosthenes is more compact, Cicero more verbose; Demosthenes argues more closely, Cicero with a wider sweep; Demosthenes always attacks with a sharp-pointed weapon, Cicero often with a weapon both sharp and weighty; from Demosthenes nothing can be taken away, to Cicero nothing can be added; in the one there is more study, in the other more nature. In wit and pathos, certainly,—two stimulants of the mind which have great influence in oratory,—we have the

advantage. Perhaps the custom of his country did not allow Demosthenes pathetic perorations; but on the other hand, the different genius of the Latin tongue did not grant to us those beauties which the Attics so much admire. In the epistolary style, indeed, though there are letters written by both, and in that of dialogue in which Demosthenes wrote nothing, there is no comparison. We must yield the superiority, however, on one point: that Demosthenes lived before Cicero, and made him in a great measure the able orator that he was; for Cicero appears to me, after he devoted himself wholly to imitate the Greeks, to have embodied in his style the energy of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the sweetness of Isocrates. Nor did he by zealous effort attain only what was excellent in each of these, but drew most or rather all excellences from himself, by the felicitous exuberance of his immortal genius. He does not, as Pindar says, "collect rainwater, but overflows from a living fountain;" having been so endowed at his birth, by the special kindness of Providence, that in him eloquence might make trial of her whole strength. For who can instruct a judge with more exactness, or excite him with more vehemence? What orator had ever so pleasing a manner? The very points which he wrests from you by force, you would think that he gained from you by entreaty; and when he carries away the judge by his impetuosity, he yet does not seem to be hurried along, but imagines that he is following of his own accord. In all that he says, indeed, there is so much authority that we are ashamed to dissent from him; he does not bring to a cause the mere zeal of an advocate, but the support of a witness or a judge: and at the same time, all these excellences, a single one of which any other man could scarcely attain with the utmost exertion, flow from him without effort; and that stream of language, than which nothing is more pleasing to the ear, carries with it the appearance of the happiest facility. It was not without justice, therefore, that he was said by his contemporaries "to reign supreme in the courts"; and he has gained such esteem among his posterity, that Cicero is now less the name of a man than that of eloquence itself. To him, therefore, let us look; let him be kept in view as our great example; and let that student know that he has made some progress, to whom Cicero has become an object of admiration.